



**A BOOK OF HEROES :
BOYS AND MEN. A
RECORD OF THE PAST,
AND AN INSPIRATION FOR
THE FUTURE**

BY
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EDITOR OF THE FIFTY-TWO SERIES,
FIFTY-TWO VOLUMES, ETC., ETC.

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS



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PREFACE

A BOOK of Heroes needs no introduction to boys and men.

"Actions speak louder than words," as the proverb puts it; and a book of heroes is a chronicle of deeds more eloquent than speech, and of more powerful appeal than printed panegyrics.

"Sincerity," says Carlyle, "is the saving merit," and certainly it is a quality of universal commendation. Even the least sincere are at least sincere enough to respect sincerity.

Bravery may, and often does, exist apart from sincerity; but it is the moral touch of sincerity that lifts it to the plane of the heroic. "A great man is always sincere, as a first condition of him," says Carlyle; "but a man need not be great in order to be sincere." And then he adds, as if for the encouragement of all, "If hero mean sincere man, why may not every one of us be heroes?"

Greatness may dwell in palaces afar off, and bravery may be a brawler in our streets; but sincerity abides at home, and heroism is a quiet tenant of the heart.

The following volume aims to illustrate many phases of the heroic, from the life-long heroism of a national hero, Alfred the Great, to the occasional heroism of unexpected opportunities in the lives of unknown men in obscure circumstances; and in the hope that it may help many to differentiate between what Carlyle calls the "shows" and the "realities" of things, and inspire them to endure the discipline of the school of experience, as they learn the verities of life, this book is now offered to boys and men.

A. H. M.

October 1, 1907.

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Terrific
Book

you kidding!





A BOOK OF HEROES

OUR NATIONAL HERO

ALFRED THE GREAT

"Lord of the harp and liberating spear."

ENGLAND'S darling of all her heroes is Alfred the truth-teller, called the Great.

There is no one of all her sons whom England delights to honour more, and no one more worthy of her homage.

It was said of a famous Latin that "he found Rome brick, and left it marble." It may be said of Alfred that he found his country prostrate and exhausted, and left it with the foundations of Empire "well and truly laid."

A thousand years of growth and development have strengthened the nation's hold upon the world, and broadened its sphere of influence and power; and we who live in the enjoyment of its wide and beneficent protection look back with love and gratitude to the great architect, who, building better than he knew, planned the fabric of our national greatness; and,

Our National Hero

joining in the plaudits of the hundred generations that
line the vista of the ages, yield him delighted praise :

“ Here’s to thee olden Alfred
Over a thousand years ;
A loving cup to thee we sup
And water the wine with tears :
Glory and laud and honour
Over the ages ring,
Patriot, preacher, statesman and teacher,
Admiral, General, King ! ”

If we were asked to name the qualities upon which the solidarity and permanence of the British Empire depends, we should say, the integrity of her justice, the soundness of her finance, the excellence of her handicrafts, the honesty of her trade, and the general purity of her public and private life ; and beyond these, the wisdom of her policy of peace, and her courage in its maintenance and defence. All these qualities, the outcome of her passion for freedom and her love of fair-play, are found active in the life and work of the only one of all her kings whom she has denominated ‘great.’ It is not too much to say that from first to last England has prospered in proportion as she has been faithful to the great principles the truth-teller lived and taught.

Alfred was the fifth son of Ethelwulf, King of the West Saxons, and was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in the year 849. There is to this day an enclosure called the High Garden which is said to be the site of the ancient palace ; and there is yet an orchard

called the Court Close which claims the long descent. The right of a natural basin, fed by springs, outside the town to the proud title, King Alfred's Bath, has been questioned; but, if the royal babe was bathed in springs at all, it must have been in springs as old as the hills; and if not these, then other springs not very far away.

We learn what we know of Alfred from contemporary writings; from the *Life of Alfred*, by Asser, Bishop of Sherborne; from the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*; and from the writings of the great king himself.

In the year 853, when no more than four years old, he went to Rome in charge of Bishop Swithun, who bore costly gifts from Ethelwulf to Leo IV. The reason of this visit is not quite apparent, though the young prince was "ordained" or "anointed" by his Holiness, and was received by him as his adopted son. Two years later Ethelwulf joined his little son in the Eternal City, and remained with him until Alfred was seven years old. On the way home the young prince spent three months at the Frankish Court of Charles the Bold, where the traditions of Charles the Great still shed magic influence.

There can be little doubt that these experiences of his early childhood made great impressions on his mind. Sir Walter Besant very much underestimates the possibilities of early influence when he says, "the splendour of Rome, the learning of Verberie, were to him not even a passing show; he was too young to understand anything." Those of us who can remember

our own childhood of six or seven years old, or even less, will know how to appreciate this sweeping generalisation. That Alfred may have failed to understand "the learning of Verberie" is a small matter; but the assumption that he remained unimpressed by the varied panorama of the journey, and the thousand and one things upon which his eyes must have lighted for the first time, and uninspired by the splendour of the pomp and ceremonial of the Courts he visited, unduly limits the possibilities of childhood's imagination, and ignores the fact that genius is never too young to learn. One is much more inclined to agree with Mr. Stopford Brooke that these experiences must have made "a profound impression, for inspiration and education," upon him, especially when we find results clearly discernible in after life. "Too young to understand anything"! Why, Mozart played the harpsichord with taste and accuracy before he was four years old; he composed a sonata before he was five; and at seven he had brought all Paris to his feet.

According to Asser, the boy prince was loved by his father and mother, and even by the people, above all his brothers. "As he advanced through all the years of infancy and youth," continues his biographer, "his form appeared more comely than those of his brothers; in look and speech and in manners he was more graceful than they." Again, "He was endowed from infancy with a love of wisdom above all things; but, owing to the unworthy neglect of his parents and nurses, he remained illiterate even

till he was twelve years old or more." But, if he lacked instruction of the more prosaic kind, his natural ear was quick to catch the fascination of musical numbers; for we are told by the same authority that "he listened with serious attention to the Saxon poems which he often heard recited," and that "he easily retained them in his docile memory."

Asser is responsible for the pretty story of his childhood's thirst for knowledge, and the circumstances under which he is said to have learned to read. Says Asser: "On a certain day his mother was showing her sons a book of Saxon poetry, and, holding it in her hand, she said: 'Whichever of you shall soonest learn this volume shall have it for his own.' Stimulated by these words," he continues, "or by divine inspiration, and allured by the beautifully illuminated letter at the beginning of the book, Alfred answered before all his brothers, who, though his seniors in age, were not so in grace, saying: 'Will you really give this book to the one of us who can first understand and repeat it to you?' Upon this his mother, pleased with his eagerness, smiled her satisfaction and confirmed what she had before said, and the boy took the book out of her hand and went to his master to read it, and in due time brought it to his mother and recited it."

It would appear from this that he must have been learning to read at the time, or why "his master"? or it may be that he learned to recite the poems by committing them to his "docile memory," with the aid of his master, before he had acquired the art of

reading for himself. Be this as it may, no doubt his early enjoyment of poetry stimulated his desire of access to as much more as was available of both verse and prose; and we are not surprised to glean from Asser that "he learned the daily course, which is the celebration of the hours, and afterwards certain of the psalms, and several prayers contained in a book which he carried night and day in his bosom, as we ourselves have seen, to assist his devotions. But," he continues, "sad to say, he could not gratify his most ardent wish to learn the liberal arts, because there were no good readers at that time in all the kingdom of the West Saxons.

It was Alfred's complaint in after years that in his youth, when he had time to learn, he had no teachers, and that in later life, when he could have teachers, he had no time to learn. How many millions of his race, since his time, have suffered from the same disabilities!

The story of Alfred's life from the time of his return from Rome to that of his marriage must be left to the imagination, for there are no records from which to draw information. Naturally, at a time when there was plenty to hunt and little variety of food apart from the spoils of the chase, he became a keen and able sportsman. According to Asser "he was a zealous hunter, practising the art in all its forms, with great assiduity and success." It is probable also that he exercised himself in the practice of arms and generally

qualified himself for the duties that waited on maturer life in those physically strenuous days.

In the year 868, when only nineteen years of age, he married. The lady of his heart and hand was Elswyth, a daughter of Ethelred the Mucol, or the Big, who was chief of the tribe of the Gainas, a tribe whose name survives in that of Gainsborough, the town.

It is in this connection that Asser tells us of the "thorn in the flesh" from which Alfred suffered during the greater part of his life. He says: "His nuptials were honourably celebrated in Mercia, among innumerable multitudes of people of both sexes; and, after continual feasts both by night and day, he was seized, in the presence of all the people, by a sudden and overwhelming pain, as yet unknown to the physicians; for it was unknown to all who were there present, and even to those who daily see him up to the present time."

What the disease was has never been determined. It is thought that it may have been epilepsy. But, however painful or distressing it may have been to the sufferer, it did not paralyse his efforts or bar him from the energetic discharge of the mental and physical duties of his mature life. "In spite of his suffering," says Sir Walter Besant, "he could still swing that battle-axe of his in the front of the battle; he could still spend laborious days with his counsellors; he could still and to the very end, take, order, and design steps for the good of his people. Whatever the suffering, he triumphed over it;—perhaps he made a ladder of it for climbing higher."

At what age or in what battle Alfred first bore arms does not appear, though we know that he distinguished himself in warfare long before he became king. But we are now approaching the time in which he appeared in many fights, and that in which he took over the duties and responsibilities of kingship; and a brief review of the events which preceded his rule will help us to appreciate the difficulties of his inheritance and the greatness of his reign.

For nearly a hundred years before the accession of Alfred the country had suffered from periodical incursions and internal strife. It was in the year 787 that the northmen first descended upon Northumbria, and the century of bloodshed began. Egbert, the strongest of Alfred's immediate predecessors, succeeded to the crown of Wessex in the year 800, and immediately set to work to put his kingdom in order. He completed the conquest of the country in 827 and assumed the title of King of England. The overlordship of Wessex was thus established. Egbert died in the year 836 and was succeeded by his son Ethelwulf, the father of Alfred, who fought strenuously against the northmen and the Welsh and defeated them again and again. Ethelwulf, who died in 858, was succeeded in turn by his several sons, the northmen leaving the land in quiet for a period of eight years.

But a new chapter of the national history was about to open. A new and more powerful enemy was destined to threaten not only the overlordship, but even the very existence of the kingdom of Wessex. The chastise-

ment of whips was over, and the chastisement of scorpions was at hand.

The Danes, who were descended from the Goths and the Swedes, and who derived their name from Dan, one of their earlier kings, were about to develop the predatory expeditions of the northmen, undertaken for the purposes of plunder, into periodical invasions of the country with a view to settlement.

"It was," says Green's *History of the English People*, "on the accession of Ethelred that these new assailants fell on Britain, and the character of the attack wholly changed. The petty squadrons which had till now harassed the coast of Britain made way for larger hosts ; while raid and foray were replaced by the regular campaigns of armies, who marched to conquer, and whose aim was to settle on the land they won."

Alfred was seventeen years old when the new movement began. In 866 the Danes landed in East Anglia, and marched across the Humber to York. The rival kings of Northumbria both fell fighting their common foe before their capital, and their followers immediately submitted to the invaders. Mercia was only saved for a time by the prompt action of Ethelred. The Danes then ravaged Peterborough, Crowland, and Ely ; and then, returning to East Anglia, seized King Edmund, bound him to a tree, and shot him dead with arrows. Edmund was subsequently canonised, and his name survives in the words Edmundsbury and Bury St. Edmunds. Soon after the martyrdom of the king-saint, Mercia, in 870, the year before the accession of Alfred, terrified

into submission without conquest, acknowledged the supremacy of the Danes and paid them tribute. And so ended the overlordship of the kings of Wessex. It was to this attenuated kingdom, menaced by a powerful enemy, that Alfred succeeded in the year 871, at the age of twenty-two years.

Alfred brought to the defence of his kingdom a splendid personal equipment. To quote Mr. Stopford Brooke, "he was not only a student and a singer, but also a great warrior and active in all bodily exercises. He was a keen hunter, falconer, rider, and slayer of wild beasts." "Every act of Venery," says Asser, "was known and practised by him better than by others." "No man," says Mr. Brooke, "was bolder in fight, more watchful in camp, or wiser in the council. His people who fought along with him hailed him with joy. His look shone, it is said, like that of a shining angel in battle. At Ashdown 'he charged again and again like a wild boar;' and the slow gathering, knitting together, and inspiration of his men, when he lay hid like a lion at Athelney, and sprang forth roaring, to overwhelm his foes, show that his prudence, skill, and mastery of the art of war were as great as his personal courage."

For all his powers, Alfred was not ambitious of a soldier's life, and he would doubtless have found far more congenial occupation in the undisturbed pursuits of the scholar. But he did not shrink from the work that lay before him. His own calm and serious words in view of the responsibilities of kingship show this: "Covetousness and the possession of earthly power

Alfred the Great

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I did not like well, nor strongly desired at all this earthly kingdom ; but felt it to be the work I was commanded to do."

But, willy-nilly, all his powers were necessary to the task that lay before him. Northumbria and Mercia had fallen ; and, flushed with the triumphs of the north, the Danes marched south, seeking to complete the conquest of the country by the subjugation of the heritage of the new king.

The story of Alfred's wars is far too long a one to tell in detail here. All that can be attempted is the briefest possible instance of the more important. They were at first the struggle of a scattered and ill-organised people with a warlike and disciplined army commonly commanding great odds, and apparently having inexhaustible resources of men and arms to carry on the conflict from year to year. In 871, the year of Alfred's accession, no less than nine pitched battles were fought with the whole army south of the Thames, besides innumerable raids led by single ealdormen, which the Saxon chroniclers did not deem it worth while to count. The battle of Ashdown, already referred to, was fought in this wonderful year, and was one of the most memorable in which Alfred took part before he became king.

"The battle was fought," says the *Chronicle*, "at a place called Ashdune, which means 'the hill of the ash.' The Danes divided their forces into two arms, and the Saxons adopted the same formation. One part of the Saxon army was led by Ethelred, the king, and the other

by Alfred, his brother." According to the *Chronicle*, the ground was not equally advantageous for both sides. "The pagans occupied the higher ground and the Christians came up from below." There was on this field too "a single thorn tree of stunted growth," and around this tree the opposing armies came together with loud shouts from both sides. "At last, when both armies had fought long and bravely, the pagans were no longer able to bear the attacks of the Christians, and, having lost the greater part of their army, took to flight." "Many thousands," continues the *Chronicle*, "fell on all sides, covering with their bodies the whole plain of Ashdune." Among the slain were one king and five earls: King Bagsac, Earl Sirdac the elder, Earl Sirdac the younger, Earl Osbern, Earl Frene, and Earl Harold. And those who escaped death upon the field fled before the victors all night and far into the next day, until the remnant of a proud army reached the stronghold from whence it sallied. While the light lasted the Saxons followed, slaying all that came within their reach.

But the exertions of this terrible year had wearied the forces of Saxon and Dane alike; and, a month after his accession, Alfred, who, to quote the *Chronicle*, "even during his brothers' lives had borne the woes of many," was called upon with a few men and on very unequal terms to meet the Danes at the hill of Wilton, on the southern banks of the Wily, in an engagement which gave the final advantage to the enemy. Before the year had ended, however, peace had been made between the forces. The Danes had undertaken

to depart from Wessex, and Alfred had promised not to molest them elsewhere.

The peace made was a peace purchased, as some would say, at the price of honour ; but the first necessity of Alfred was peace. The young king and his people needed time to turn round, opportunity to recover breath, and space to renew their strength after the tremendous exertions of that memorable year ; and only by a peace purchased for the enjoyment of sloth and ease could they have stained the cause with shame. That it was ultimately better for Mercia and the rest of England that Alfred concentrated his efforts upon the salvation of Wessex there can be no possible doubt.

The splendid energy and wonderful resources of Alfred are shown in the active years that follow. Like Nehemiah of old he worked for and defended his kingdom with "a sword in one hand and a trowel in the other"—with one hand building up the Empire upon which now the sun never sets, and with the other defending the race which seems destined to dominate the earth. The result of Alfred's splendid persistence and unfailing energy was that, though constantly called upon to fight for very existence, and occasionally compelled to agree to treaties which he knew would not be observed, every fight found him stronger for the fray, and every peace gave him further opportunities of making good his gain.

But for the arrival of fresh reinforcements of the enemy from year to year, Alfred would soon have been master of his own. But the treachery of the

Danes in England, who continually set aside the treaties they made, and the constant arrival of Danes who were not bound by treaties which they had not made, and of which in many cases they may have been unaware, threatened to wear down the resistance of an almost exhausted people.

The following description, quoted from *Henry of Huntingdon* by Sir Walter Besant, gives a vivid picture of the harassing conditions of life in England at that time :

“If the Danes were sometimes defeated, victory was of no avail, inasmuch as a descent was made in some other quarter by a large fleet and a more numerous force. It was wonderful how, when the English kings were hastening to encounter them in the eastern districts, before they could fall in with the enemy's band, a hurried messenger would arrive and say : “Sire, King, whither are you marching? The heathen have disembarked from a countless fleet on the southern coast, and are ravaging the towns and villages, carrying fire and slaughter into every quarter.” The same day another messenger would come running and say : “Sire, King, whither are you retreating? A formidable army has landed in the west of England, and, if you do not quickly turn your face towards them, they will think you are fleeing, and follow in your rear with fire and sword.” Again, the same day, or on the morrow, another messenger would arrive, saying : “What place, O noble chief, are you making for? The Danes have made a descent in the north ; already they have burnt

your mansions, even now they are sweeping away your goods ; they are tossing your young children on the points of their spears ; wives are forcibly dishonoured, others they have carried off with them." Bewildered by such various tidings of bitter woe, both kings and people lost their vigour, both of mind and body, and were utterly prostrated ; so that, even when they defeated the enemy, victory was not attended with its wonted triumphs, and supplied no confidence of safety for the future."

Thus it seemed useless by some supreme effort to force a treaty upon this year's enemies when the coming spring was sure to produce a fresh supply. It was as with the cumulative force of the plagues of Egypt that the patience of the people was worn down. One year, as it were, the country was visited with "a grievous swarm of flies that came into the king's house and the houses of the king's servants" ; and these were barely rid of when "the locusts came without number and devoured the fruits of the land."

But, in the year of his accession, Alfred secured peace on the best terms he could ; and in this case the Danes were as good as their word. They left Reading for London, then in the kingdom of Mercia, and Alfred turned to the building up of his own kingdom within itself.

In the year 875, after a respite of three years, Danish ships were once more sighted in the Channel. But Alfred had already formed the nucleus of a fleet, and

with this he captured one of the enemy's ships, and put the others to flight. In the following year the Danes approached Wessex from the west, marched to Wareham, and occupied the town. Alfred was not able to eject them, but he barred their progress and kept them where they were. Wanting supplies, and unable to escape, they made peace with him, a peace which in due course they dishonoured.

According to the *Saxon Chronicle*, "they delivered to the king hostages from among the most distinguished men of the army, and swore oaths to him on the holy ring, which they had never before done to any nation, that they would speedily depart from the kingdom." And yet that same night under cover of the darkness, as many as had horses stole away to Exeter, and those who remained sought reinforcement from home.

Treachery in this case met with its due reward. A fleet of one hundred and twenty ships, bearing a large army, sailed in support of those who had sworn with more than usual unction to leave the country without delay. But the forces that later baffled the armada were waiting in reserve, and, as the ships sailed up the Channel, the winds beat upon them with their wings, and, sweeping them past the harbour of Poole, dashed them to pieces against the rocks that cliff the coast from Weymouth to Swanage Bay. In this terrible disaster thousands of the enemy were drowned in sight of land. It was one of the severest blows the Danes had met with in all their daring campaigns.

Failing of relief by reinforcement, and wanting for

supplies, the Danes at Wareham slunk secretly out of the town and joined their friends at Exeter. Here again Alfred was unable to drive them out, but strong enough to hold and starve them into submission. A new treaty was made, and the Danes once more returned into Mercia. Peace seemed now certain for a time ; and the Wessex fyrd, or militia, were disbanded, every man returning to his own home.

Winter followed, the blackest winter in the history of the little kingdom. Winter always meant the isolation of the villages and small towns of Saxon England, for the roads became impassable ; and each little community settled down to its winter round of domestic life and duty, counting only upon peace and homely industry, until spring opened the doors of wider opportunity once again. But the Danes had formed plans and were working quietly towards their execution. They had apparently determined on an attempt to complete the conquest of England once and for all, and were preparing with great care and secrecy for the effort. They had cast eyes upon the town of Chippenham. They had noted how admirably it would suit them as a base of operations, and they had calculated that, however the roads might be, the river Avon would serve them as a highway of approach. And then, contrary to all custom, they broke up their camp, evacuated their winter quarters, and, moving under cover of the dark days and long nights, surprised the town, seized it, and held it for their own.

The scenes that followed were such as Wessex had never known before. From Chippenham the Danes spread themselves over the surrounding country; and devastation and massacre attended their steps. Those who had the means, and could, escaped oversea, and the poorer sort who resisted went the way of death. What Alfred did at this juncture is unrecorded. What he could have done it is impossible to suggest. To summon the fyrd in the midst of winter would have been difficult, and if they had been summoned it is still more difficult to understand how they could have answered the call. The roads that winter had left open the enemy had blocked. The Danes believed that they had consummated the conquest of the country, and rejoiced accordingly. To all appearance the light of England had gone out for ever.

The disappearance of Alfred, and the impossibility of his communicating with the people, gave rise to the wildest rumours. He had fled to Rome as Burhred, King of Mercia, had done before him. Or he had been captured by the Danes and was held prisoner; or he had fallen fighting and was no more.

Happily, the worst fears usually leave margin for betterment; and in this case the hope of England was not dead, but hidden. Alfred had retired to the Isle of Athelney. It was a quagmire to all but those who knew its beaten tracks, a veritable slough of despond to all but the brave hearts to which it gave asylum, and which scorned despair. But marsh and

swamp surrounded it with secrecy, and fever and ague stood sentinel against intrusion.

It is to this period that belong the legends which naturally flourish when scientific history is impossible. The story of the burnt cakes and the herdsman's hut is one of these, and that of the king's visit to the Danish camp in the guise of a harper is another. Some grave historians reject these as fabulous, and Sir Walter Besant calls the one childish and the other mythical. But there is nothing impossible in either incident. Alfred mixed with the utmost freedom with his people, and did not scorn the shelter even of a herdsman's hut. The duty said to have been imposed upon him by the herdsman's wife was not unnatural; and, if any king from Alfred's time till now had been charged with the same responsibility, the cakes would have suffered just the same. The harper incident was a common one in ordinary life; and at a time when Alfred was unable to learn much even about his own people, and less about his enemies, it is not impossible that he may have employed his talents as a musician to aid him in his service as a king. The legend of the Vision of St. Cuthbert, with its element of the supernatural, by which Sir Walter Besant sets some store, is much more of the nature of a fable.

Alfred, who was never idle, built a stronghold at Athelney; and, no doubt, carefully thought out his plans of future action. It was clear that he must adapt his means of defence to the methods of Danish warfare;

Our National Hero

that he must organise a regular army; maintain a permanent fleet; build strongholds and fortify important towns; and more systematically employ the trench and the stockade; and, while depending no less upon the bravery and prowess of his people, expect more from the perfecting of the art of war.

It was while here that he is said to have determined upon an equally drastic discipline of his own life and soul, dividing his time and revenues systematically among the various objects which had claims upon him both as a king and as a man: eight hours to rest, eight hours to public affairs, and eight hours to study and devotion.

While still at Athelney, Alfred's heart was cheered by the arrival of great news. The banners of the Danes had once more appeared upon the coast of Devon, and a fleet of twenty-three ships had brought a band of warriors, who had wintered in Wales, to open their spring campaign. But Devon had told its own tale. Her doughty sons had risen to the occasion. They had sallied from Kenworth Castle, on the river Taw, under the Earl of Devon, and had surprised the enemy and destroyed him; and they had captured the famous banner of the Raven, which the daughters of Lodobroch had woven in a single day, and which was surrounded by a halo of superstition; and they had slain Hubba, the brother of Hinguar and Halfdene, and eight hundred and forty of his men.

This news was a trumpet call to the joyous king. Always strong in his own heart, he rejoiced to know

that his people were ready to renew the struggles with their enemies.

"In the seventh week after Easter," says the *Chronicle*, "he rode to Egbert's Stone, east of Selwood; and there came to him all the men of Somerset and Wiltshire and that part of Hampshire which is on this side of the sea, and were fain of him. And he went one night from the camp to Iglea, and the night after to Edington, and there fought the whole army and put it to flight; and rode after them to the stronghold and encamped there fourteen nights. And then the Danish army gave him hostages and great oaths that they would go from his kingdom, and promised also that their king would receive baptism; and they fulfilled that. And three weeks after Godrum, the king, with nine-and-twenty of the men who were worthiest in the army, came to Aller, which is over against Athelney. And the king received him in baptism. He was twelve nights with the king, and he greatly honoured him and his companions with gifts."

There is to this day a camp, covering three-and-twenty acres, on the east of Westbury, guarded by a double rampart rising to thirty-six feet in height, which is said to have given the Danes shelter after their defeat.

The outcome of this victory was the peace of Wedmore, so far the most important achievement of Alfred's wars. This peace, as Green puts it, "saved little more than Wessex, but in saving Wessex it

saved England." Its immediate gain was the peace for which the land thirsted, a peace of incalculable value, for it gave splendid opportunity for the building up of the State, and it lasted, without very serious interruption, for six or seven years. Alfred was now free to work out the results of his "big think" of the dark days of reverse on the Isle of Athelney.

In 882 he had to defend his kingdom at sea, when he captured two ships and took many prisoners. In 884 he had to deal with an army which laid siege to Rochester, erecting a fortress before the gate of the city. But on his approach the Danes fled in haste, leaving horses, stores, plunder, and prisoners behind. In 886 a new treaty was made, which, to quote Green, "pushed the West Saxon frontier forward into the realm of Guthrum, and tore from the Danish hold London and half of the old East Saxon kingdom. From this moment the Danes were thrown on an attitude of defence, and the foundations of a new national monarchy were laid." "All the angel-cyn turned to Alfred," says the *Chronicle*, "save those that were under bondage to Danish men;" and, to quote Mr. Stopford Brooke, "Alfred was not only complete master of his kingdom, but also of the national imagination."

The occasional disturbances referred to in the foregoing did not seriously interfere with the great work Alfred was pursuing in the consolidation of his kingdom, the strengthening of its defences, the revision of its laws, the education of its people, and the encouragement of its handicrafts.

From his earliest years Alfred had shown his desire to gain knowledge of every sort and kind, and, in the light of his after life, it is clear that he sought it not for the selfish pleasure of his own enjoyment, but to apply it to the discipline of his own mind, and in the widest possible sense to the welfare and the education of his people. From first to last, his simple practical sincerity is shown in many an act and word. No effort was too great and no means were too humble to employ for the furtherance of the objects of his heart. The picture of the young king, when only master of a smattering of knowledge, ever carrying in his bosom a note-book for the storage of the thoughts and sayings that most impressed him is a charming vignette of a noble and devoted personality. His readiness to learn of all and sundry, his accessibility to the wayfarer and the stranger, his entertainment of traveller and explorer, his close questioning of scholar and teacher, show him to have been a humble and diligent student of men and things, and a simple and sincere seeker after truth.

Early in the year 884 Alfred, always anxious to surround himself with wise and scholarly associates, invited Asser to come and stay with him. They met at Dene, near Chichester, and spent three days in company. "Stay with me always," was the king's request; but Asser had other loves and duties which he could not altogether forsake. "Stay with me at least six months in every year," was the king's modified request; and after an interval this proposal

seems to have been adopted. Out of this association grew many things. It gave us Asser's *Life of Alfred*, many pages of the *Saxon Chronicle*, and the *Handbook* which in some sense reveals the "bosom secrets" of the king. No doubt, also, it helped Alfred in carrying out his noble purpose of mastering the literature of the Latins that he might found a literature of his own.

As an illustration of the practical side of his character, we must not forget the pretty story that has captivated the fancy of every child who has ever heard it from his day to ours—the story of the marking of the candles for the measurement of time, and the construction of the lantern to protect the flame and secure regularity of burning; while yet another side of his nature is shown in the noble object he had in view—the carrying out of the resolutions he had formed in the dark days of his refuge in the island of Athelney, in the due allocation of his time on the one hand to the claims of his own soul, and on the other to the necessities of his people.

The treaty of 886, as we have seen, secured peace for his activities, and extended the area of his opportunities. Under Mercian rule London had become derelict. He rebuilt and fortified it. Its trade had vanished. He invited merchants to settle within its resuscitated walls. He revived industries by engaging the best masters of foreign handicrafts to teach his people the arts of peace; and encouraged learning

by inducing the best scholars he could influence to settle among them, for their instruction and edification. He engaged even his enemies to educate his subjects in aught in which they excelled ; and in the acquisition of all useful and ennobling knowledge the king led the way. And so, in the service of his own people, he sought to gather unto himself, and absorb within himself, the best of all the world.

"Bedda the blacksmith, hither!"

Bedda the blacksmith came :
The wood glowed red in the furnace,
The metal white in the flame ;
The share shone blue in the furrow,
The sword ran red o'er the plain ;
Life to the land of the long right hand—
Death to the doughty Dane !

"Valkir the Viking, hither!"

Valkir the Viking stood :
And oh, but the red deer shudder'd
As the axe rang out in the wood ;
The oars leapt out of the galley,
The galley over the foam ;
Life to the free of the land and the sea
Wherever they will to roam !

"Merca the mason, hither!"

Merca the mason, come :
The stone rolls out of the quarry,
The pillar rears to the dome ;
The column stands in the city,
The city sits on the hill ;—
Capital town of the world's renown
Sitting and singing still.

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"Johan the scholar, hither!"
 Johan the scholar, here;
 College and hall and chapel,
 Temple and tower uprear:
 Wisdom and truth and knowledge
 Flow from the holy fane;
 Here's to thee, olden Alfred,
 A loud and a proud refrain;
 Maker and builder of England
 As at a father's shrine;—
 A loving cup to thee we sup
 While tears fall into the wine;—
 Glory and laud and honour
 Over the ages ring;
 Patriot, preacher, statesman and teacher,
 Admiral, General, King!

Of the thoroughness of Alfred's work, Asser's *Life* and the *Saxon Chronicle* bear abundant witness.

"In the administration of justice," says Asser," to quote Sir Walter Besant's *Story of King Alfred*, "'he inquired into almost all the judgements which were given in his own absence, throughout all his dominion, whether they were just or unjust. If he perceived here was iniquity in these judgements, he summoned the judges, either through his own agency, or through others of his faithful servants, and asked them mildly, why they had judged so unjustly, whether through ignorance or malevolence, *i.e.* whether for the love or fear of any one, or hatred of others, or also for the desire of money. At length, if the judges acknowledged they had given judgement because they knew no better, he discreetly and moderately reprov'd their inexperience and folly in such terms as these: "I wonder truly at your insolence,

that, whereas by God's favour and mine, you have occupied the rank and office of the wise, you have neglected the studies and labours of the wise. Either, therefore, at once give up the discharge of the temporal duties which you hold, or endeavour more zealously to study the lessons of wisdom. Such are my commands.' "

In dealing with corrupt judges his action was immediate and severe. He is said to have executed forty-four judges in one year for the misuse of their office.

As a law-maker he showed himself both wise and humane. He did not try to evolve from his own inner consciousness an elaborate system of jurisprudence, nor to force upon the country arbitrary ideas of his own. "Of a new legislation," says Green, "the king had no thought. 'Those things which I met with,' he (the king) tells us, 'either of the days of Ine, my kinsman, or of Offa, King of the Mercians, or of Ethelbert, who first among the English race received baptism, those which seemed to me rightest, those I have gathered, and rejected the others.' " The law-maker who begins with "the Ten Commandments" and ends with "the golden rule" is not likely to stray far from truth and justice; and these were the Alpha and Omega of Alfred's law. His great task was to enforce the equal observance of law upon all classes of the community, and to secure that the punishment of offenders should be immediate and certain. "Unpretending as the work might seem," says Green, "its importance was great. With it began the conception of a national law. The

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notion of separate systems, of tribal customs, for the separate peoples passed away; and the codes of Wessex, Mercia, and Kent blended in the doom-book of a common England."

As an illustration of his desires towards education, and of his gracious tact in dealing with the scholars of his time, an extract from the preface of his *Cura Pastorales*, a translation from Gregory designed to teach the clergy their duties, and sent by Alfred to every bishop in his kingdom, will suffice. This preface, which is addressed to Bishop Waerferth "lovingly and in friendship," begins with greetings and a reference to the decay of education in England, and continues, to quote Sir Walter Besant's version in modern English: "therefore I command thee to do as I believe thou art willing, to disengage thyself from worldly matters as often as thou canst, that thou mayest apply the wisdom which God has given thee wherever thou canst." After referring to the practice of the ancients of translating the works of the earlier writers into the language of the common people, he says: "Therefore it seems better to me, *if ye think so*, for us also to translate some books which are most needful for all men to know, into the language we can all understand, and for you to do, as we very easily can if we have tranquillity enough—*i.e.* that all the youth now in England of free men, who are rich enough to be able to devote themselves to it, is set to learn as long as they are not fit for any other occupation, until they are well able to read English writing; and let those be afterwards

taught more in the Latin language who are to continue learning, and be promoted to a higher rank.' "

This preface is described by Mr. Stopford Brooke as "the first piece of any importance we possess of English prose ;" and on the strength of it, and his later writings, Alfred is characterised by him "the creator and the father of English prose literature."

Of Alfred's work as an architect and builder, Asser says : "What shall I say of the cities and towns that he restored, and of others which he built where none had been before ? Of the royal halls and chambers wonderfully erected by his command with stone and wood ? Of the royal villas constructed with stone, removed from their old site, and handsomely rebuilt by the king's command in more fitting places ?"

Of the ships Alfred built to grapple with the Danes, and of the manner in which he improved upon his models, the *Chronicle* says : "The king bade long ships be built, nearly twice as long as before. Some had sixty oars, some more." These ships were swifter, straighter, and higher than the ships in former use, "nor were they shaped in the Frisian or the Danish form, but as it seemed to the king they might be most effective and useful."

And it was well that he perfected his means of defence, for his fighting days were not yet over. In 893 a great army came by way of Boulogne "so that they got over in one crossing with horses and all." A fleet of 250 ships, says the *Chronicle*, came up the mouth of the Limen on the east of Kent. This army was

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followed by Hasting with eighty ships, who came up the Thames and built a stronghold at Milton.

Alfred drove Hasting out of Kent in 894, and the defeated Dane fought his way into Mercia in the following year. In 896 the Danes built a stronghold on the Lea, some twenty miles above London, where in harvest-time the king encamped while the people gathered in the fruits of the year, that the Danes might not hinder them in securing the harvest. On a certain day, the *Chronicle* assures us, "The king rode up by the river and looked where the river might be blocked up," so that the escape of the Danes by water might be cut off. Carrying out this policy, Alfred built two strongholds on the two sides of the river and the Danes found themselves trapped. On discovering this the Danes abandoned their ships and marched overland to Bridgnorth, on the Severn, and there built a stronghold. But while the men of London came up the Lea and took possession of the ships, Alfred followed the Danes across the land; and the end was not far to seek. In 897 Hasting quitted England. The Danish power was broken, and England grew in strength and power from day to day.

The last years of the great king were years of peace, and in the end he had his heart's desire. In his mature life he said: "This I will say, that I have sought to live worthily the while I lived, and that after my life to leave to the men that come after me a remembering of me in good works." And this re-

membering of him has survived a thousand years. He was afflicted all his life, and he died comparatively young, at fifty-two years of age; and yet a large measure of his achievement is with us still.

Alfred died on the 28th of October, 901, but the circumstances of his death are without record. He was buried in the cathedral of Winchester. Two hundred years later his body was removed by Henry I. to Hyde Abbey, and there among the ruins lies the dust of the great king.

Many men have pronounced eloquent panegyrics on the life and character of Alfred the Great, and there is no need to attempt another. His life speaks for itself, and his character is above our praise or blame.

Professor Freeman says: "Alfred is the most perfect character in history. No man on record has ever so thoroughly united all the virtues both of the ruler and the private man. In no other man on record were so many virtues disfigured with so little alloy. A saint without superstition; a scholar without ostentation; a warrior, all whose wars were fought in the defence of his country; a conqueror whose laurels were never stained by cruelty; a prince never cast down by adversity, never lifted up to insolence in the hour of triumph,—there is no other name in history to compare with his. With an inquiring spirit which took in the whole world, for purposes alike of scientific inquiry and of Christian benevolence, Alfred never forgot that his first duty was to his own people. He forestalled our own age in exploring the Northern Ocean, and in sending

alms to the distant churches of India ; but he never forsook his crown, like some of his predecessors, nor neglected his duties like some of his successors. In Alfred there was no sign of literary pedantry, ostentation or jealousy ; nothing is done for his own glory ; he writes, just as he fights and legislates, with a single eye to the good of his people. He shows no signs of original genius ; he is simply an editor and translator, working honestly for the improvement of the subjects he loved. This is really a purer fame, and one more in harmony with the other features of Alfred's character, than the highest achievement of the poet, the historian, and the philosopher."

BOY HEROES IN SOUTH AFRICA

BRITON AND BOER

IT is poor patriotism that pretends to a monopoly of the heroic. The true hero is always ready to recognise the valour of his enemies ; and he has but little of the true spirit of chivalry who does not rejoice at meeting a foeman worthy of his steel.

How many splendid young lives were sacrificed on both sides in the late Boer War it is impossible to say ; and the instances of individual bravery and heroism are beyond counting.

Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., in "On the Flank of the Army," a descriptive contribution to *The Youth's Companion*, tells an interesting story of boy heroes in South Africa, which Boer and Briton may read with equal satisfaction, and which goes to show that the standard of our national heroism is not likely to be lowered by those who are now our fellow-subjects in the Transvaal.

After a graphic introduction Mr. Churchill says :

"The patrol came briskly forward over the successive swells of ground toward the Wildebeeste Spruit. There were in all eight lancers and an officer. They advanced

in the correct manner prescribed by the books on war : one man nearly a quarter of a mile ahead, two spread as far on each flank, two riding with the lieutenant, and one straggling away three hundred yards behind.

"The officer in command, Lieutenant Henry Morelande, was a young gentleman of nineteen, who had held the Queen's commission for a little more than ten months, one of which he had spent on board ship and the others at the war. He was working by a map which he held in his right hand, spread over his field-service note-book. He stopped frequently to look at the broken ground and kopjes in his front with his field-glasses. Twice he dismounted, and, taking a long telescope from one of his men, examined the rocks and scrub with methodical patience.

"Arrived within three-quarters of a mile of this dangerous region, the officer whistled, and the whole patrol halted. He got off his horse leisurely and set to work again with his telescope. Suddenly he rose, scrambled into his saddle, and waved his hand in signal to his men. As he did so, the sergeant, who had also dismounted, fired two shots with his carbine toward a red-looking kopje; and then all the patrol wheeled about and scampered off at a gallop.

"The sharp reports of the shots rang out in the still air. The clatter of the retreating patrol died away. Profound silence brooded over the rocky hills and the inhospitable thorn-bushes of the valley, and no sign of life or sound of death disturbed the grim repose of the landscape.

"After his patrol had retreated perhaps a quarter of a mile, the lieutenant pulled his horse into a walk, stopped, turned again toward the kopjes, and took another long look at them through his glasses.

"'Beg pardon, sir,' said the sergeant, 'there aren't any burghers there. That would have drawn their fire for sure. Why, at Colesberg, sir, in January, that trick came off every time.'

"The subaltern looked at him uncertainly. 'They're learning as well as we,' he replied. 'They may be lying low all the time. But we know one thing now, at any rate.'

"'What's that, sir?'

"'That we haven't seen them yet.' He laughed a little bitterly. 'Well, orders are orders, and there's nothing to do but to chance it. Tell the point to get across the stream and on to the top of that kopje on the other side—see the one I mean—where those big red rocks are, as quick as he can, and wave his helmet if all's clear.'

"The sergeant trotted off to tell the lancer in question ; and meanwhile the little party of soldiers, still in their extended order, walked slowly forward again toward the watercourse. The leading trooper cantered forward on his perilous errand.

"He rode steadily on until he was lost among the rocks and bushes, stopped for a moment in the sandy bed of the stream to water his horse, looked sourly right and left at the hollows and ridges that rose and fell on all sides, any one of which might have concealed

a hundred riflemen, and presently emerged in the open country beyond the Wildebeeste Spruit. When he reached the queer red rocks which the sergeant had pointed out, he dismounted and peered over.

Beyond lay a smooth stretch of plain, terminating at a distance of half a mile in a chain of little rocky eminences exactly similar to that on which he stood. All was silent and deserted. He waved his helmet, and the patrol immediately broke into a trot, and, hurrying through the dangerous ground, came toward him.

"As soon as the last horseman had crossed the spruit and was making his way toward the red rocks, forty burghers of the Ermelo commando, who had been waiting a mile up-stream, mounted their horses and in single file began to hasten down the watercourse.

"The patrol did not wait long at the red rocks, but turned northward, intending to work their way back to the main column as soon as possible. They had proceeded in this new direction for perhaps a quarter of an hour, when suddenly from the kopie they had so lately left, '*Pip-pop, pip-pop, pip-pop!*' cracked and pattered a dozen shots, the prelude of a regular fusillade. All turned at once. There among the red rocks, standing up in full view outlined against the sky, were nearly twenty Boers. Four or five more were riding along in the open ground to the eastward.

"There was no time for much reflection. The bullets piped and whistled overhead. 'Back across the spruit!' cried the lieutenant. 'Gallop!' and, suiting the action

to the word, he started off toward the watercourse, followed by his lancers, who began unwisely but instinctively to draw together in their common danger. The dust jumped here and there around them as they rode. A hundred yards from the edge of the spruit the sergeant's horse collapsed, throwing him heavily. The officer reined in at once. 'Go on,' he said to his men. 'Wait for me on the other side. Hit, sergeant?'

'No, sir; but my poor 'orse has got it bad.'

"Pip-pop, pip-pop, pip-pop! pattered the pursuing musketry. Two bullets struck on a rock near by, making a curious thwack. Another skimmed past with the buzz of an angry bee. Morelande drew his right foot from the stirrup.

"'Take the leather,' said he, 'and run; it's all I can do till we get to cover.'

"They started forward in the direction in which the others had disappeared, scrambled down the side of the spruit—here almost a ravine—brushed through the thorn-bushes, and blundered to the bottom of the watercourse into the very midst of a crowd of Boers, who had already almost disarmed their comrades. The surprise was mutual and complete. The Boers, who thought themselves already possessed of the whole party, were so close together and so disposed that they could not fire for fear of shooting one another. The lieutenant drew his revolver.

"'Surrender!' shouted the Boers, and, while one seized the bridle of the horse, three pounced upon the sergeant.

" 'Halt, or we shoot!' they cried. For answer Morelande drove his spurs home, and put his horse at the steep bank before him. The strong English charger, plunging forward, overthrew the burgher who clutched wildly at the reins, and leaped up the slope. One small figure alone barred the road to safety. It was little Jan.

" He stood at the top of the bank, levelling a Mauser rifle as long as himself. The subaltern, who realised perhaps that his solitary antagonist masked the fire of all the rest, held on his course unswerving; and so these two, one a child, the other not yet a man, met face to face in grim and deadly war. Perhaps if Jan had fired at once he would have succeeded; indeed, he could hardly miss; but wishing to make quite certain,—for were not all the commando looking on?—he waited till the horse was almost upon him.

" The rush of the animal, or the keen young face which glared at him behind the pistol, made him lose his head. He fired wildly. The bullet cut the subaltern's ear, and the explosion scorched his cheek. He twisted violently in his saddle with shock and pain, and the next instant, smarting and desperate, he was upon his enemy.

" By all the customs of the game it was his turn now. Dropping his rifle, the young Boer raised his hands as if to ward off a blow. The officer thrust his pistol in his face, and cried in a tone of furious anger:

" 'You little fool! I'd like to smack your head.'

"In a moment he was gone, amid a vengeful crackle of shots; and the Boers were on their horses and after him in hot pursuit. The chase did not last long. The gallant charger was grievously wounded, and in less than a mile he sank exhausted to the ground. Morelande dragged himself clear and looked about him. The leading Boers were not yet in sight. He stood at the edge of a large patch of Indian corn, nearly five feet high and several acres in extent. It was his only refuge.

"The Boers came galloping up a minute later. They saw the horse sobbing in its death-agony. 'He cannot be far,' they said. Then they examined the ground round the horse, and found the tracks leading into the Indian corn. 'Here he is!' they cried, and rode in among the crop impatiently. For more than ten minutes, however, their search was fruitless. Morelande, pressing himself into the raw, damp earth, scarcely dared to breathe. Once a horseman stepped right over him. Another missed him by a few yards only. The Boers began to get angry. 'Let us follow the tracks,' said one, at last. 'They will surely show us the way.'

"So back they all went to the dead horse, and began trying to follow the footprints. But, of course, their own tracks had now crossed these many times, and, after groping in the mud for some time, they wearied of the task. Several trotted off to search beyond the mealies. Others abandoned the chase, and, dismounting, lighted their pipes, and said: 'Let the Engländer go.'

Boy Heroes in South Africa

'We will catch some more to-morrow.' Then spoke little Jan in his shrill voice: 'No, no, he must be here! Do thou, father, make them walk through in line; then must we catch him for certain.'

"'It is so,' said the burghers; 'the boy is right. Come, all together!'

"So they left their horses and formed a line right across the mealie patch, and advanced each only fifty paces from the other. Morelande, who lay hidden but a few yards from the edge, could hear every word. Hope, which had surged within his breast, froze into despair. He heard the beaters drawing nearer.

"They were past him.

"They had missed him again. Surely, this was the end.

"When the Boers reached the far end of the cover, they stopped and began to dispute.

"'Back again, once more!' pleaded little Jan. 'He must be there!'

"'Why didn't you shoot straight, boy?' replied one of the burghers. 'We should not have had all this trouble then.'

"However, in the end, being men whom difficulties make more obstinate, they persevered. Morelande heard them coming back. Again he pressed his face into the earth, and almost held his breath. The rustling came nearer. He did not stir, but he feared they must hear his heart beat and the throbbing of the blood in his ears. The mealies parted.

"'Get up!' said a gruff voice; then louder, 'Here he is! I've got him!'

"Morelande turned round and rose, pistol in hand, to find himself looking into the polished barrel of a Mauser rifle. 'Drop your weapon!' cried the Boer; and, the futility of resistance being plain, the subaltern did so.

"He was soon the centre of a crowd of sturdy, bearded fellows, who stared at him and grinned.

"'Aha, old chappie!' said one, 'you're pretty *slim*, but you can't outwit the Boers! We saw you trying to draw our fire. That was very clever, but not quite clever enough for the Ermelo fellows.'

"At this moment the field-cornet and his son Jan came up. The former was grave and stolid as ever; but the boy was full of triumph.

"'Look here, Mr. Englishman,' he cried; 'I caught you! All the others wanted to give it up. But I made them go on hunting. Would you like to thrash me now?'

"The subaltern, from the superior age of nineteen, looked at him disdainfully.

"'You'd better learn to shoot, baby,' he answered, 'before you come to the war.'

"The tone and the taunt stung. The burghers laughed loudly. Jan flushed red with shame and passion; but before he could reply the old field-cornet put his hand upon his shoulder, and, twisting him round, said sharply: 'Who gave you leave to speak to a prisoner? Be off at once!' and Jan slunk away abashed.

"'Forward!' said Retief to the others. 'March the officer back to the spruit.'

Boy Heroes in South Africa

"In the stream bed Morelande found his men—five in all—prisoners like himself. Two had apparently escaped, and the sergeant had died fighting. The Boers bade him sit down in the shade of a bush, offered him a little biltong, and left him to his own bitter reflections. Presently the field-cornet arrived.

"Where is the officer's revolver?' he inquired.

"I have it here,' said one of the burghers.

"Let me look at it.'

"The man passed him the weapon. Retief opened the breech and shook six live cartridges out into his hand. 'When did you load this pistol, lieutenant?' he asked.

"This morning, before I started,' replied Morelande wondering at the question.

"It is a good weapon,' said Retief, carelessly. 'I hate that nickel-plated trash,' and, giving the pistol back to its owner, he turned away.

"The afternoon wore wearily along. Shame, disgust, and anger plunged the subaltern in the deepest gloom. The good-natured Boers tried to cheer him according to their ideas. 'Never mind,' they said. 'You will not have to fight any more now. You will live to see the end of the war for certain. It is you who are lucky.'

"But Morelande had no heart to answer. What would they say at home? 'Another stupid officer.' 'Led his men into a trap.' 'Neglect of the ordinary precautions of war.' Yet he knew that it was not his fault. What chance had a stray patrol in such a country against such a foe? And then to lose all the op-

portunities of the campaign! To be a miserable prisoner! He groaned aloud.

"‘Keep the lieutenant separate from the men,’ said the field-cornet, when night drew on. Then to Morelande: ‘You can sleep under my wagon if you like; there will be no dew there.’

"The subaltern thanked him, and moved accordingly to the wagon, which stood fifty yards away from the rest of the little camp.

"‘Be good,’ said Retief, in a loud voice, ‘and lie quietly; then no one will harm you. But the Kaffir will watch continually, and if you try to escape you will be shot.’

"‘I know that,’ replied the subaltern, and, turning over, he tried to go to sleep. For a long time he tried in vain, but at last the world and its troubles slipped away, and all was dark and quiet.

"He awoke suddenly. A hand lay upon his arm. The field-cornet was beside him.

"‘Speak low!’ he said, holding up a warning finger. ‘Do you want your freedom?’

"‘What do you mean?’

"‘Suppose I let you go?’

"‘I know your tricks!’ replied the subaltern, acidly. ‘You don’t catch me that way! How many yards will you give me before you fire?’

"‘Lieutenant Morelande,’ said Retief impassively, ‘you are an honourable man, and so am I. Jan, that little one who fired at you this morning in the spruit, is my only son.’

"‘Ah,’ said the officer, bitterly, ‘and if I had shot him I should be free to-night.’

"‘Because you did not shoot him you shall be free to-night. Listen,’ he went on. ‘That Kaffir is my Kaffir. He sees, he hears, he speaks as I tell him, and not otherwise. There is a horse saddled behind the kopje. If you dare, take your chance within the hour. You will not get another. To-morrow we shall be in General De Wet’s *hoofd-laager*.’

"‘But what will happen to you?’

"‘Never mind me. Leave me and leave my country to manage our own affairs,’—and without another word he walked over to the fire that smouldered redly, and sat himself down before it, staring into the glow.

"Morelande considered. Was it a trap? There were many ugly stories in the camps. On the other hand, at any rate, it was a chance, and he was bound to take it.

"He began to crawl along the ground. In a few minutes he approached the Kaffir sentry, whose solitary figure stood black and clear in the moonlight.

"A brittle stick cracked beneath his knee. Now he would know for certain. But the native remained motionless, looking out upon the *veld*, and seemed to have heard nothing. Morelande, encouraged, persevered more rapidly. Twice he glanced back. Behind him the Boer encampment lay silent and undisturbed. The dark forms of the slumbering burghers were tranquil. Only one sleepless man crouched over the fire, blocked in jet against its blaze.

"Presently he reached the shelter of the bushes. The kopje stood before him. He groped his way gingerly round it. There, sure enough, upon the other side stood the horse. With a wild feeling of joy he hastened toward it, unfastened the *riem* by which it was haltered, and mounted. Free once more!

"Halt!" cried a high-pitched voice that he had learnt to hate. 'Who goes there?'

"It was Jan; but Jan unarmed and alone. Morelande rode at him, and, leaning forward, caught the boy by the collar. 'If you utter a word,' he said, 'I will kill you!'

"Help!" shouted Jan lustily in Dutch. 'A prisoner is escaping!'

Only a year before Morelande had played in the Harrow football eleven, and he knew his strength. Without further parley he jerked the small Boer off the ground, threw him kicking and screaming across the front of his saddle, and galloped into the night. Behind rose the noises of alarm, confused shouts and cries, which grew fainter in the distance and presently died away. For an hour he hurried on. At last he topped a rise. There before him, scarcely two miles away to the westward, gleamed in regular lines the fires of the British bivouac. He pulled the horse to a halt and lowered his captive, silent enough now, to the ground.

"Look there,' he said, turning him towards the lights. 'How would you like to go there?' The boy glared at him sullenly. 'Run back now,' continued the

subaltern; 'tell them which way I've gone; and don't forget to learn the way to shoot before we meet again.'

"Then shaking the horse into a trot, he rode away, leaving the implacable Jan speechless with rage and disappointment."

OUR MILITARY HERO

ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON

IN the very centre of London, under the dome of the great cathedral of St. Paul, lie the remains of the greatest soldier and the greatest sailor that modern England has produced.

Wellington and Nelson fought, land and sea, for many consecutive years, in the same great cause, and against the same great enemy ; and now for more than half a century they have slept side by side in the very centre of the city they saved—the greatest city of the world.

We have had great generals and great admirals before and since ; but perhaps at no time were two men representing the two great branches of our defensive system so conspicuously distinguished from the greatest of their contemporaries, or so nearly associated in the defence of the country against the ambition and genius of one great enemy. Certainly, no two men of modern times were ever more completely associated in the conquest of the popular imagination.

Such men take their place in any book of heroes by rights which no one will dispute ; and the stories

of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and Horatio, Lord Nelson, must be told here.

There is probably no character of the nineteenth century which stands out with more distinctness in English history, or is invested with greater fascination for the average English man or boy, than that of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

Notwithstanding the fact that he long outlived the period of his military achievements, and in the field of politics actually excited popular hostility, so strong is his hold upon the national imagination that, nearly a century after the close of his military career, the glory of his hundred fights still fascinates his countrymen, and shines with a lustre that time can never tarnish, and that his faults of statesmanship have failed to dim.

Arthur Wellesley was born on the 12th of May, 1769, either at Dublin or at Dangan Castle, in the county of Meath. He was descended in the male line from the family of Cowley or Colley, who, in the seventeenth century, intermarried with the Wesleys, another Anglo-Irish family, and afterwards adopted their name; a name which they retained until 1796, when they adopted that of Wellesley.

Garrett Wesley, son of the first Baron Mornington, and first earl of that title, was a distinguished musician, the composer of a chant which bears his name, and which is still in constant use, and of the glee "Here in cool grot"—one of the most popular part-songs of its class. Garrett Wesley had four sons: the eldest became Marquis Wellesley, successively Governor-

General of India and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland ; and the youngest, Arthur, Duke of Wellington—"the Iron Duke."

Arthur's first school was a preparatory one at Chelsea, from which he went to Eton, and thence, at the age of fifteen, to the military academy at Angers in France, but without discovering any very brilliant qualities or any particular industry in the pursuit of knowledge. At Angers he probably found the studies more congenial to his tastes, or perhaps increase of years led him to take things more seriously, for he applied himself with increased energy, and made corresponding progress.

About this time Arthur Wellesley met with the first of the many narrow escapes of his life. In the neighbourhood of his father's residence, in the county of Meath, he was on one occasion one of a party which, after the manner of the times, had indulged in free potations until a late period of the night. Young Wellesley—or, as the name then was, Wesley—managed to escape from his companions, and, retiring to bed, fell fast asleep. His absence was observed and his retreat discovered, and it was determined that he should return. One of the party, more or less drunken than the rest, snatched up a pistol, and, carefully drawing the ball with which it was loaded, proceeded to the bedside and fired at the head of the sleeper. The young soldier was, of course, awakened, and was forced to get out of bed, dress himself, and return to the party. In the morning, however, it was found that the ramrod of the pistol

had passed through the pillow close to where the young sleeper's head must have been. With all the care his assailant had taken to withdraw the ball, he had unconsciously left the ramrod in its place; and, had not the same potations that confused his perception unsteadied his hand, that episode might have ended the career of Arthur Wellesley.

In 1781 his father died, and in this crisis young Wellesley gave early signs of that integrity of character and sense of honour which marked his whole career, for he took upon himself many debts for which he was not legally responsible, the payment of which involved him in rigid economy for years. Among these was a debt of £150, the bond for which had been transferred by a poor old man, to whom it was originally given, to another person, for the sum of £50. "I will deal justly with you," said young Wellesley, in settling the claim, "but I will do no more; here is the £50 you paid for the bond, and legal interest for the time it has been in your possession." He then sought out the original holder of the bill, and, finding him poor, paid him the whole sum, with large arrears of interest.

In March, 1787, Arthur Wellesley was appointed ensign in the 41st Regiment, and nine months after he became lieutenant. In June, 1791, he was appointed to his company, and in April, 1793, to a majority in the 33rd. In the same year, he became lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, a rank he continued to hold for a number of years. Stationed in Ireland, he was appointed by Lord Westmoreland, then Lord-Lieutenant, a member

of his staff; and about this time became engaged to Lady Catherine Pakenham, daughter of the Earl of Longford, though want of means indefinitely postponed the consummation of their hopes.

In 1794 the regiment was ordered to Holland, and the young colonel had his first taste of practical warfare. Landing at Ostend in June, he took part in the short and disastrous campaign which followed, showing great military skill during the retreat from Arnheim to Bremen.

Three years later he was ordered to India, and on the 17th of February, 1797, he landed at Calcutta, where his comparatively brief, and incomparably brilliant, military career may be said to have commenced.

At this time his eldest brother, then Lord Mornington, was Governor-General of India, and the difficulty of dealing with native treachery and French intrigue was keenly felt. Tippoo, Sultan of Mysore, had formed an alliance with the French, with a view to driving the English out of India; and, though this was so far secret, it soon became evident that hostilities could not long be postponed.

In April, 1799, the English forces under General Harris were at the gates of Seringapatam, the capital of Mysore; and on the 4th of May a breach was effected, and the town taken by storm. Colonel Wellesley was appointed commandant, and, having reduced the town to order, was made governor of the province, in the discharge of which office he displayed great administrative ability.

Our Military Hero

The Mahratta Confederacy, comprising the three Mahratta chiefs, Scindiah, Holkar, and the Rajah of Berar, was the next power to demand military attention; and in 1803 Wellesley, with eight thousand men, of whom only fifteen hundred were Europeans, fought the battle of Assaye, defeating an army of fifteen thousand men, posted in a strong position and supported by a hundred and twenty-eight guns. The Mahratta power was finally extinguished at the battle of Argaum, fought on the 15th of December of the same year; soon after which our hero, now General Wellesley, returned to England and married Lady Catherine Pakenham, his early love.

Turning his attention to politics, General Wellesley now became Chief Secretary for Ireland in the Duke of Portland's administration, an office he continued to hold for some years, notwithstanding the fact that his military duties constantly demanded his presence elsewhere.

In 1807 our hero accompanied Lord Cathcart to Copenhagen in charge of the military forces, where he defeated the Danes at the battle of Kioge; and in 1808 he made his first expedition to Portugal. There he met the French at Rolica and Vimiera and defeated them. In his second Portuguese expedition, which left England in April, 1809, he forced the passage of the Douro and drove Marshal Soult from Oporto, and, turning southward, met Marshal Victor at Talavera, on the 27th of July, where he won the first great battle of the Peninsular War.

The winter of 1809-10 found Wellesley busy constructing the lines of Torres Vedras, where, after defeating the enemy at the battle of Busaco, on the 27th of August, he wintered, 1810-11, holding this impenetrable position against the assaults of the best skill and the bravest chivalry of France. Albuera and Fuentes d'Onoro witnessed further triumphs in the campaign, and made Wellesley master of Portugal.

The campaign of 1812 is famous for the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, for the battle of Salamanca, and the siege of Burgos. Honours followed thick upon these victories. He was made Earl of Wellington for the conquest of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, and Marquis for that of Salamanca; while the Spaniards made him Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and the Portuguese Marquis of Torres Vedras.

A characteristic anecdote is told of Wellington, referring to this time. An aide-de-camp, who visited him early in the morning of the battle of Salamanca, perceiving that he was lying on a very small camp bedstead, observed that his Grace had not room to turn himself; to which he immediately replied with much humour: "When you have lived as long as I have, you will know that when a man thinks of turning *in* his bed it is time he should turn *out* of it." At this battle, too, he met with another of those narrow escapes which distinguished his remarkable career. "After dusk," says Sir William Napier, "the duke rode up alone behind my regiment, and I joined him. He was giving me some order when a ball passed through his

holster and struck his thigh. He put his hand to the place and his countenance changed for an instant, but only for an instant; and to my eager inquiry if he was hurt, he replied sharply, 'No!' and went on with his orders. Whether his flesh was torn or bruised I know not."

During the following winter Wellington devoted himself to the reorganisation of the Spanish army, and early in 1813 he was ready for anything. In the spring he again moved forward; and, when he crossed the borders of Spain and Portugal, he is said to have waved his hat and said, "Farewell, Portugal!" convinced that he would have no cause to return. The movements which followed were among the most brilliant recorded in the annals of war. On the 15th of May, he broke up his cantonments, and a month later he came up with the enemy at Vittoria, where, on the 21st of June, he fought the battle which bears its name, and completely routed the French army. For this victory he received the baton of a field-marshal. The next conquest was the storming of San Sebastian, followed by the passage of the Bidassoa, and the surrender of Pampeluna; and six weeks later, after nearly a week's hard fighting in the neighbourhood of Nive and the Nivelle, the way was cleared for an advance into French territory, and on the 14th of December the English army went into winter quarters at Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz.

In the campaign of 1814, Wellington fought the battles of Orthez and Toulouse; and to say he fought

them is to say he won them also. He also made the passage of the Adour, a feat of arms which further demonstrated his daring and skill. But the campaign of 1814 was a short one, for, on the 17th of April, an armistice was signed, and the Peninsular War came to an end.

Many anecdotes are told of the duke's skill and resource in action, as shown in his arduous and difficult campaigns, of which the following may be quoted here:—On a certain occasion during his campaign in the Pyrenees, Wellington, being displeased with the dispositions General Picton had made for receiving the assault of Marshal Soult, who had menaced him in front, ordered the plan to be entirely changed. But the difficulty was to delay the attack of the French until the change could be effected. This the "Iron Duke" accomplished in person, in the following manner. Doffing his cocked hat, and waving it in the air, he rode furiously to the head of a regiment, as if about to order a charge. Thereupon arose a tremendous cheer from the men, which was taken up by corps after corps, until it reverberated along the whole extent of Picton's line. As the roar died away, Wellington was heard to remark musingly, as if addressing himself: "Soult is a skilful but cautious commander, and will not attack in force until he has ascertained the meaning of these cheers. This gives time for the Sixth Division to come up, and we shall beat him." It turned out as he anticipated. Soult, naturally enough, supposed these tremendous shouts to announce the arrival of a

large reinforcement, and did not attack until too late.

After visiting Madrid and Paris, Wellington returned to England in June, 1814; and nothing can ever exceed the enthusiasm of his welcome. The Prince Regent created him a duke, Parliament voted him half a million of money to purchase an estate, and the whole nation waited to do honour to one who was regarded as the saviour of his country.

The peace of Europe, was, however, of but short duration. While the congress was still discussing the settlement at Vienna, Napoleon escaped from Elba, and was back in Paris plotting new disturbances.

Wellington lost no time in repairing to Brussels to take charge of the army of the Allies; and Napoleon showed equal activity in organising and disposing his forces.

In an incredibly short time both armies were in the field, both determined upon immediate and decisive action. Then followed Ligny, where Napoleon broke the Prussian centre and drove them from the field; and Quatre Bas, where Ney won some early advantages, only to lose them later in the day; and then came the final catastrophe at Waterloo.

The story of Waterloo is so well known, and has been so well told by Sir Edward Creasey, that it need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say that throughout the day Wellington displayed the same coolness and imperturbability which he always exhibited, even under circumstances of the utmost excitement and danger.

"During the scene of tumult and carnage which the battle of Waterloo presented," says a contemporary writer, "at every moment and in every place, the Duke of Wellington exposed his person with a freedom which made all around him tremble for that life on which it was obvious that the fate of the battle depended. There was scarcely a square but he visited in person, encouraging the men by his presence and the officers by his directions. While he stood on the centre of the high road in front of Mont St. Jean several guns were levelled against him, distinguished as he was by his suite and the movements of the officers who were passing to and fro with orders. The balls repeatedly grazed a tree near him, when he observed to one of his suite: 'That's good practice. I think they fire better than in Spain.' Riding up to the 95th men in front of the line, and even then expecting a formidable charge of cavalry, he said: 'Stand fast, 95th; we must not be beaten. What will they say in England?' On another occasion, when many of the best and bravest men had fallen, and the event of the action seemed doubtful even to those who remained, he said, with the coolness of a spectator: 'Never mind; we'll win this battle yet.'"

That the duke carried a tender heart beneath a stern appearance there are many proofs. He is said to have been in tears the greater part of the day succeeding his great victory; and pathetic, indeed, is the exclamation attributed to him: "Believe me, there is nothing more terrible than a battle won, except a battle lost."

The duke once told a party of ladies a story which must be reckoned among the strangest incidents connected with Waterloo. In the course of the day the duke said he noticed a civilian in plain clothes riding a cob in the direct line of fire. Beckoning the man to him, he asked him who he was and what he was doing there. The man replied that he was an Englishman from Brussels, who, never having seen a battle, had come to gratify his curiosity. The duke told him he was in imminent danger of his life, to which he replied: "Not more than your Lordship." Later in the day, the duke, having occasion to send a message to one of his officers, commanded the stranger to carry it, and had the satisfaction of seeing his order obeyed. At the duke's request the stranger gave him his card, from which he learned that his amateur "aide-de-camp" was a button manufacturer hailing from Birmingham. Years after, when in that city, the duke made inquiries, and found that his strange friend was selling buttons for his firm in Ireland, whereupon he asked that he might call upon him in London. The result was an appointment to an accountancy at the Mint, with a salary of £800 a year.

After Waterloo, fought on the 18th of June, 1815, had finally disposed of Napoleon, Wellington for some time commanded the army of occupation in France, after which he returned to England, and, in 1818, became Master-General of the Ordnance, an office which he continued to hold for nine years. Under Lord Liver-

pool's administration he represented England in important negotiations at Vienna, Madrid, and St. Petersburg; and in 1826 was made Commander-in-Chief.

In January, 1827, the Duke of Wellington became Prime Minister of England, but he did not retain office long enough to test his foreign policy; and his home policy was not sufficiently progressive for the times and the people. He supported Catholic emancipation, but opposed Parliamentary reform, declaring in October, 1830, at the close of his administration, that the English representative system was as near perfection as possible, and stood in no need of reform. This uncompromising attitude excited the hostility of the people. His windows were broken, his carriage attacked, and his person mobbed. Earl Grey succeeded him as Prime Minister; and, on the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, the "Iron Duke" wisely acquiesced in the altered condition of things, and served a beneficent purpose for some years in acting as peacemaker between Lords and Commons, reducing friction and preventing collision.

Of his great kindness of heart there are many proofs, not the least striking of which is the characteristic story of his kindness to the little country boy and his tame toad, which we here subjoin. The duke was one day taking his usual country walk, when he heard a cry of distress. He walked to the spot, and found a chubby, rosy-faced boy lying on the ground, and bending his head over a tame toad, and crying as if his little heart would break. "What's the matter, my lad?" said the duke. "Oh, sir, please sir, my

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poor toad—I bring it something to eat every morning. But they are going to send me off ever so far away to school; nobody will bring it anything to eat when I am gone, and I am afraid it will die.” “Never mind, don’t cry, lad—I’ll see that the toad is well fed, and you shall hear all about it when you are at school.” The boy thanked the gentleman heartily, dried up his tears, and went home. During the time he was at school he received five letters couched in the following terms :

“STRATHFIELDSAYE, *July 27, 1837.*

“Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington is happy to inform William Harries that his toad is alive and well.”

When the boy returned for his Christmas holidays, the toad was, as the duke said, “alive and well,” but, in accordance with the usual habits of these animals, he was in his winter’s sleep, in which he remained until spring and genial weather brought him from his well-guarded hole in the ground.

From 1828 to 1852, the duke was Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and as such occupied Walmer Castle as a country residence. Of his life here we get some pleasing glimpses from the diary of Haydon, the artist, who stayed at Walmer Castle while he painted the portrait of the duke; not the least interesting of which is the following account of an interrupted breakfast:—“In the midst, six dear, noisy children were brought to the windows. ‘Let them in,’ said the duke, and in they came and rushed over to him, saying :

'How d'ye do, Duke; how d'ye do, Duke!' One boy, young Grey, roared: 'I want some tea, Duke.' 'You shall have it, if you promise not to slop it over me, as you did yesterday.' Toast and tea were then in demand. Three got on one side, and three on the other, and he hugged them all. Tea was poured out, and I saw little Grey try to slop it over the duke's frock coat. They then rushed out on the leads, and after breakfast I saw the duke romping with the whole of them, and one of them gave his Grace a devil of a thump. I went round to my bedroom. The children came to the window, and a dear little black-eyed girl began romping. I put my head out, and said: 'I'll catch you!' Just as I did this, the duke, who did not see me, put his head out at the door, close to my room, No. 10, which leads to the leads, and said: 'I'll catch ye!—ha, ha, I've got ye!' at which they all ran away. He looked at them, and laughed, and went in."

Serjeant Ballantine, speaking of the great duke, whom he once met, an old man, at dinner, says: "He was much aged, talked gravely and with great distinctness, ate but little, drank no wine, and left early." He adds: "He was a member of the Union Club when I joined it, and I have heard that he became a member of Crockford's, the famous gambling resort, that he might be able to blackball his own sons if they became candidates." Not a bad bit of social strategy that.

A Mr. Wood has told how, when the Duke of Wellington was very ill in London, he visited a country house where Sir Robert Peel happened to be staying. As

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soon as he arrived, the great statesman asked him, with intense anxiety, what was the latest news of the duke's condition. It was considered hopeless, and Mr. Wood told him so. Sir Robert broke down utterly, crying out in a burst of tears: "He is the truest man I have ever known!"

It was to Walmer Castle that the duke betook himself at the close of the London season in the year 1852. For a month he seemed to enjoy his usual health, but on the 14th of September he became unwell, and grew rapidly worse. Epileptic fits followed, and he became unconscious, passing quietly out of life at about half-past three in the afternoon.

The nation that had honoured him in the hour of victory, honoured him no less in the hour of his only defeat. A public funeral was arranged on a scale of magnificence and solemnity such as London has not seen since, and with royal pomp the remains of this great man were laid in their last resting-place, beside those of Nelson, beneath the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

BOY HEROES

YELLOW AND BLACK

THAT human nature is the same all the world over, as well as "yesterday, to-day, and for ever," and that self-preservation is its first law, no one will deny; and that the heroic spirit, which sets aside the first law of nature, and risks or sacrifices its own good for the good of others, is also independent of time, race, or climate, is happily also true. Varying standards may obtain under differing degrees and conditions of civilisation; but everywhere, even among barbarous peoples, there is still the impress of the divine image, and the essential elements of heroism await inspiring opportunity.

YELLOW

Among those who went through the siege of the Legations at Peking during the Boxer rising was the Rev. J. L. Whiting, from the pen of whose wife we have the following story, as told by him:

"Our little hero," as he was called by the "Legationers," was a Chinese Christian boy of about fifteen years of age. At the time of the outbreak in Peking he was driven from the shop which had been his home,

because he had formerly attended a mission day-school, and had been known to talk in favour of Christianity.

"The Boxers will kill you," said the shopkeeper, "and burn our house for harbouring you."

He wandered homeless and aimless until he saw in a crowd Doctor Ament, whose school he had attended. The missionary took him to the Methodist Compound, and, when the refugees here abandoned the place and went to the British Legation, the boy accompanied them.

After days of bombardment in the Legation there was a call for volunteers to take a message to Tientsin and make known to the gathering armies the situation in Peking. Some messengers had already gone out and had been killed; others had returned, saying they could not get through the lines of the Boxers. The Chinese boy volunteered.

On the 4th of July, he was led to the top of the city wall. There a rope was tied round his waist, and he was let down into the darkness. When he was on the ground, the wall, forty feet high, separated him from all the friends he had in the world. Before him was a walk of eighty weary miles; and he carried a message which would cost him his life if it was discovered.

As it had been planned that he should go as a beggar, he had been dressed in rags and tatters, and provided with a large, coarse bowl, such as the native beggars carry. The precious message, written very small, was wrapped in oil paper, placed at the bottom

of the bowl, and covered with porridge. Even the most wily Boxer would hardly think to look there, and the boy had felt no concern about it until he neared the bottom of the wall. Then his bowl struck against some projecting bricks and broke in pieces !

He could not call back to his friends, for fear of rousing some sleeping enemy. So he carefully fished out the tiny parcel from the porridge, removed the oil paper, and, tearing a little piece from his ragged garment, wrapped it, with the tiny note inside, around his finger, as if it were sore. Later he ripped the hem of his garment and slipped the note into it.

Before long the Boxers hailed and searched him, but finding nothing, they said: "Let the little beggar go."

His progress was slow, but always in the direction of Tientsin. Kind-hearted native women gave him food, and he slept under the stars. All went well until, when about half-way on his journey, he stopped at a farm-house to ask for food. Now here dwelt a man whose farm-hands had all left him and joined the Boxers ; therefore he forced the boy to stay and work for eight days.

By refusing to stay or by running away, the boy feared that he would excite suspicion ; but while he was working he was thinking how he could escape without appearing anxious to go.

On the eighth day he would not eat his breakfast, but lay groaning and shamming illness. No doubt the rice smelt very savoury to him before night, but he

would not eat. Finally the farmer said: "You'll have to clear out of here. I can't afford to have you die on my hands." That man would have been surprised if he could have seen how briskly his invalid walked when some distance from the house.

The boy reached Tientsin to find it a scene of recent battle, with soldiers of the united nationalities standing guard everywhere. He wandered about two or three days before he could get through the lines. He could not step up to the soldiers and say: "I have a message for your general," for they would not understand his language; but he finally succeeded in getting through, and he delivered the message to the British Consul on the 22nd of July.

Very soon after a reply was given him, and he started on his return trip. This was the message which he brought on a tiny slip of paper, addressed to Sir Claude Macdonald at the British Legation:

"Your letter July 4th received. There are now 24,000 troops landed and 19,000 here. General Gaselee expected Taku to-morrow. Russian troops at Peitang. Tientsin city under foreign government. Boxer power exploded. There are plenty of troops on the way if you can keep in food. Almost all ladies have left Tientsin."

Our little hero's return trip was less eventful than the one going down, but he saw Boxers in every village; and on reaching Peking on the 28th of July, having been only six days on the return trip, he found it difficult to get through without attracting attention.

However, just before daylight, he managed to crawl through the sluiceway under the wall, and a little later entered the British Legation.

Perhaps no beggar ever received so hearty a welcome, but it did not puff him up with vanity. He modestly made himself useful in many ways, until the Legation was relieved by the arrival of the armies from Tientsin on the 14th of August.

BLACK

In this connection a story told by Colonel De Malet and David Ker, and given in *The Bravest Deed I Ever Saw* (Hutchinson), must be retold. Not of the East this story, but of the West ; not of a Chinese boy who had been enlightened by Christianity, but of a negro lad who had been redeemed from slavery, and who showed whole-souled devotion to his master's cause.

Colonel De Malet had command of the Fort of La Tour Noire, on the west coast of Hayti, and, at the time of the following incident, was in terrible straits. The natives were in arms and, far outnumbering the forces of the colonel, had shut him up in his own fortress, and determined to starve him out. The natives were far more used to the deadly climate which was so fatal to their enemies, and far more skilled in the bush-fighting which under the circumstances was alone possible ; and when they had succeeded in isolating him, the colonel declared that unless help came within three days there was nothing for it but to "rush out and die sword in hand."

Communication with the outer world was completely cut off ; and yet, in effecting it lay the only hope. Three men who had dared destiny in efforts to pierce the dusky cordon had perished in the attempt ; and in the meantime famine had taken its stand by the side of fever and was pointing the way of death.

Another volunteer was called for, but without response. "Does no one offer?" asked the colonel as he looked round at the gloomy faces of his dispirited soldiers, but still there was no answer. The silence was intense, and then in the midst of it a childish voice responded, "I do." It was Cæsar, a negro boy twelve years old, and worthy of the name, who had been freed by the colonel and attached to his service, and who was ready to do or die.

The colonel looked at the little fellow and asked him what *he* could do. The answer was characteristic.

"Master make Cæsar free, Cæsar be kill for master any day, willing! Master no fear—Cæsar got plan!"

The colonel took the lad aside and talked to him about his plan, and then decided that he should try it.

On one side the fort, says the narrative, lay thousands of armed enemies watching the doomed garrison day and night ; on the other stretched a broad deep inlet of the sea, literally swarming with sharks. The natives knew that the French had no boat, and no means of constructing one, and that the sharks would fight their battle for them on that side the fort, and so had concentrated their attention on the other, leaving but a few sentinels along the creek, and these at considerable

distances. The tooth of the shark and the sword of the Haytian were the two horns of the negro's dilemma.

But the boy had diagnosed the situation, and had a plan, and he carefully prepared to execute it. The last horse had been killed for food the day before ; and the lad, securing the hides of two of these equine martyrs of the garrison, formed them into two bags, which he stuffed full of hay and corded together, and surmounted with a small square piece of wood by way of deck, and made as watertight as possible with a liberal supply of oil. He had determined to cross the creek on this frail craft under cover of the night and to seek succour through the unguarded country beyond.

Had this task been undertaken by the other Cæsar, we should have been told that the gods favoured him and that some of them left their high abodes to prosper his daring enterprise. And who shall say that the little black Cæsar of Hayti had no heavenly influences helping him? The drowsy goddess sent him as black a night as ever hid fugitive from pursuit. Boreas gave him enough wind to drown any noise which he might make in crossing the sharky sea. It was just the night for his enterprise. Silent and alone in the dark, wild, pitiless night, kneeling on the deck of his crazy craft, the black boy hero put out to sea. The hungry sharks gathered round him and snapped at his clumsy vessel, but somehow they were unable to lay hold of it, and on it sped.

A shot! "God help him!" said the colonel hoarsely—and then silence and the dark.

In spite of the sharks, and the shot notwithstanding, Cæsar safely reached the other side ; and now his task was that of threading his way through the thicket without arousing picket or sentinel, and this was difficult indeed.

In a momentary lull in the roar of the storm, a dead bough broke under him with a sharp snap.

"Who go dere? Speak, or me fire! Speak!"

No answer—a shot! and then, with a squeal and a grunt which would have deceived a New England farmer, Cæsar, on all fours, went crashing away through the bushes like an old porker, with other metal than lead in him, making all speed for safety.

"One ob dem stray hog," was the laconic remark of the sleepy sentinel as Cæsar made good his escape.

Two more days the garrison was kept in suspense, and on the morning of the third the relief party attacked the investing force in the rear, and, with the cry of "Vive la France!" the garrison sallied out and put the Haytians to flight.

Cæsar went back to France with his master, Colonel De Malet, who was never tired of telling the story of the negro's heroic deed.

OUR NAVAL HERO

HORATIO, LORD NELSON

THE effigy of the Duke of York is said to have been placed at the top of the Column in Waterloo Place that it might be out of the reach of his creditors. The statue of Nelson was given pride of place in Trafalgar Square, lest we forget !

And yet, perhaps, there is no one entitled to remembrance whom we are less likely to forget than the hero of Cape St. Vincent, Santa Cruz, the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. It is conceivable that a hurricane might remove his effigy from its lofty elevation in the great city, but nothing can remove his living, loving memory from the proud and generous hearts of his countrymen.

Of England's great sailors the name is legion. The story of our wooden walls from Damme to Trafalgar is one long record of great seamen and brilliant seamanship.

Sir Edward Howard, Sir Andrew Barton, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Martin Frobisher, Lord Howard of Effingham, Sir Richard Grenville, Admiral Blake, Sir Thomas Allen, the Duke of York, Sir Edward Spragge, Sir John Berry, Sir Cloudesley

Our Naval Hero

Shovel, Sir George Rooke, Sir John Jervis, Benbow, Boscawen, Anson, Hawke, Rodney, Exmouth, Howe, Cornwallis, Duncan, Collingwood, and a host of others, make up a roll of names too numerous to mention separately, even in this book of heroes; and then comes the name of him who, by universal assent, was the greatest of modern naval heroes, Horatio, Lord Nelson.

Horatio Nelson was born on the 29th of September, 1758, at Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk. His father, the Rev. Edmund Nelson, was Rector of Burnham; and his mother, Catherine Suckling, who died when he was but nine years old, was related to the Walpoles. Horatio was named after the first Lord Walpole; and his uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling, gave him his first taste of the sea.

Horatio was one of eight children, the remnant of a family of eleven, who were left orphans when Catherine Nelson passed away; and it was doubtless in view of the rector's quiverful that Captain Suckling promised to take care of one of the boys. Three years later, when no more than twelve years old, Horatio appropriated his uncle's promise and adopted him as guardian.

It happened in this wise. The family were in straitened circumstances, and the rector was suffering in health, taking rest and seeking recovery at Bath. Horatio saw the necessity of helping the family fortunes, and felt the desire to provide for himself; so on reading in the county newspaper, while on his Christmas

holidays, that his uncle had been appointed to the *Raisonnable*, of sixty-four guns, he begged his brother William, who was a year and a half his senior, to write to the rector urging him to remind Captain Suckling of his promise, and, if possible, induce him to fulfil it in his interest.

The rector knew his boy, and had often expressed his confidence that Horatio would rise in any sphere of life he might exploit ; and, knowing that in this instance his motives were in a high degree honourable to himself, preferred the modest request.

Captain Suckling's reply was characteristic. "What," he said, "has poor Horatio, who is so weak, done that he above all the rest should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come, and the first time we go into action a cannon ball may knock off his head and provide for him at once."

In the ill-drained England of that day ague was a scourge from which many suffered, and Horatio, never robust, was one of its victims. It is a distressing complaint, depressing the spirits and exhausting the body ; but the boy had a brave nature and a determined will, and from boyhood, throughout his great career, was always stronger of heart than limb. Of characteristic incidents of childhood Southey's *Life of Nelson* furnishes some examples.

"When a mere child, he strayed bird's-nesting from his grandmother's home in company with a cowboy ; the dinner-hour elapsed ; he was absent and could not be found, and the alarm of the family became very

great, for they apprehended that he might have been carried off by gypsies. At length, after search had been made for him in various directions, he was discovered alone, sitting composedly by the side of a brook which he could not get over. 'I wonder, child,' said the old lady when she saw him, 'that hunger and fear did not drive you home.' 'Fear! grandma,' replied the little hero; 'I never saw fear: what is it?'

"Once, after the winter holidays, when he and his brother William had set off on horseback to return to school, they came back, because there had been a fall of snow; and William, who did not much like the journey, said it was too deep for them to venture on. 'If that be the case,' said the father, 'you certainly shall not go; but make another attempt, and I will leave it to your honour. If the road is dangerous, you may return; but remember, boys, I leave it to your honour.' The snow was deep enough to have afforded them a reasonable excuse; but Horatio was not to be prevailed upon to turn back. 'We must go on,' said he; 'remember, brother, it was left to our honour!'

"There were some fine pears growing in the school-master's garden, which the boys regarded as lawful booty, and in the highest degree tempting; but the boldest among them were afraid to venture for the prize. Horatio volunteered upon this service: he was lowered down at night from the bedroom window by some sheets, plundered the tree, was drawn up with the pears, and then distributed them among his school-

fellows, without reserving any for himself. He only took them, he said, because every other boy was afraid."

Horatio was at school at North Walsham, when one cold morning in spring a servant arrived bearing a summons ordering him to join his ship. It is said that his parting with his brother William affected him very much, and this may easily be believed. It is likely enough that, after the death of Mrs. Nelson, William mothered him as much as possible at home and at school. Travelling to London with his father, he proceeded alone by stage-coach to Chatham, to join the *Raisonnable* in the Medway.

His first experiences were a little discouraging. Alighting from the coach he was without guidance of any kind ; and, not having the least idea where to find his ship, wandered aimlessly about, until questioned by an officer who noticed his forlorn appearance, and who fortunately knew his uncle. By this gentleman he was forwarded to his destination. Here his troubles were not ended, for his uncle was not on board, and no one expected his arrival. He was allowed to pace the deck for the remainder of the day without any notice from the ship's company, and it was not until the second day that some one "took compassion on him."

The dispute which had occasioned the commissioning of the *Raisonnable* having been settled without her aid, she was paid off ; and Captain Suckling was appointed to the *Triumph*, seventy-four, a guardship in the Thames ; and Horatio went on a voyage to the

West Indies on a merchantman, commanded by Mr. John Rathbone, who had served as master's mate under his uncle on board the *Dreadnought*.

From this voyage the young sailor returned a practical seaman, but with a hatred of the King's service and a saying then common among the sailors: "Aft the most honour; forward, the better man." He was received on the *Triumph* by his uncle, and by his influence was appointed coxswain to Captain Lutwidge, the second in command of an expedition then fitting out to go in search of the North Pole.

During this expedition Nelson gained much new experience, and had some adventures. "Young as he was," says Southey, "Nelson was appointed to command one of the boats which were on one occasion sent out to explore a passage into the open water. It was the means of saving a boat belonging to the *Racehorse* from a singular but imminent danger. Some of the officers had fired at, and wounded, a walrus. The wounded animal dived immediately and brought up a number of its companions, and they all joined in an attack upon the boat. They wrested an oar from one of the men; and it was with the utmost difficulty that the crew could prevent them from staving and upsetting her, till the *Carcass'* boat came up, and the walruses, finding their enemies reinforced, dispersed. Nelson exposed himself in a most daring manner.

"One night, during the mid-watch, he stole from the ship with one of his comrades, taking advantage

of a rising fog, and set out over the ice in pursuit of a bear. It was not long before they were missed. The fog thickened, and Captain Lutwidge and his officers became exceedingly alarmed for their safety.

"Between three and four in the morning the weather cleared, and the two adventurers were seen at a considerable distance from the ship attacking a huge bear. The signal for them to return was immediately made ; Nelson's comrade called upon him to obey it ; but in vain." The spirit that afterwards refused to see the signal to discontinue action at Copenhagen, was already working in the boy at battle with the bear ; and the signal to retreat was ever the last order that Nelson would willingly obey. But he was in some danger. "His musket had flashed in the pan, their ammunition was expended, and a chasm in the ice which divided him from the bear probably preserved his life. 'Never mind,' he cried ; 'do but let me get a blow at this devil with the butt-end of my musket, and we shall have him.' Captain Lutwidge, however, seeing his danger, fired a gun, which had the desired effect of frightening the beast ; and the boy returned. The captain reprimanded him sternly for conduct so unworthy of the office which he filled, and desired to know what motive he could have for fighting a bear. 'Sir,' said he, pouting his lip, as he was wont to do when agitated, 'I wanted to kill the bear that I might carry the skin to my father.'"

Nelson's next ship was the *Seahorse*, and his next

voyage to the East Indies. Here his good conduct and efficiency attracted attention, and he was rated as a midshipman. The foreign climate acted disastrously upon our hero ; he wasted to a skeleton and lost the use of his limbs, and was shipped back to England in the *Dolphin*, under command of Captain Pigot, whose care and attention are said to have saved his life.

On the 8th of April, 1777, Nelson went up for examination for a lieutenancy. Captain Suckling was present, and when the young hero was declared to have passed in a manner highly honourable to himself, rose and introduced him to the board as his nephew. He had kept the relationship secret until the result was declared, as he wished Nelson to succeed on his merits.

On the following day Nelson was appointed to the *Lowestoffe* frigate (Captain Locker), from whence he passed to the *Bristol* flagship, of which he soon became first lieutenant. On the 8th of December, 1778, he was appointed to the command of the *Badger* brig.

While in command of the *Badger* and at anchor in Montenegro Bay, Nelson was in some danger from the *Glasgow*, twenty guns, which was found to be on fire through the steward's carelessness when taking rum from the hold. Fearing an explosion of the magazine, the crew sought safety in flight, leaping overboard to escape disaster. Nelson went to the rescue, ordered the powder to be thrown overboard and the guns to be pointed upwards, and so avoided catastrophe. Ap-

pointed successively to the *Janus*, at Jamaica, which dysentery prevented him from joining, and the *Albemarle*, ordered to the north seas for the winter, as he said, as if to try his constitution, he arrived off Elsinore during an armed neutrality. The Danish admiral, not knowing the sort of man he had to deal with, sent on board and desired Nelson to inform him what ships had arrived, and to let him have a statement of their force in writing.

"The *Albemarle*," said Nelson to the messenger, "is one of His Britannic Majesty's ships: you are at liberty, sir, to count the guns as you go down the side; and you may assure the Danish admiral that, if necessary, they shall all be well served."

Nelson's sense of duty and responsibility permitted no considerations of danger. On one occasion, when his ship was in the Downs, he went on shore to visit a senior officer. While absent a heavy gale arose, most of the ships drove, and a store ship came athwart-hause of the *Albemarle*. Nelson feared for her chances on the Goodwins, and returned hurriedly to the beach. The Deal boatmen are equal to anything a seaman dare; but they declared it impossible to put him on board in such a storm. An offer of fifteen guineas tempted them; and, to the astonishment of every one, Nelson embarked in the midst of a tremendous storm, and succeeded in reaching her. Her bowsprit went, and her foremast, but she escaped other injury.

Nelson's chivalrous treatment of his prisoners of war is well illustrated by incidents of this command.

Ordered to Quebec, he set sail for Canada ; and, during his first cruise on this station, captured a fishing schooner, which contained her master's little all. Learning that the poor fellow had a large family anxiously expecting him at home, Nelson employed him as a pilot, and restored his property in payment of his services, adding a certificate giving him immunity from further conquest. The bread thrown upon the waters returned after many days ; for, in the month of August, when the ship's company had been without fresh food since April, and the scurvy was raging on board, the grateful man came off to the *Albemarle* at the risk of his life, with a store of sheep, poultry, and fresh provisions.

On another occasion he was cruising under French colours between La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, when, according to Southey's *Life*, "a king's launch belonging to the Spaniards passed near, and being hailed in French came alongside without suspicion, and answered all the questions asked concerning the number and force of the enemy's ships. The crew, however, were not a little surprised when they were taken on board and found themselves prisoners." The launch contained a number of persons of distinction, including some men of science who had been making observations and collecting specimens of natural history. After entertaining them with the best his ship could provide, he gave them liberty to depart without loss, upon condition that they would consider themselves prisoners of war in the event of the commander-in-chief refusing to endorse his action.

Nelson's efficiency as an officer at this time induced Lord Hood, when introducing him to the Duke of Clarence, to tell his Grace, if he wished to ask any questions respecting naval tactics, Captain Nelson could give him as much information as any officer of the Fleet.

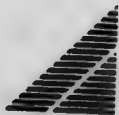
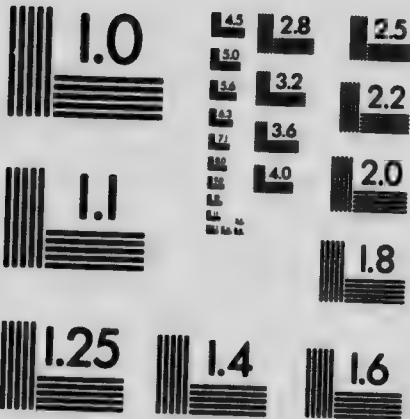
Nelson's next command was the *Boreas*, twenty-eight guns, cruising off the Leeward Islands, on the peace establishment. In this connection Southey's *Life* gives what he calls "a happy picture" of Nelson's treatment of the midshipmen who came under his influence :

"If he perceived that a boy was afraid at first going aloft, he would say to him in a friendly manner: 'Well, sir, I am going a race to the mast-head, and beg that I may meet you there.' The poor little fellow instantly began to climb and got up how he could—Nelson never noticed in what manner, but, when they met in the top, spoke cheerfully to him, and would say how much any person was to be pitied who fancied that getting up was either dangerous or difficult. Every day he went into the school-room to see that they were pursuing their nautical studies, and at noon he was always the first on deck with his quadrant. Whenever he paid a visit of ceremony, some of these youths always accompanied him."

A man's integrity often leads him into difficulties, and Nelson's served him that sorry trick. Had he been content to wink at irregularities which gave his superior officers no concern, he might have escaped much trouble ;



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but he had a high sense of duty, and paid the penalty always exacted from those who put the right before the convenient. The Navigation Act had been allowed to fall into abeyance. Nelson insisted upon its observance. This brought him into collision with his superiors, and the question became one of obeying the law or obeying his chiefs. He decided for the law, and was subjected to civil proceedings, and would have been court-martialled had his superiors possessed the courage to arraign him. In the end the Government undertook his defence, and thanked him for his disobedience to orders. His attack upon abuses made him enemies among those who profited by them; but, in the end, the Government, at his instance, introduced a better system of checking supplies.

The next important step in his career was his marriage on the 11th of March, 1787, with Mrs. Nisbet, the widow of a physician, and daughter of Mr. Herbert, the President of Nevis, the mother of a little boy, named Josiah, who afterwards entered the Navy, she herself being at the time of her second marriage but eighteen years of age. Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, gave the bride away. After this Nelson took his wife home to his father's parsonage, and for a time lived the life of a country gentleman.

In the brief space at our disposal here, it is impossible even to register all the deeds by which Nelson gradually built up his imperishable fame; the briefest record must suffice, and for the rest I must refer the

reader to Southey's admirable *Life of Nelson*, from which the facts of this narrative are taken.

The influence of Lord Hood and the Duke of Clarence gave him the command of the *Agamemnon*, of sixty-four guns, and placed him in the Mediterranean, in the service of Lord Hood. This brought him into touch with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, who exercised much influence over his after life. The conquest of Bastia and the siege of Calvi followed; and it was at this latter that Nelson received the injury to his sight. A shot struck the ground near to him and spurted some sand and gravel into one of his eyes. He made light of it, but it was a serious matter—the sight of the eye was gone. Calvi fallen, Corsica was annexed by the British crown, and the French fleet sought the reconquest of the island. In a partial engagement of the fleet, the *Agamemnon* took two prizes, the *Ca Ira* and the *Censeur*. Nelson was for leaving his prizes in the charge of the *Illustrious* and the *Courageux*, vessels which had been crippled in the action, and attacking the rest of the French fleet; but Admiral Hotham's reply was: "We must be contented; we have done very well." Nelson's comment was characteristic. He said: "Now, had we taken ten sail, and allowed the eleventh to escape when it had been possible to have got her, I could never have called it well done. Goodall backed me. I got him to write to the admiral, but it would not do. We should have had such a day as, I believe, the annals of England never produced."

The battle of Cape St. Vincent was Nelson's next great opportunity. Sir John Jervis had become commander of the Mediterranean fleet, and knew the value of Nelson's help. His appreciation by his superiors naturally excited the jealousy of his equals. "You did just as you pleased in Lord Hood's time," said one captain, "the same in Admiral Hotham's, and now again with Sir John Jervis; it makes no difference to you who is commander-in-chief." Nelson would have been glad of an interval of rest, but Sir John Jervis said: "We cannot spare you either as captain or admiral;" and so he stayed at the post of duty.

It was while in command of the *Agamemnon* that Nelson had his one and only chance of putting a spoke in the wheel of Wellington's great opponent, Napoleon; and Nelson never missed an opportunity. The French had shipped six cargoes of cannon and ordnance stores from Toulon for St. Pier d'Arena, for use in the siege of Mantua. Nelson, in conjunction with Captain Cockburn of the *Meleager*, drove them under their own batteries, silenced the batteries and captured the guns, as well as all the "military books, plans, and maps of Italy, with the different points where famous battles had been fought marked on them, and which had been sent by the Directory for the use of Napoleon. It was this loss which compelled the French to raise the siege of Mantua."

At Cape St. Vincent Nelson contributed more than any other man to the victory which won for Sir Jo.

Jervis the title Earl St. Vincent. Here again he followed his own judgment in certain particulars instead of carrying out the orders of his chief—an act always dangerous and to be deprecated, and only to be justified by complete success. The *San Nicolas* and the *San Joseph* were his prizes on that eventful day; and the latter was boarded from the former, Nelson himself leading the way with the shout, "Westminster Abbey or victory!" It was on the quarter-deck of the *San Joseph* that he received the swords of the officers, handing them one by one to William Fearney, one of his old *Agamemnon* command, who, with characteristic non-chalance, placed them under his arm.

Nelson, never overdone with honours, had been made rear-admiral before the news of Cape St. Vincent reached England, and on its arrival was awarded the Order of the Bath; but perhaps the tribute that most affected him was that of his venerable father, who wrote him: "I thank my God with all the fervour of a grateful soul, for the mercies He has most graciously bestowed on me in preserving you. Not only my few acquaintances here, but the people in general, met me at every corner with such handsome words that I was obliged to retire from the public eyes. The height of glory to which your professional judgment, united with a proper degree of bravery, guarded by Providence, has raised you, few sons, my dear child, attain to, and fewer fathers live to see. Tears of joy have involuntarily trickled down my furrowed cheeks. Who could stand the force of such general congratulations? The name

and services of Nelson have sounded through this city of Bath from the common ballad-singer to the public theatre."

Seventeen-ninety-seven was the year of the disastrous attack on Santa Cruz, the year in which he sacrificed his right arm to the service of his country. Nelson was in the act of stepping out of his boat when a shot shattered his right elbow, and he fell, seizing his sword—the sword of his uncle, Captain Suckling, which he highly valued—in his left hand. Josiah Nisbet, his step-son, now a lieutenant, bound a long silk scarf round the upper part of the admiral's arm, to stop the flow of blood, and covered the wounded member over, that the sight of the hæmorrhage might not induce faintness. Notwithstanding his wound, Nelson, on reaching the ship, refused all assistance in boarding her. "Let me alone," he said; "I have still my legs left, and one arm;" and, seizing a rope which was flung to him, he managed to climb on board. Nelson had tried to dissuade his step-son from accompanying him on this dangerous enterprise, telling him that it was his place to take charge of the *Theseus*; but the young man had replied with a spirit worthy of Nelson himself: "Sir, the ship must take care of itself; I will go with you to-night if I never go again."

The following year was famous for the battle of the Nile, which Nelson himself declared was more than a victory—it was a conquest. Of thirteen sail of the line, nine were taken and two burnt. The British loss in killed and wounded numbered 895; Wescott

was the only captain who fell; 3,105 of the French, including the wounded, were sent on shore, and 5,225 perished.

Nelson was again wounded, this time in the head; and the wound was at first deemed so severe that he sent what he thought were his dying remembrances to Lady Nelson and gave orders as to the succession in command. Carried to the cockpit, he refused preferential treatment.

"No," he said; "I will take my turn with my brave fellows;" nor would he suffer the surgeon to attend him until his turn came.

Our hero was now made Baron Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe, with a pension of £2,000 a year; and civic honours were showered upon him.

On the 2nd of April, 1801, Nelson, as second in command to Admiral Parker, bombarded Copenhagen. Eighteen out of twenty-three Danish ships of the line were taken or destroyed. It was during this fight that Nelson pleaded his inability to see with his blind eye as an excuse for not obeying his admiral's signal of recall.

"Nelson," says Southey's *Life*, "was at this time, in all the excitement of action, pacing the quarter-deck. A shot through the mainmast knocked the splinters about; and he observed to one of his officers, with a smile, that it was warm work, and that that day might be the last to any of them at any moment; and then, stopping short at the gangway, added with emotion: 'But mark you! I would not be elsewhere for

thousands.' About this time the signal-lieutenant called out that No. 39 (the signal for discontinuing the action) was thrown out by the commander-in-chief. He continued to walk the deck and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal officer met him at the next turn and asked if he should repeat it. 'No,' he replied; 'acknowledge it.' Presently he called after him to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted, and, being answered in the affirmative, said: 'Mind you keep it so.' He now paced the deck, moving the stump of his lost arm in a manner which always indicated great emotion. 'Do you know,' he said to Mr. Ferguson, 'what is shown on board the commander-in-chief? No. 391.' Mr. Ferguson asked what that meant. 'Why, to leave off action! Now hang me if I do! You know, Foley,' turning to the captain, 'I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind sometimes'; and then, putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed: 'I really do not see the signal! Keep naine for close battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals! Nail mine to the mast!'"

Eighteen out of twenty-three Danish ships of the line were taken or destroyed in this memorable engagement. "Well," said Nelson in the end, "I have fought contrary to orders, and I shall perhaps be hanged! Never mind, let them." His reward was a viscounty.

The peace of Amiens gave Nelson leisure to return home, but the respite was short-lived; for in 1803 his

services were again required, and he hoisted his flag upon the *Victory*. His object at this time was to prevent a combination of the French fleets, and it involved him in continual cruising in search of enemies ever bent on eluding him. He wearied of this, and returned to England to rest and recuperate.

Shortly afterwards he received a visit from Captain Blackwood, who was on his way to London bearing dispatches; and this at the early hour of five o'clock in the morning. Captain Blackwood found Nelson already dressed, and surprised him into saying: "I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets! I think I shall have to beat them." "Depend on it, Blackwood," he said later, more than once, "I shall have to give Villeneuve a drubbing."

It was Lady Hamilton who started him on his last and most splendid enterprise. He was pacing a walk in the garden which he called the quarter-deck, when she told him she could see that he was uneasy. He denied the soft impeachment, and declared that he was happy as possible, adding: "I am surrounded by those I love, my health is better since I have been on shore, and I would not give a sixpence to call the king my uncle." Lady Hamilton replied sceptically that she knew he was longing to get at the combined fleets, and that he would be miserable if any other man were to beat them in his absence, and finally added: "However we may lament your absence offer your services; they will be accepted, and you will gain a quiet heart by it; you will have a

glorious victory, and then you may return here and be happy."

Lord Barham accepted his services gladly, and asked him to choose his own officers. "Choose yourself, my lord," was his chivalrous reply; "the same spirit actuates the whole profession; you cannot choose wrong."

Nelson left Portsmouth amid loud demonstrations of popular sympathy, and arrived at Cadiz on his birthday, the 29th of September, 1805. His reception by the fleet was as enthusiastic as his send-off by the crowd; "they forgot his rank as a commander in their joy at seeing him."

"On the day of Nelson's arrival," says Southey, "Villeneuve received orders to put to sea at the first opportunity. The wily Frenchman, however, hesitated when he heard that Nelson had resumed command." A council of war was called, and it determined "that it would not be expedient to leave Cadiz unless they had reason to believe themselves stronger by one-third than the British force."

Happily the French were kept in ignorance of the movements and the strength of the British forces, in a measure not always possible. They were not even sure that Nelson was in command. He had been seen so recently in London that rumour reported him as still there.

Nelson's plan of attack was set forth in a letter sent by him to Admiral Collingwood on the 9th of October. "I send you," he said, "my plans of attack, as far as a

man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the enemy may be found in; but it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll., have no jealousies. We have only one great object in view—that of annihilating our enemies and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you: and no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend, Nelson and Bronté.’

The order of sailing was to be the order of battle: the fleet in two lines with an advanced squadron of eight of the fast-sailing two-deckers. The second in command, having the entire direction of his line, was to break through the enemy, about the twelfth ship from their rear; he would lead through the centre, and the advanced squadron was to cut off three or four ahead of the centre. This plan was to be adapted to the strength of the enemy, so that they should always be one-fourth superior to those whom they cut off.

Nelson said that “his admirals and captains, knowing his precise object to be that of a close and decisive action, would supply any deficiency of signals, and act accordingly. ‘In case signals cannot be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy.’”

Soon after daybreak on the 21st of October, 1805, Nelson came on deck. “made signal to bear down upon the enemy in his lines, and the fleet set all sail.

Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee line of thirteen ships, and the *Victory* led the weather line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote the following prayer:

"May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may His blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen."

Blackwood, who boarded the *Victory* about six o'clock, found Nelson in good spirits, but very calm, "not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering the battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen. He knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory." He was confident of the issue, and asked Blackwood to estimate the spoil. Blackwood thought if fourteen ships were captured it would be a glorious result; but Nelson had larger ideas, and replied: "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Later, Nelson asked Captain Blackwood if he did not think there was a signal wanting, to which Blackwood replied that he thought the whole fleet seemed to understand the situation. A few

moments later and a signal was made—a signal which has flown in the eyes of the national imagination ever since, and one which will ever remain in memory while the country needs a call to action or an inspiration to effort: "England expects every man will do his duty." This signal was greeted with enthusiastic exclamations throughout the fleet and from that day to this has found a throbbing answer in every British breast. "Now," said Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this opportunity of doing my duty."

Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, was the first to get into close quarters with the enemy, cutting right through his line astern of the *Santa Anna* and attacking her on the starboard side at muzzle's mouth. Nelson noted the movement with enthusiasm. "See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!" he cried, pointing to the scene where Collingwood was remarking to his captain. "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here?"

Nelson had earned the honour and gratitude of these two men the day before, when, at a meeting of officers on board the *Victory*, Nelson noticed the absence of the captain and asked after him. On hearing from Collingwood that there was an estrangement between them, he sent for Rotherham, and, pointing to the enemy, bade the two comrades shake hands.

It was part of Nelson's prayer that the British might

be distinguished by humanity in the hour of victory ; and, acting up to the spirit of the desire, he twice gave orders to cease firing, when, at close quarters with the *Redoubtable*, he supposed her to have struck.

It was from this ship, which he had twice spared, that he received his death wound. A ball fired from the mizen-top at about fifteen yards struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, and he fell upon the spot where his secretary, Mr. Scott, had fallen but a short time before. "They have done for me, Hardy," he said ; to which Hardy replied, "I hope not !" "Yes," he responded ; "my backbone is shot through !" And yet, "even now," says Southey, "not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, had not been replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately. Then, that he might not be recognised by the crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face and his stars from observation. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in a midshipman's berth. It was soon perceived upon examination that the wound was mortal ; but the fact was concealed from any one except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. Nelson himself being certain, from the sensation in his back and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him and attend

to those to whom he might be useful. 'You can do nothing for me,' he said."

Heat and thirst troubled him, and his attendants could do little more than fan him with paper, and alleviate his thirst with lemonade. Though quite withdrawn from the fight he could not give up his sense of responsibility, and from time to time showed much anxiety as to the issue. Ships struck one by one, and the crew of the *Victory* hailed each surrender with a lusty cheer. Wireless phonography communicated the news below, and the joy of victory suffused the face of the dying hero.

As time wore on he became anxious to see Hardy, and messengers were sent to summon him to the bed-side. With all the responsibility of the ship in his hands Hardy was reluctant to leave the deck, and his delay in answering his urgent call caused Nelson to fear mishap. "Will no one bring Hardy to me?" he said, with what passion was left to him. "He must be killed! He is surely dead!"

Seventy minutes elapsed before Hardy went below, minutes which must have seemed ages to the dying hero; and when their hands met it was in silent embrace. Ten ships had struck, and Hardy was able to give Nelson the reassuring news, and to tell him he had no doubt of complete victory. "I hope none of our ships have struck," said Nelson; but, as Hardy told him, there was no fear of that. "I am a dead man, Hardy," he continued; "I am going

fast ; it will be all over with me soon." A few more words, another hand-clasp, and Hardy was again on deck.

"Some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit Captain Hardy returned, and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen at least. 'That's well!' cried Nelson ; 'but I bargained for twenty.' And then in a stronger voice, he said : 'Anchor, Hardy ; anchor.' Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. 'Not while I live, Hardy,' said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to rouse himself from the bed. 'Do you anchor.' His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice : 'Don't throw me overboard ;' and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings : 'Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy ; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy,' said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek ; and Nelson said : 'Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty !' Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. 'Who is that ?' said Nelson ; and, being informed, he replied

'God bless you, Hardy!' And Hardy then left him for ever."

"Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said: 'I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone.' Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain: 'Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner;' and after a short pause: 'Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter: Horatia as a legacy to my country.' His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say: 'Thank God, I have done my duty!' Nelson expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound."

At the outset of the engagement the British fleet consisted of "twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates;" the French fleet numbering thirty-three sail of the line and seven frigates. Their superiority was, moreover, "greater in size and weight and metal than our own." They had also "four thousand troops on board, and the best riflemen that could be procured; many of the Tyrolese were dispersed through the ships." It will be seen, therefore, that Villeneuve had the proportionate advantage which his council of war had deemed necessary, but it did not avail him against the superior discipline and seamanship of his opponents.

"The total British loss in the battle of Trafalgar," says Southey, "amounted to fifteen hundred and eighty-seven." "Twenty of the enemy struck," the number

Nelson bargained for, but unhappily his last order to anchor was not carried out ; the result was love's labour lost. "Some of the prizes went down, some went ashore, one escaped, others were destroyed—four only were saved, and these by the greatest exertions." Had Nelson survived, or had his survivors had the wisdom to act upon his advice, these losses would not have been sustained. It was a characteristic of Nelson that victory did not abate his vigilance, and that when he had won the fortunes of war he did not forget the duties of seamanship. Other men were contented with "well enough." Nelson regarded nothing as well enough which was not as well as might be. He never lost his head in the hour of triumph, but, gaining the vantage ground of victory, ever surveyed the outlook with a view to future effort. No sailor was ever more alert to follow up a victory, none ever more reluctant to forego a chance. The shouts of victory cheered him in the "Valley of the shadow of death ;" had he lived long enough to hear of the loss of the prizes he would have gone down with sorrow to the grave.

Nelson's prayer was answered to the full. He had the great and glorious victory he asked for, and humanity in victory characterised the men of his command, and was reciprocated by many of his foes. "The wounded Spaniards were sent ashore, an assurance being given that they should not serve till regularly exchanged : and the Spaniards offered the use of their hospitals for our wounded, pledging the honour of Spain that they should be carefully attended

there." The Spanish vice-admiral (Alva) died of his wounds; Villeneuve was sent to England and permitted to return to France. The French Government said that he destroyed himself on the way to Paris, dreading the consequences of a court-martial; "but," says Southey, "there is every reason to believe that the tyrant who never acknowledged the loss of the battle of Trafalgar, added Villeneuve to the numerous victims of his murderous policy."

The thousands who witnessed Nelson's funeral have all passed down the dark path to the unknown; though not many years since the writer stood on Ludgate Hill with an aged friend who pointed out to him the spot he occupied when the funeral *cortège* passed by. Once only since that day has the heart of England been moved as it was moved then, and that was when they carried all that remained of Wellington, and laid soldier and sailor side by side. Though one survived, the other many years they represented the same period, and their triumphs in different spheres marked the close of the same epoch. New men and new methods have succeeded them. The wooden walls and the muzzle-loading muskets with their flint locks have given place to the ironclad and the rifle; and it seems as though Time, having crowned them with the supreme triumphs or olden possibilities, destroyed the methods by which their victories were shaped, that none might rival them.

New men in old acres cover all the land; new men under new conditions still sweep the sea. The old

Our Naval Hero

methods are gone, but the old spirit remains, and, while old necessities continue, God grant it may. As Gerald Massey sings :

Come show your colour now, my lads,
That all the world may know
The boys are equal to their dads,
Whatever blasts may blow.

All hands aboard ! our country calls
On her sea-faring folk !
In giving up our wooden walls
More need for hearts of oak !

HEROISM UNDER FIRE

BRAVERY IN BATTLE

NOVELTIES of sensation make a natural appeal to inexperience. How many of us who live mundane lives amid commonplace surroundings have said to ourselves at times: "I wonder what it feels like to be up in a balloon, to be wrecked at sea, to be imprisoned in a mine, to be isolated in a conflagration, or under fire on the field of war." And yet novelty wears off in these exciting and dangerous circumstances even as it does in the common experiences of life, and "how it feels" depends much more on the newness of the sensation than on its character.

Mr. Julian Ralph, in an interesting article on "How Men feel in Battle," written for *The Youth's Companion*, admirably illustrates this from practical experience. "So many bullets," says Mr. Ralph, "hit no one, so many men come out of every battle alive and unscathed, so many narrow escapes leave no souvenir except a recollection of superb excitement, that in battle fear enters few hearts. And a true realisation of the perils of war comes only to imaginative men; the typical soldier needs to be wounded to have the danger brought home to his mind.

Heroism under Fire

"A story is told of a soldier and a civilian who were walking beyond the houses of Kimberley toward some hills where the Boers were picketed. It was raining very hard, and the pelting of the drops upon the umbrella which sheltered the two men drowned all lesser noises. The umbrella made a conspicuous target, and the Boers began shooting before the two men got within range.

"The soldier saw where the Mauser balls struck the earth and sent up their little fountain-like jets of the red dust of the *veld*. He quickened his pace in order to reach a place of shelter, and presently the little jets of sand began to spout up in front of him and his companion.

"In another moment bullets were flying over their heads and striking the ground both before and behind them. The civilian was unaware of this. He heard only the rain, and the sand-jets escaped his observation.

"'You don't seem very much afraid of bullets,' the soldier remarked.

"'I shouldn't like to be hit by one,' said the civilian.

"'Were you ever under fire before?'

"'I never was under fire,' the civilian replied; 'but what do you mean by "before"? Are we in any danger of being shot at?'

"'Are we?' the soldier echoed. 'Why, man alive, don't you know that you are under fire now? Don't you see the bullets kicking up the dirt all round us? Don't you hear them singing?'

"The civilian stopped still, looked at his companion,

watched the ground, saw a bullet embed itself at his feet—and then turned, and ran back to Kimberley with the speed of a deer, although he was middle-aged and portly.

"I can appreciate that story," says Mr. Ralph, "because the first time I was under fire in the Boer War I did not find it out until afterward. It was at Lord Methuen's first battle—Belmont. The British had cleared one kopje, and then gone around it to dislodge the Boers from another position.

"My son Lester and I climbed to the top of a kopje which faced one on which the Boers had a field-gun. We were silhouetted black and white against the sky, but our position seemed secure, as the two forces were engaged in a fierce fight far below and before us.

"We did not then know that it was the custom of the Boers to detail 'crack' shots to work as sharpshooters, and to pick out individuals as their targets, while their comrades were engaging the British with volleys. As we looked on, we heard occasional faint sounds in the air just before us, and each of us saw little spurts of dirt rise and disappear, as one sees the mist of a whale's spout at a great distance at sea. The Boers retreated, the British swept ahead, and we ran down the kopje to overtake the troops.

"It was not until we were in the next battle and had a closer acquaintance with the sounds and habits of flying Mauser bullets that we realised to a certainty that at Belmont we had been fired at for ten or

fifteen minutes, but had been, happily, just out of the danger zone."

"At the battle of Driefontein, just before Bloemfontein," Mr. Ralph goes on to say, "another case in point was the experience of my son and Mr. H. A. Gwynne, of 'Reuter's.' They had advanced toward the invisible enemy, who were hidden among bushes and rocks on a kopje, until there came upon them such a storm of bullets that it did not seem as if a moth-miller could have flown over the *veld* without being hit.

"Both men fell on their faces, and out of dare-devilry Mr. Gwynne lifted one hand above his head to see if it would be hit. He pulled it back before it had been raised six inches, for a bullet grazed the back of it.

"That fusillade continued for many minutes, and neither of the men, nor even one of their saddle-horses, was struck, although other men and horses fell all around them. One man was shot three times while a doctor was dressing his wounds, yet the doctor escaped.

"It is such experiences as these, common to all in war, which inure men to danger, and utterly destroy that romance which we imbibe from the books of those who imagine what war must be without having experienced its various phases.

"When Captain Lowther of the Scots Guards and three or four of his men were being shot at while on outpost duty, the captain did not do any of the conventional things. He did not try to 'steel his

nerve,' he did not set or 'lock' his jaws, and he did not turn to his men and say, either: 'Men, I fear few of us will come out of this alive,' or: 'Take cover, quick, and shoot whenever you see a head.'

"When he became impressed by the impudence of the enemy, he said to his men: 'We will stop those fellows. They are too cheeky. Forward, men, and roll them out of their holes!'

"It was so with Captain Bowen of the Kimberley volunteer forces. In a lively skirmish fight a Boer picked him out from among his men, and shot and shot and shot at him until it seemed to the captain like a persecution. He grew vexed—not angry, because that implies losing one's self-control. He said to himself: 'That fellow is shooting at no one but me. Does he think I am like a wooden target, with no self-respect or ability to answer back?'

"He lay down on the *veld*, and devoted his most careful and ardent efforts to ridding the world of that Boer. He made the Boer's hiding-place so hot that the man could not move without exposing himself, and therefore stopped shooting.

"Captain Bowen knew that he had not hit the man; and was obliged, reluctantly, to mount and ride after his men. Half an hour later, when he was returning and had forgotten the incident, the Boer again opened fire at him, and this time shot the captain in the mouth.

"Brave men were plentiful in the army. More men were rebuked for going out of their way to put them-

Heroism under Fire

selves in danger than for cowardice. Cowards were so very, very few that one came to think, before leaving the front, that perhaps courage is one of the commonest virtues.

"The truth is, of course, that men settled with themselves whether they were or were not cowards before they entered either the army or the war. There were a few correspondents, and especially men of leisure pretending to be journalists, who roused doubts as to their courage by disappearing when a battle was imminent and reappearing after it was over; but to-day we are reconsidering our first judgment, because before they left South Africa several of these very men were wounded or taken prisoners, or joined volunteer forces and fought with the best."

"We had an artist with us," Mr. Ralph continues, "who talked like a timid man, and continually vowed that he would never go under fire again, yet in every battle he was sure to be found in some highly dangerous corner or plight, and it became impossible to think of him as a coward. One day another artist, who had been almost foolhardy with his bravery up to that time, was suddenly seized with 'funk'—or fright. This was at Driefontein—a terrible battle, the fierceness of which has not been generally appreciated.

"The artist was standing beside his horse, holding the reins and sketching. Suddenly the Boers opened fire upon a bunch of horses just behind him. Shells screamed and burst above and behind him, bullets sang their high-keyed, insistent notes beside his ears,

and pom-pom shells screamed and burst close by. All this happened without a moment's warning, when he had fancied himself quite apart from the battle that had been raging in another part of the field.

"There came to him such a rush of impulses that he was staggered. First he was frightened, but he had to put away his pencil, close and strap his note-book, calm his horse, get the bridle over its head, mount and be off. For fifteen seconds he could do nothing; but the spasms of alarm and confusion passed, and presently he was dashing away, with lead and steel dropping and screeching all around him.

"Would you imagine that if you were thus surprised you could leap up and run with a peal of laughter, precisely as you would do if some one at home suddenly turned a hose or flower-spray upon you? I have seen men do this, and I have done it myself; under the sudden surprise of a downpour of bullets I once leaped up and, as I ran, began to laugh aloud at the ridiculousness of my undignified haste. I may say this without appearing to boast, for I am no more fond of danger than any other ordinary man."

"So various and peculiar are men's emotions on the field of battle," observes the writer, "that men like Zola, Hugo, and Dumas could hardly, it would seem, have hit upon any phase of them that would be untrue. Yet what these writers have dwelt most upon is the one thing I never saw or heard of in actual war: that is the consciousness of danger and the mental preparation for death.

Heroism under Fire

"The men whom I have known in war go into battle believing, as a rule, that they will come out of it all right. They advance or lie down and direct an attack, saying to themselves or their neighbours :

"'There's Billy down. He's hit, I think. Our fellows on the right are falling like leaves. By Jove! this is a hot fight! I would not mind sharing that heap of rocks with Charley Calvert. If we get a chance, we will run over there where he is.'

"Sometimes men get excited, throw away all concern, and do not care whether they are hit or not. Then, again, you can always get volunteers to make a dash into what seems to you certain death; but it does not seem so to them, for they believe in what they call their 'lucky star,' and the more often they risk death and escape it, the more they seem to be the bearers of charmed lives."

"In the first war I reported I said to myself," says Mr. Ralph: "'Courage is not at all an extraordinary thing. Nine fellows in every ten have it; but I think it must all ooze out of a man after he is hit. The men who have been often wounded, like Lord Roberts, and who stick to the profession, must be made of an uncommon clay.' I know better than that now."

"In Turkey and in Africa I found that a very large proportion of the wounded chafed in their hospital beds for the day to come when they could get back to 'the front.' Indeed, I personally knew only two or three men who said they had had enough and were anxious to get home. As a rule, the wounded officers

used to say : 'I have a personal account to settle with our enemy. He has had his turn at me ; now I want a chance to get even with him.' Or another would explain : 'You see, this is my first war, and I have not seen enough of it yet. I don't want to miss a battle or even a day of it.'

"There are men who wax enthusiastic and even poetic when they speak of war. For instance, there was Surgeon-Major Lindley—well known as a physician in New York. He once said to me : 'What a delicious affair the battle of Graspan was—it was so lively and so hot in spots! It was as complete and pretty as a well-cut little gem.' And yet in that fight Major Lindley was caught in a depression of the *veld* with Boers shooting at him from three sides, and with only one little break in their lines through which he had to ride in the full blaze of all their fire.

"What did you think when you saw the fix you were in?' I asked him.

"I thought I had better dash ahead and attract the fire, so that my colonel would get out safely,' was his reply."

The proverb "Use is second nature" may be held to explain the *sang froid* and *nonchalance* of old campaigners everywhere; and the lives of all great soldiers and not a few small ones abound in illustrations of its truth.

It is said that during the tumult and carnage of the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington was exposed

to dangers which made those about him tremble for his safety, and in fear of what might happen if a bullet were to place him *hors de combat*. But the nearness of danger had no effect upon his equanimity, which nothing seemed able to shake.

On one occasion when at sea he was about to retire for the night when the captain said to him: "It will soon be all over with us." "Oh! very well," he replied, "then I shall not take my boots off."

A HERO OF THE VICTORIA

HERBERT MARSDEN LANYON, MIDSHIPMAN

SELF-SACRIFICE in the cause of duty is a commonplace of English life ; and everywhere its exhibition demonstrates the heroic. Men may be brave in their own defence, and endure hardness in seeking their own gain, without displaying anything but selfishness ; but in the voluntary sacrifice of the good of self for the good of others heroism is shown.

The spirit which subordinates self-interest to the general good—heroic at any age—is especially honourable in youth. When life is full of elasticity and hope, and the heart beats enthusiastically amid alluring opportunities and rare enjoyments, all rose-coloured to the outlook of young imagination, to calmly close the eyes to its many charms and resign oneself to the oblivion of the unknown at the call of duty or from a sense of honour, is to display heroism of a very high quality ; and to do this when conscious that the act involving supreme self-sacrifice can do no more than demonstrate entire loyalty to a leader, a comrade, or a friend, is to reach an even higher level still. To die *with* a friend under such circumstances is to die *for*

A Hero of the "Victoria"

him; and greater love or heroism than this can no man show.

Such heroism was that displayed by Midshipman Herbert M. Lanyon, H.M.S. *Victoria*, which foundered off Tripoli on the 22nd of June, 1893, after collision with H.M.S. *Camperdown*, while performing evolutions with the British Mediterranean squadron under Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon.

The circumstances of the loss of the *Victoria* were of a peculiarly painful character. On the glorious 1st of June, Admiral Tryon had reported to the Admiralty that the ships under his command were cruising for training off Nauplia in a very satisfactory manner. On the 22nd of June, Rear-Admiral Markham, telegraphing home, said: "Regret to report, whilst manœuvring this afternoon off Tripoli *Victoria* and *Camperdown* collided. *Victoria* sank fifteen minutes after, in eighty fathoms, bottom uppermost. *Camperdown* ram struck *Victoria* before the turret starboard."

The effect of this telegram, so awful in portent, and so meagre in detail, was tremendous. London received it as with bated breath; and all England suffered a tension of feeling during the next few days while the news came dribbling in, always exciting and never satisfying, such as those who experienced it are never likely to forget. Her Majesty Queen Victoria immediately countermanded the State ball arranged for the evening of the 23rd; and those responsible for many public festivals and social functions followed the lead. In the absence of news of the latest naval disaster, the

minds of men reverted to the loss of *The Captain*, off Finisterre, on the 17th of September, 1370, when 472 lives were lost; to that of the *Eurydice*, off the Isle of Wight, on the 24th of March, 1878, when 318 brave fellows perished; and that of the *Atalanta*, which foundered in the Atlantic on an unknown day in 1880, with 280 souls on board. Later news revealed the awful fact that the vice-admiral (Sir George Tryon) and about 360 officers and men had gone down with the *Victoria*, and that only some 284 officers and men were saved.

The collision occurred about 3.30 p.m. on Thursday, the 22nd of June, 1893, a few miles from Tripoli on the coast of Syria, during the performance of an evolution known as "changing line"; and eleven minutes after the impact the *Victoria* sank.

A description of such an incident given by an eyewitness who saw it from a point of vantage removed from danger is naturally interesting; and such an account, written by an officer of the *Barham*, who watched the catastrophe from the deck of his own ship, is here reprinted from *The Times* newspaper:

"I was standing," says the writer, "well forward, with a glass in my hand at the moment. The evolutions of the fleet had been going on for some time, and had been up to that instant successfully and brilliantly conducted. The gridiron manœuvre had been done, and was being repeated at the time that my attention was centred upon the double line of vessels.

"When the signal was given for the vessels to change

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over into each other's former position the *Camperdown* swung entirely round; and then it seemed to me that either she lost control of her rudder, or that the *Victoria* swerved slightly out of her proper course.

"I had just put my glass to my eye, when the two vessels came together with a tremendous crash, which for a second caused both to remain motionless, and then a shiver passed through both of the enormous ships, and they slowly backed away from each other through the force of the impact.

"The *Victoria* swung round so that her damaged broadside was presented to our ship. Then I realised the certainty of the fate that came five minutes later.

"Before the *Victoria* had freely exposed her side to the point where I was standing, her men had commenced to spread the collision mat over the gaping hole in her side; and I could clearly distinguish Vice-Admiral Tryon giving orders with the same calmness and the crew working with the same discipline that would have prevailed under the safest conditions.

"In another moment the admiral apparently realised the futility of the efforts to keep the water out of the vessel; and I could tell by the actions of the men on deck that he had ordered them to save themselves in any way they could.

"The sight, as the vessel finally sank, was most thrilling. The enormous twin-screws were whirling rapidly in the air in the absence of any resistance, going at a tremendous rate; and, although the sea around the vessel had become at the moment completely

calm when the hull settled, so that the blades of the screw struck the water, an enormous cloud of spray shot into the air ; and in another second, with a sound that appeared to be a great gurgle, the vessel passed out of sight, and the water for two hundred feet in every direction foamed and hissed and rushed towards the maelstrom that circled over the grave of the *Victoria*. The waters were still agitated when muffled sounds from below and a heaving of the water showed that the boilers had exploded beneath the surface ; and then in a few moments the sea became calm, and there was nothing but floating débris to mark the spot."

Before giving the story of the last hour spent on board the ill-fated ship, as narrated at the court-martial by the survivors, the following letter, written to his father by a midshipman on board one of the other ships of the squadron, may also be quoted from the columns of *The Times* :

"About seven bells yesterday afternoon I was in the gun-room, when I was awakened by the pipe, 'Away all boats !' and somebody yelled down that the *Victoria* had been rammed by the *Camperdown* while at steam tactics, and that she had hoisted the signal, 'Boats to the rescue !' I am midshipman of the port lifeboat ; so I nipped into her as soon as I could, and was pulling to the flag-ship when the admiral made, 'Negative "Send boats to the rescue."' I returned to the ship, and was just hooking on, ready for hoisting again, when I saw the flag-ship steaming ahead full speed for the land, with a tremendous list to starboard on her. When

she was about two hundred yards away, she slowly turned right over and sank with a tremendous crash. Of course, we all pulled like mad for the spot. I shall never forget the sight that I saw. When I got there, there were about a hundred men almost touching the boat; before you had time to look round there were only about twenty left, these managing to save themselves by clinging to the life-belts we flung to them, all the rest being sucked down by the tremendous rush of water caused by the ship sinking. We had a narrow escape in the barge from being sucked right into it.

"I cannot tell you what an awful thing it was to see the poor fellows' faces, and hear their shrieks as they were sucked under. One man, who jumped as the ship capsized, got caught by the screw and cut in half. The *Victoria* sank in seventy-five fathoms (1 fathom=6 feet), so that the divers will not be able to go down to her. Altogether about two hundred and fifty men were saved. I picked up about twenty."

The cause of this terrible calamity, and the awful loss of life it involved, was a miscalculation of a simple proposition, which most schoolboys would have worked out with perfect accuracy, together with an absurd sense of discipline, which forbade the idea that an admiral could possibly do wrong, and only permitted men who knew that "some one had blundered" to hint at what, if plainly stated, might have saved the situation.

At half-past two on Thursday afternoon, the squadron, which included some sixteen vessels, was formed in

two parallel lines, distant the one from the other about six cable lengths, each vessel maintaining a distance of two cable lengths from the next. A cable length, it will be remembered, is two hundred and fifty yards. The *Victoria* led the line nearest the shore, the *Camperdown* leading the corresponding line. Such was the position when Vice-Admiral Tryon gave the order which resulted in the terrible disaster.

The manœuvre required the turning of these huge floating castles of the sea in a certain space, and the admiral had allowed six cables for effecting it. Immediately on hearing the admiral's intention, Staff-Commander Hawkins-Smith suggested eight cables as a more satisfactory allowance, though even that was less than safe, and the admiral then said: "Let it be eight." When he issued the order to the signalling officer, however, the admiral reverted to his original limit of six cables; and, though it was pointed out to him that he had agreed to eight cables, and the captain of the *Victoria* reminded him that the circle of the *Victoria* was eight hundred yards, that of the *Camperdown* being about equivalent, he still adhered to his original order. Rear-Admiral Markham, on board the *Camperdown*, knowing the distance insufficient, could not understand the order, and was about to semaphore to that effect when Admiral Tryon signalled to know what he was waiting for. On this Admiral Markham proceeded to put the manœuvre in execution, supposing that Admiral Tryon had some unrevealed plan which would bring matters right in the end. One wonders, and yet

one need not wonder, what Nelson would have done had he been in command of the *Camperdown*. His blind eye would doubtless have done excellent duty. There would probably have been some little loss of etiquette; but how many good lives might have been saved!

Captain the Hon. Maurice Bourke, who commanded the *Victoria*, when under examination at the court-martial, said: "Directly the signal came down and the helm was put over, the ship having swung about two points with the helm extreme, I said to the admiral: 'We shall be very close to that ship,' meaning the *Camperdown*. I then turned round to Mr. Lanyon, midshipman, who was my aide-de-camp, and told him to take the distance of the *Camperdown*. To the best of my recollection, when I spoke to the admiral he looked aft and made no answer at all. After I spoke to Mr. Lanyon, I again said: 'We had better do something; we shall be very close to the *Camperdown*.' All the time we were turning. I then said to the admiral, receiving no answer: 'May I go astern full speed with the port screw?' I asked the question, to the best of my belief, twice or three times, quickly, one after the other. At last he said, 'Yes!' The order was immediately executed, and very shortly afterwards I ordered both screws to be put full speed astern."

But Captain Bourke's action was too late. The two leviathans turned in upon each other with fatal precision; and, when at nearly right angles, the ram of the *Camperdown* crashed into the *Victoria* before the turret starboard, and in eleven minutes all was over.

Staff-Commander Hawkins-Smith, at the court-martial, described the last moments of the doomed vessel. "When the captain left the top of the chart-house," he said, "the admiral asked my opinion as to the ship floating. I replied: 'She ought to keep afloat some time, as she was struck so far forward.' I asked: 'Shall we steer in for land?' The admiral asked: 'What water are we in?' I replied: 'Deep water; seventy or eighty fathoms.' He then said, 'Yes.' It was about this time that the admiral, seeing the *Dreadnought's* boats being lowered, some of them being already in the water, gave the order to make the signal: 'Annul sending boats.'" It is thought that at this time he hoped to make land, and wished to avoid the danger to the boats of following in his wake or being drawn into the vortex in the event of his foundering. "The ship," continued the staff-commander, "moved so slowly round to her helm that the admiral said to me: 'Is the anchor gone?' I looked and said: 'No sir; it is in its place not touched.' The quartermaster tried to right the helm, and then, turning to me, said: 'I can't move the helm; the pressure is off,' meaning the hydraulic pressure. I said: 'Ring down to the engine room and tell them to keep it on.' In the meantime, seeing that the collision mat could not be placed, the admiral gave orders to close the upper-deck apertures; and the men were engaged in this work until they had to be called in, being up to their middles in water. The admiral then remarked to me: 'I think she is going.' I replied: 'Yes sir, I think she is.' He turned round to give

the order: 'Send boats immediately!' While turning to do this he saw one of the midshipmen on the bridge, and called out to him: 'Don't stop there, youngster! go to a boat!' I think," added the staff-commander, "these were his last words." "I'll stay with you, sir," are said to have been the last words of Herbert Lanyon in response. The admiral was last seen on the bridge with his head on his hand, Midshipman Lanyon close by.

"Immediately after this," says the staff-commander, "the ship gave a heavy lurch, and then turned over very quickly, instantly almost, and we found ourselves in the water, going down."

The staff-commander's watch stopped at 3 hours 44 minutes 30 seconds; that being the time of day when the sea rose as one huge hungry shark and gulped the big ship down.

Of the heroism shown by officers and men alike during this terrible time, England may well be proud. Like the heroes of the army who went down in the ill-fated *Birkenhead*, they formed on the deck of the sinking ship, and followed every order with the calmness and precision of drill or parade. Until they were released by word of command, no man moved a finger for his own safety, no man shrank an inch from his appointed duty. At a time when, in the terrible tension, one weak soul might have caused panic, no heart failed and no will wavered though the wings of death were beating overhead. At the court-martial, Captain the Hon. Maurice Bourke paid a noble tribute to both

officers and men ; and when he came to speak of the midshipmen who had been cut down in the flower of their youth he had to pause ; and silence, more eloquent than words, bore testimony to the deep emotions of all.

Of the middies of the *Victoria*, six went down with Herbert Lanyon, companions in life and death ; and for his sake we will name them all : Leslie Inglis, A. C. Griève, A. G. H. Fawkes, W. E. Henley, H. V. Gambier, and L. J. P. Scarlett ; nor will we forget F. S. Storks, naval cadet.

Herbert Marsden Lanyon was born on the 14th of August, 1876, the second son of Herbert Owen Lanyon, Esq., of Belfast ; and grandson of Sir Charles Lanyon, D.L. He was educated for the Navy at the Collegiate School, Greenock, and passed into the *Britannia* in 1890 ; after going through the usual course he was appointed to H.M.S. *Aurora*, and was later transferred to H.M.S. *Narcissus*. In October, 1892, he was sent to the Mediterranean Squadron to H.M.S. *Victoria*, where he was appointed aide-de-camp to Captain the Hon. Maurice A. Bourke. He was but seventeen years of age when he performed the great act which entitles him to rank with the immortals.

Several circumstances tend to heighten the heroism shown by him in his hour of trial. From the part he played as aide-de-camp to Captain Bourke, and as the officer who actually took the measurements of the distances between the *Victoria* and the *Camperdown* as they drew together, and who witnessed the captain's

A Hero of the "Victoria"

suggestions to the admiral, he could not have been ignorant of the fact, admitted by the admiral himself to Captain Bourke and Staff-Commander Hawkins-Smith, and made abundantly clear at the court-martial, that Sir George Tryon was alone responsible for the disaster; and yet he stood by him and shared his awful doom. There is something sublime in an act like this. There was nothing to be gained by the sacrifice. There was no honour attached to the event. It was not a moment of victory, in which reflected glory might reward hero-worship. It was not a moment of conflict, with even chances of success and promotion hanging in the balance. It was in the hour of humiliation that he stood by his leader, in the moment of failure and discredit that he refused to leave his side; and it must have been with a noble sense of sympathy for a stricken veteran in his time of weakness that this young soul passed out into the shades.

To quote some lines from Watts Dunton's fine sonnet

Our tears are tears of pride who see thee stand,
 Watching the great bows dip, the stern uprear,
 Beside thy chief, whose hope was still to steer,
 Though Fate had said, "Ye shall not win the land!"

Death only and doom are sure : they come, they rend,
 But still the fight we make can crown us great :
 Life hath no joy like his who fights with Fate
 Shoulder to shoulder with a stricken friend :
 Proud are our tears for thee, most fortunate,
 Whose day, so brief, had such heroic end.

SOME HEROES OF THE ZULU WAR

LIEUTENANTS COGHILL, MELVILL, CHARD, AND
BROMHEAD

IT is a tribute to our national generosity that the name of Cetewayo still exercises a magic which compels a measure of respect. Of course he was a savage, and of course he was cruel ; but with these disadvantages he showed qualities of organisation and daring which it is poor policy to undervalue.

The Zulus were welded into a huge fighting force under despotic power by Chaka, the grandfather of Cetewayo, who developed an unimportant and savage clan into a menace to South African civilisation. Upon the assassination of Chaka, his son Dingaan succeeded until, in 1840, he fell a victim to his brutal enemies the Swazis. Dingaan, who had been driven from his country by the Dutch, was succeeded by his brother Panda, who owed his throne to the Boers, and who, until 1872, recognised the suzerainty of the Dutch and English Governments in turn. On the death of Panda, his son Cetewayo became king by the will of the Zulu nation, and his accession was acknowledged by the Natal Government, Sir Theophilus Shepstone

representing Her Majesty the Queen of England at his coronation. Cetewayo inherited the military genius of his grandfather Chaka, and immediately set to work to restore the organisation and discipline of the forces which the intervening generation had relaxed. Keen to recognise the advantages of modern methods, Cetewayo armed his men with guns; and, careful to retain all that was valuable in olden tactics, he revived and improved upon the Zulu plan of attack in crescent form, offering the flank and rear of the enemy the two horns of a dilemma, and breasting the main body from the centre.

Cetewayo, who was the son of Panda's chief wife, had given proof of his fighting powers before he ascended the throne; for, becoming jealous of his brother Umbulazi, whom he had some reason to believe was his father's favourite, on Umbulazi retiring to Tugela with a strong force, he raised an army fifteen thousand strong, and went to meet him. The fight, and the massacre which followed, were to the last degree fierce and cruel. It is said that fifteen thousand men, women, and children fell victims to this fratricidal conflict. In this battle he showed the skill of his grandfather Chaka, and the brutality of his uncle Dingaan.

Although Cetewayo was anxious for the recognition of the Natal Government, and himself sought the presence of the British envoy at his coronation, it is clear that he soon began to chafe under the restraints involved by the alliance, and in the course of time to resent the tone of authority, not perhaps always wisely

assumed by the Natal Government. Disputes, new and old, with the Boers of the Transvaal contributed to the unrest ; and it is claimed, probably with justice, that the annexation of the State by Sir Theophilus Shepstone, in 1877, saved the situation for the Boers. Cetewayo's reply to Shepstone's notification of the annexation and warning against acts of hostility is characteristic. According to Bryden's *History of South Africa*, he said :

"I thank my father Sampsen (the Zulu name for Sir Theophilus Shepstone) for his message. I am glad that he has sent it ; because the Dutch have tired me out, and I intend to fight them once, and once only and to drive them over the Vaal. Katrua (the messenger), you see my impis are gathered. It was to fight the Dutch I called them together ; now I will send them back to their homes. Is it well that two men (Amadoda—Amabili) should be made fools ? In the reign of my father Umpanda, the Boers were constantly moving their boundary further into my country. Since his death the same thing has been done. I had therefore determined to end it once for all."

It was the question of boundaries that brought matters to a head. In 1879 Sir Bartle Frere, who visited Natal on a boundary commission, gave his decision in favour of the Zulus ; but at the same time sent an ultimatum to Cetewayo demanding the surrender of certain natives who had raided Transvaal territory, indemnity for the cattle stolen, and the disbanding of the Zulu army ; the king to receive a British resident, without whose consent

and the acquiescence of the Zulu national council no war should be undertaken.

From Cetewayo's point of view there could be only one answer to this ultimatum, and it is a little difficult to see how Sir Bartle Frere could have expected any other. The raiders might have been punished, the indemnity would probably have been paid, but the disbandment of the army, and the acceptance of an alien dictatorship in matters of war, without a struggle, were impossible conditions. Cetewayo played a waiting game; and, diplomacy exhausted, war supervened.

On the 10th of January, 1879, Lord Chelmsford at the head of six thousand British troops moving in three columns, entered the Zulu territory. Lord Chelmsford led the main force, while Colonel Evelyn Wood led the northern command, and Colonel Pearson the third column, which took a line nearer the coast.

On the 20th of January, Lord Chelmsford camped under the shadow of the mountains of Isandhlwana, henceforward to be known as the place of a great disaster to British arms. The next day Major Dartnell reported that there was a great Zulu force in front; and the day following Lord Chelmsford left the camp in charge of Colonel Pulleine, and, with Colonel Glyn and six companies of the 24th, the mounted infantry, and four guns, set out to find the enemy. Shortly after his departure, Colonel Durnford, of the Royal Engineers, arrived at the camp from Rorke's Drift on the Buffalo River, under instructions to assume command.

The force at Isandhlwana now included 772 regular troops and 850 colonials and natives, making a total of 1,622, with two guns. With incredible want of forethought no attempt had been made to strengthen the camp against attack. No trenches had been dug, no laager of wagons, or barricade of any kind, had been constructed, and all the while twenty thousand Zulus were stealthily creeping forward to surprise the little band.

The result was not war but massacre. "There was no choice," says Mr. Bryden; "every one fairly within the ring of the Zulu army died a bloody death. Within a few minutes—probably less than fifteen—830 British troops, nearly 700 of them regulars, were lying speared and ripped, after the terrible Zulu fashion, under the 'Hill of the Little Hand.' How they fought we need not inquire; fifteen hundred Zulu warriors shared the bed of death.

"From this scene of irretrievable disaster one outlet advantaged but a few. This was a dry tributary of the Buffalo River, rough, uneven, and encumbered with obstacles, within high banks. Through this channel toiled the remnant of the broken camp seeking refuge beyond the river four or five miles away. In this desperate attempt the two guns were dragged until overtaken by the Zulus, when the men were speared. No man, white or black, escaped on foot, and but few horsemen lived to tell the tale."

"Mingled with this rout of fugitives," says Mr. H. A. Bryden, in his *History of South Africa* (Sands & Co.),

"were two men whose names will be always remembered in the stirring tale of British wars. These were Lieutenants Coghill and Melvill of the 24th, who rode off together to save the colours of the regiment. They reached the Buffalo; but here Melvill, who carried the colours, lost his horse, and, exhausted with his desperate exertions, clung to a rock in mid-stream. Coghill, more fortunate, had reached the further bank, and, still having his horse, safety was before him. But, looking back, he spied Melvill in his desperate predicament. The Zulus were shouting at him from the eastern shore, assegais were being hurled at him; it was clear that he must perish if left behind. Coghill, although himself injured in the knee, never hesitated, but swam his horse back to his friend. His horse was shot in the passage, the colours were swept by the swirling torrent from Melvill's hand, but somehow the two young men reached the further shore. It was too late, however; the Zulus had swum after them, and, three hundred yards beyond, a number of them overtook the breathless and exhausted subalterns. Back to back the two Britons fought desperately, slew several of their assailants, and then, sinking under innumerable spear-wounds, died the death of heroes. The colours were happily recovered from the sandy bed of the Buffalo some days later; and in memory of their heroism the Victoria Cross was awarded to the two slain officers.

But if the massacre of Isandhlwana was a disaster to the British army, it was a splendid triumph of the

heroism of the British soldier. Our Zulu adversaries were loud in their praise of the courage and determination of the brave men of the 24th. "The red soldiers killed many of us with their bayonets. When they found we were upon them they turned back to back. They fought till they died. They were hard to kill. Not one tried to escape." So said one of the Zulu chiefs in criticism of the gallantry of a worsted foe. "Ah, those red soldiers! How few there were, and how they fought! They fell like stones, each man in his place." This is fine testimony from enemies who would have scorned weakness if they had detected it.

The story of Rorke's Drift has often been told, but it needs telling in this connection, for it is really part of the same story; and the tactful heroism of Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead showed means which, if employed at Isandhlwana, might have saved Lieutenants Coghill and Melvill from untimely death.

On the same day that witnessed the deaths at the "Hill of the Little Hand," the two lieutenants in charge at Rorke's Drift (Buffalo Ford—called drift by South Africans) found themselves called upon to defend two small buildings—one used as a provision store and the other as a hospital—with 135 men all told (of whom many were sick) against from 3,000 to 4,000 of Cetewayo's bravest and best disciplined men. Ill news travels fast, and the little garrison had been informed by fugitives of the disaster at Isandhlwana; and, being forewarned, were, as far as circumstances allowed, forearmed. Pack-

horses are said to have been killed and used as a foundation for a barricade ; and on this basis sacks of African corn were piled, and everything that could be worked in for the purpose was employed to raise a breastwork from behind which the fit, though few, might defend themselves against the oncoming horde. With such wagons as they had they formed a long barricade connecting the two houses, and so sheltered those who had from time to time to pass from one to the other.

The Zulus, three or four thousand strong, under command of Dabulamanzi, Cetewayo's brother, had taken no part in the affair of Isandhlwana, and so came fresh and unwearied to the fray.

It was about five o'clock, and before the rough-and-ready preparations were quite completed, that the rush came.

" Aim low and pour it into them ! " was the order—and the order was obeyed.

For several minutes the rush lasted, yet not a man appeared to advance beyond a certain line, for the quick volleys mowed the head ranks down as though some mighty scythe in giant hands were swung with pendulum regularity across the path of the oncoming host. Soon, between the fort and the enemy, a new barrier commenced to grow—a barrier of dead and dying men, up to which the marching companies advanced only to swell the gruesome heap.

Baffled and amazed, the savage horde at length swung back out of range ; but not for long. After a time those within the entrenchment caught the far-away

sound of an ominous murmuring, which presently swelled into the dreaded war-cry—the song those wild warriors sing only when they march to victory or annihilation. Then they appeared in their original formation of three columns, their ox-hide shields across their breasts, and their great stabbing assegais (spears) held a little in advance. So they came on until the two rear columns halted, and the front one, crying, “Bulala umlungo!” (Kill the white men), charged. Those who reached the human barricade threw down their shields (through which the bullets passed with ease), seized the lifeless forms of their comrades, and continued to advance, sheltered from the fire of the soldiers by the bodies of the dead they carried. Many of the Zulus in this way succeeded in reaching the foot of the breastworks; but in order to leap the same they were compelled to expose themselves to the deadly fire of the breech-loaders, and, although several of them gained the enclosure by vaulting over the barricade, it was only to be impaled on the glittering bayonets that fringed the wall.

Again thwarted, and amazed that their courage availed them not, the remnant of the column retreated slowly and sullenly, halting every few yards in the midst of the fire to shake their spears at the little band.

“We must make this wall higher, lads,” said the officers, during a momentary lull; “jump out here and pile these bodies on!” There was no lack of material, and in a short time the barricade was raised so high

that a number of the dead were thrown inside to serve as a platform for the soldiers to stand on and sight their rifles over the top.

From five o'clock in the afternoon until four o'clock the following morning, the little garrison withstood the terrible attack; and when the onslaught ceased they knew not how long the truce might last, nor how soon the end might be. During the scorching heat the last drop of water had been consumed, and the empty canteens only mocked the misery of parched throats and bleeding lips.

"Let me try and get some water," said a brave volunteer. "I may get through, and if I don't I shall have done my duty."

"No, no, man! it will never do!" was the quick reply. "If we are to die we will all die together."

At length the day dawned, and eagerly the little band peered through the slackening gloom to discover, if it might be, the movements of the enemy. There was no enemy in sight; but was he ambushed? was he seeking to lull the little garrison into false security? They watched and waited. At last a volunteer climbed the barricade and made his way warily to a point of vantage from whence he could take a broad view of the plain.

"Several minutes passed," says our account; "then his anxious suffering comrades saw him jump to his feet, swing his arms to them, and walk boldly out into the open. Had the condition of their throats permitted, a cheer of victory and thanksgiving would have shaken

the boulders of Rorke's Drift. In another moment the entire garrison were swarming down the hill to plunge their severed faces into the leaping, laughing waters that sported among the rocks."

The defence of the hospital quarters here, as in many another engagement, was the occasion of much gallantry and heroism. Privates John Williams, Joseph Williams, and William Horrigan, of the 24th Regiment, were posted in a distant room of the hospital, which they held so long as they had a round of ammunition left—for a period of over an hour. Communications being cut off, the Zulus advanced and burst open the door, dragging out Joseph Williams and two of the patients, whom they assegaied. While the Zulus were thus occupied John Williams (who with his patients were the only men now left alive in this ward) succeeded in knocking a hole in the partition, and in taking the two patients into the next ward, where he found Private Hook of the same regiment. These two men, acting in concert, and alternately working and fighting, held the enemy at bay, and broke through three more partitions; and were thus enabled to bring eight patients through a small window into the inner line of defence. In another ward facing the hill, Privates William and Robert Jones defended the post to the last, until six out of the seven patients it contained had been removed. The seventh, Sergeant Maxfield, was delirious from fever. They had previously dressed him, but they were unable to induce him to move. When Private Robert Jones returned, to endeavour to carry him

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away, he found him being stabbed by the Zulus as he lay on his bed.

It was chiefly through the courage and energy of Corporal Allen and Private Hitch, of the 24th, that communication with the hospital was kept up at all. Holding, together, at all costs, a most dangerous post, they were both severely wounded, but persevered until the patients were withdrawn from the hospital; and, when incapacitated by their wounds from fighting, they continued, after their wounds were dressed, to serve out ammunition to their comrades during the night. Surgeon-Major Reynolds won the V.C. during this memorable defence, by his constant attendance upon the wounded under fire, and by his courage in conveying ammunition from the store to the defenders of the hospital, in the course of which service he was exposed to a cross fire of the enemy to and fro.

The heroism of the Medical Staff of the British Army is one of its most glorious possessions.

The fight at Rorke's Drift cost the British fifteen killed and twelve wounded, while the Zulus left over three hundred dead upon the field. But the British gain was much more than that represented by this disproportion of figures. If Rorke's Drift had fallen immediately after the defeat of Isandhlwana, nothing could have prevented a Zulu invasion of Natal, with all the horrors it would have entailed.

For their heroic services in saving the situation at Rorke's Drift, Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead were breveted majors, and each received the Victoria Cross.

HEROISM AND NERVOUSNESS

FEAR AND FIGHT

SOME ONE has said: "We are all cowards in the presence of the unaccountable;" and certainly, when we hear strange noises which we cannot explain, and see unusual sights without obvious cause, we begin to think of burglars, and to believe in ghosts; though all the while the noise may mean no more than the movement of "a rat behind the arras," and the vision even less than a disordered fancy resultant of toasted cheese.

We are also nervous in the presence of the unexpected. Let no man be called a coward because he is startled by a sudden noise. It is the dull man, not the brave man, who remains unmoved when a shot is fired in close proximity. Your man of iron nerve truly is a man of metal; but even metal vibrates with responsive sympathy, and many tremble who know not fear.

Admiral Drake, when a young midshipman, on the eve of an engagement, was observed to shake and tremble very much; and, being asked the cause, he is said to have replied somewhat grandiloquently

perhaps, or shall we say poetically : " My flesh trembles at the anticipation of the many and great dangers into which my resolute and undaunted heart will lead me." The spirit may be willing though the flesh is weak, and it is only the spirit that can be craven.

Again, we often shrink in the presence of the unusual, when circumstances are new to us, and when from mere want of experience we know not what to do. In such cases we often fear ourselves, even more than the things that threaten us. Inexperience and mistrust of self have given many a brave and heroic nature the reputation of cowardice.

Heroism is not shown by the stolid indifference to danger of natures which fail to appreciate the full significance of trial, but rather in the nervous facing of danger by those who realise it in its entirety, and who still face it, still fearing its issues. Heroism is not shown in the vulgar ostentation of brute force, but in the quiet persistence of intelligent and often timid sincerity in facing forces that are really feared. Natures are heroic when they triumph over their inherent weakness and are brave in spite of themselves ; and this opens the lists of heroism to all. The child that is terrified at its first bath may one day become champion of the sea.

Many a young soldier has come but poorly out of his " baptism of fire," and yet lived to win the honour of his comrades. In Watterson's *History of the Spanish-American War*, there is a story which admirably illustrates this :

"Talk about your generals!' said the regular. 'Chaffee's the boy for my money. I found out what he was at El Caney. My company was at work digging trenches, and while we were finishing up one the Spaniards began to fire, and the bullets sang their pretty tunes nigh to our heads. Well, there was a kid in the company that couldn't have been over eighteen. Never ought to have let him enlist at all. He was always complaining and kicking, and at the first fire down he went flat on his face, and lay there. One of the men kicked him, but he did not stir. Then along came Chaffee, cool and easy, and sees the kid. "Hello, there!" says Chaffee. "What's the matter, you fellow down there? Get up and fight with your company." "No; I can't!" whines the kid. "Can't?" says Chaffee, jumping down into the trench and hauling the boy up. "What's the matter with you that you can't? Are you hurt?" "No, sir," says he. "I'm scairt. I'm afraid of getting hit." "Well, you're a fine soldier!" says the general. Then he looked at the boyish face of the lad, and his face kind of softened. "I suppose you can't help it," he said. "It ain't so much your fault. I'd like to get hold of the fellow that took you into the army."

"I suppose any other general would have sent the boy to the rear in disgrace, and that would have been the end of it; but Chaffee stood there, with the bullets ki-yying around him, beside the boy who had crouched down again, and thought, with his chin in his hand. By-and-by he put his hand on the boy's shoulder,

"There isn't as much danger as you think for," said he. "Now, get up and take your gun and fight, and I'll stand here by you." The boy got up, shaking like a leaf, and fired his first shot pretty near straight in the air. "That's pretty high," says the general. "Keep cool, and try again." Well, in three minutes that "scart" kid was fighting like a veteran, and cool as a cucumber, and when he saw it the general started on: "You're all right now, my boy," he said. "You'll make a good soldier." "God bless you, sir!" said the youngster. "You saved me from worse than death;" and he was pretty close to crying when he said it. After a while, the order came to retire from the trench, and we had just to collar that young fellow and haul him away by the neck to get him to retreat with the company. In the rest of the fights there was not a better soldier in the company, and not only that, but we never heard a grumble or a kick from him from that day."

The author of *A Cuban Expedition* gives an illustration of the nervous excitement which is often mistaken for cowardice. "It occurred one dreadful day," he says, "when I and my comrades sat in a wet ditch and waited, concealed, while the Spaniards were so near that escape seemed almost impossible. The discomfort of our predicament—up to the middle in mud and water, with the rain pouring down on us—was at the moment unfelt, in our excitement and eagerness in watching the enemy. Little Joe Storey, who was next to me, was trembling all over. Suddenly he grasped my arm

and whispered: 'Oh what shall I do? I must scream or fire off my rifle! I can't help it!' I felt that he would do either the one or the other, and I whispered back the first thing that occurred to me. 'Storey,' I said, 'if you make the least noise, I'll stab you to death!' Then I told him to keep his eyes closed, and try to think of something else, until he heard the first shot fired. After that he might shout as loudly as he liked. I put one arm about his neck and drew him close to me. There trembling he rested like a quiet child. Presently his excitement wore off and he became used to the situation; then he was heartily ashamed of his breakdown. But he was not a coward. He was a gallant little soul in action, and only his tortured nerves were responsible for his temporary revolt."

Such an experience would be called "stage fright" on the boards of a playhouse where all is make-believe; why should it be accounted a crime at a moment of supreme reality in the face of death?

The sudden realisation of extreme peril even after it has passed, a realisation which only reveals what might have been, will often excite a nervous nature to extreme perturbation, which it would be quite wrong to characterise as cowardice. Take for instance the experience of Mr. Forbes-Mitchell, author of *Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny*. On one occasion he found himself without an overcoat after one of the battles at Lucknow, and, being unable to sleep for the cold, got up in the night and went into a room of the Shâh

Nujeef—where his regiment was encamped—took a lighted lamp from its shelf, and, shading it with his hand, walked to the door of the great domed tomb, or mosque, hoping to find something with which to cover himself. He peered inside, and then, holding the lamp high over his head, walked in till he was near the centre of the vault.

Here he felt his progress obstructed by a black heap four or five feet high, which felt to his feet as if he were walking in loose sand. He lowered the lamp, and saw instantly that he was up to his ankles in loose gunpowder! About forty hundredweight of it lay in a heap before his nose, while a glance to the left showed twenty or thirty barrels also full of powder, and another glance to the left revealed more than a hundred eight-inch shells, all loaded with the fuses fixed, and spare fuses, slow-matches and port-fires lying in profusion besides the shells.

"I took in my danger at a glance," he writes. "Here I was up to my knees in powder, in the very bowels of a magazine, with a naked light! My hair literally stood on end. I felt the skin of my head lifting my bonnet off my scalp. My knees knocked together, and, despite the chilly night air, a cold perspiration burst out all over me and ran down my face and legs.

"I had neither cloth nor handkerchief in my pocket, and there was not a moment to be lost. Already the overhanging wick of the Indian lamp was threatening to shed its red tip into the magazine at my feet.

"Quick as thought I put my left hand under the

down-dropping flame, and clasped it with a grasp of determination. Holding it firmly I turned slowly to the door, and walked out with my knees knocking one against the other.

"I felt not the slightest pain from grasping the burning wick till I was in the open air; but when I opened my hand I felt the smart acutely enough. I poured the oil out of the lamp into the burnt hand; and, kneeling down, thanked God for having saved me and the men around me from destruction.

"Then I got up, and, staggering to the place where Captain Dawson was sleeping, told him of my discovery, and the fright I had got.

"Bah, Corporal Mitchell!' was all his answer. 'You have woke up out of your sleep, and have got frightened at a shadow,' for my heart was still thumping against my ribs, and my voice was trembling."

The upshot of the matter was that on seeing the corporal's burnt hand and the powder nearly half an inch thick sticking to his feet and damp gaiters, the captain was almost as badly scared as Mitchell himself. The sleeping men were aroused, the fire was put out as expeditiously as possible, and a sentry was posted at the door of the mosque to prevent entry.

As may be supposed, Corporal Mitchell found it hard to get to sleep; and he gives a truly horrible picture of what passed around him. The frightful scenes through which the men had recently passed had produced a terrible effect upon their nervous systems.

"One man," says he, "would commence muttering

something inaudible, and then break out into a fierce battle-cry of: 'Cawnpore, you bloody murderer!' Another would shout: 'Charge! Give them the bayonet!' And a third: 'Keep together, boys; don't fire! Forward, forward! If we are to die let us die like men!' Then I would hear one muttering: 'O mother, forgive me, and I'll never leave you again!' while his comrade would half rise up, wave his hand, and call: 'There they are! Fire low, give them the bayonet! Remember Cawnpore!'"

It must not be forgotten, moreover, that men carry their whole lives about with them wherever they go, and their acts are frequently determined by influences removed from the circumstances of trial. These unknown factors are often responsible for apparent courage as well as seeming cowardice. A boy's thought of his mother may stimulate the holiest of all ambitions; and, then, he may think of his own treatment of her; and "conscience makes cowards of us all."

Mr. Ambrose Bierce, in a volume of exceedingly vivid war stories, tells the following, which well illustrates how easily a wrong conclusion may be arrived at by those who judge without a full knowledge of facts: 'The best soldier on our staff was Lieutenant Brayle, and as he was commonly in full uniform, especially in action, when many officers are content to be less flamboyantly attired, he was a very striking and conspicuous figure. We liked him as much as we admired him, although we observed that he had one

objectionable and unsoldierly quality—he was vain of his courage. Whatever the circumstances, he never took cover, while men older in service and years, higher in rank and of unquestionable intrepidity, were loyally, and with a better wisdom, preserving behind the crest of a hill lives infinitely precious to their country.

“The end came at Resaca. Our forces formed a semi-circle, the enemy’s fortified line being the chord of the arc. The general and his staff were at the right extreme of the arc, when, at a momentary break in the firing, Brayle was sent with a message to the officer in command at the extreme left. Instead of taking the longer line through the woods and among the men, as was obviously indicated, to every one’s amazement he cantered into the open field, parallel to the enemy at a distance of about two hundred yards. Instantly the entire fortified line was in a crackling conflagration; our forces sent back an answering fire.

“In the middle of the storm-swept space, equally doomed by friend and foe, Brayle—his horse lay at some little distance—stood motionless, with his face toward the enemy. He would not go back; he could not go forward, for at that point was a deep gully, of which, of course, he had been in ignorance. But for some inscrutable reason—it could not be that he had lost his head—he did not avail himself of its shelter. Death did not keep him long waiting.

“Four stretcher-bearers, following a sergeant with a white flag, soon afterwards moved unmolested into the field. Several Confederate officers came out to

meet them, and beyond the hostile works a generous enemy honoured the fallen dead with fifes and a muffled drum. In the breast pocket of the dead man was a letter that contained these words: 'Mr. Winter has been telling me that at some battle in Virginia you were seen crouching behind a tree. I could bear to hear of my soldier-lover's death, but not of his cowardice!'"

In *The Bravest Deed I ever Saw* (Hutchinson) there is a story by Mr. Blatchford which ought to be told in this connection, which well illustrates the danger of too quickly judging of nervous and retiring natures in the matter of courage and heroism.

"There was a man in our regiment," says Mr. Blatchford, "a meek little chap, a sergeant—one of those wet-paper men who seem to defy the laws of gravitation by standing erect. We all despised him, he was such a 'funk.' If he made a small mistake he brooded and sickled over it for days in fear of a reprimand. When the sergeant-major spoke to him, he went pale and trembled visibly. To see him talking with an officer was to see a thing so abject it made you blush for your sex. His face would shine damply. He would seem to shrink in his clothes. His knees would shake under the slight weight of his body. As I say, we had, every man of us, a supreme contempt for this coward.

"There was also in our regiment a man, a private, whom I will call Smith. He was a big fellow, very powerful, and reputed to be something of a bruiser,

He was a brute and a bully. Nobody would take him on, and so he reigned cock of the walk. He swaggered and blustered his way through our private sensibilities without let or hindrance; and, as you may imagine, he was properly hated.

"One day in barracks he was playing cards with a little man from the North of Ireland. Let us call him Flanagan. He was an inoffensive chap, civil and straight. We liked him. The game had gone on a good while and Smith was losing badly. But he lost his temper with his money, and in the middle of a suit he suddenly started up and shouted: 'That was not the last card you played.' 'Yes, really it was,' said Flanagan mildly. 'I tell you it was not. D'you take me for a mug, or what?' But Flanagan stuck to it that he had played the card in dispute. The other fellows strolled up to the table to listen to the quarrel. Smith got more and more angry. At last his rage so overcame him that he rose from his seat, leaned across the table, and struck little Flanagan. He hit him so hard that he rolled over on the ground, and when we picked him up his face was smeared with blood.

"We were all so excited we did not notice that the door had opened, until the figure of the wet-paper sergeant pushed into our midst. He was very pale. His lips were quivering; his hands fingered tremulously the piping on his tunic.

"'Smith,' said he to the bully, 'I saw you hit that man. Why did you do it?'

"'He was cheatin' at cards,' said Smith.

"'Tis a loie,' says Flanagan.

"Now the sergeant knew his men, and it wasn't likely he would take the bully's word before the Irishman's. 'Would you have struck him if he had been as big as you?' says he, still shaking like a jelly-bag.

"'I would,' Smith answers.

"'Bit of a bruiser, ain't you?' says the sergeant.

"'No, sir. But when a feller goes an' cheats——'

"The sergeant eyed him up and down. 'Shut that door!' he called out.

"'Now, Smith,' said the wet-paper sergeant, 'put up your hands; I suppose you'll take it fighting?'

"'But——' objected the bully.

"'Never mind about my stripes,' says the sergeant. 'Is that door shut?'

"'Yes.'

"'Lock it!'

"The door was locked and the two men peeled. They squared up. It was pretty. From the word 'Go!' you could see that the bully hadn't the shadow of a ghost of a chance. He was a pricked windbag. But, for all the sergeant knew, he might have been as good as he pretended to be. There was no discount of glory. As I say, the sergeant made a living mock of him. He waltzed round his hulking carcase like a cooper round a cask, and he slammed him just wherever he liked, till the man was all abroad. The picnic lasted just ten minutes, and then our voices played a tune on a xylophone made of rafters.

"At the storming of the trenches at Tel-el-Kebir that man went through the ordeal of fire as if he had been drilling on the parade-ground. He was as cool as the check of a bagman. Flanagan was there too. At the first assault he was smashed properly over the head by a gun-butt, and knocked back into the ditch. When they picked him up and extricated his head from his helmet, it was found that he was not hurt at all. His face was like the first smile of Fortune. All that he could say was: 'We *are* having a day of it! How I am enjoying myself!'"

While appearances are so deceptive it becomes us to beware of false conclusions in estimating the conduct of others, for final judgment will often show the first last and the last first.

"When the first call for troops reached a certain American village in the spring of 1898," says *The Youth's Companion*, "John Black struck his spade into the ground and turned towards the house. 'I'll go,' he said. As he neared the homestead he stopped short. There was his old mother and his poor crippled sister Jenny. How could he leave them? He had given up the thought of marrying for these two, and he had drudged for them all his life. But here was a chance to be and to do something. The thought sent the hot blood tingling through his veins. He could send his pay home to his mother and Jenny. But at that moment he heard his brother's voice, and saw him hastening up the road. 'Cuba libre,' he shouted. 'I am going to

enlist. John,' 'To enlist!' he answered; 'and what of Nancy and the children?' 'I told her to pack up and come to you; you'll have to look after them. It will be hard scratching for seven, but I shall never again have such a chance of seeing something of life.' 'You have no right to shirk your duty to your wife and children,' said John sternly; but his brother only laughed.

"Nancy and the children came home without a penny and John worked for them all the summer. Nobody suspected that he had intended to go. His mother and Nancy, and the whole village, watched Will's career with pride and pleasure. He was their hero, their fearless patriot. William was slightly wounded before Santiago, and came home on furlough. He beamed with exultation as he stepped out of the train and saw the crowd which came to welcome him. He was helped into a landau draped with the stars and stripes. His townsmen had come to do him honour. He saw John, and nodded to him carelessly. 'Hello!' he said; 'jogging along as usual?' John drew back into the crowd. The old doctor saw the look upon his face and gently laid his hand upon his shoulder. 'There will be another home-coming one of these days,' he said, 'of those who have seen a longer fight than that of Cuba. And then God will reward the unknown heroes who have given life and service for His needy ones.'"

OUR INDIAN HERO

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK

HEROES hail from all parts of the Empire, and where they have been most needed they have been the most abundant. Opportunity does not make heroes, but it reveals them, and the history of India glows with revelations of which the whole Empire is proud.

Clive, who founded the Empire, and Hastings, who created its Government, were only the predecessors of a host of others—many of them less brilliant perhaps, if not less heroic—whose names are as familiar in our ears as household words. If Clive and Hastings may be taken to represent the heroes of the earlier period, Lord Lawrence and Sir Henry Lawrence may be held worthily to stand for the best traditions of the terrible Mutiny time, while General Niell, General Nicholson, Sir Henry Havelock, Sir James Outram, and Sir Colin Campbell may be said to represent its military heroism and genius.

Of all our Indian heroes probably no one is more popularly known than Sir Henry Havelock, and of all the thrilling and romantic incidents which characterised

the Indian Mutiny no one probably appeals with more interest to the public mind than the relief of Lucknow, which he effected. He was wont at times to think that his services were ill requited: had he lived to realise the honours accorded him by public favour, his satisfaction would have been complete.

Henry Havelock was born at the residence of his father, William Havelock, a Sunderland shipbuilder, Ford Hall, Bishop Wearmouth, on the 5th of April, 1795. His mother, to whom he owed much for careful training and religious influence, was a daughter of Mr. John Carter, a solicitor, of Stockton-on-Tees.

Henry was one of four sons, all of whom entered the Army, William, the eldest, two years his senior, serving in the Peninsula War, and taking part in the Battle of Waterloo. At the close of the century, while William and Henry were still young children, the elder Havelock gave up business and settled at Ingress Hall, Kent, whence the two boys, aged respectively five and seven years, used to ride pony-back to a private school kept by the Rev. W. Bradley, at Dartford, about three miles from home. Henry's first decoration, which took the form of a black eye, was won in the defence of an even smaller boy against the attack of a school bully. From the school at Dartford both brothers passed to the Charterhouse School, where they became boarders in the house of Dr. Raine, the head master, Henry being not quite ten years old. While here he showed himself an admirer of the old-time discipline so irksome to most other boys; which, obeying in his youth, and

indeed all through life, he did not hesitate to enforce upon others when in positions of command. The religious principles implanted by his mother showed themselves in his consistent Christian conduct and his habit of retiring to a dormitory with three or four others like-minded with himself for the purposes of devotional exercise.

At the Charterhouse Havelock had for his contemporaries several who became famous in after-life—George Grote, the subsequent historian of Greece; William Hale, afterwards archdeacon and master of the Charterhouse; William, afterwards Sir William, Norris, Queen's advocate at Penang; and Julius Charles Hare—among whom the gravity of his demeanour earned for Henry the nickname "Phlos," an abbreviation of the word philosopher. He studied well both from a sense of duty and a personal liking for acquiring knowledge, and became an accomplished Greek and Latin scholar. He was seven years at the Charterhouse, towards the close of which, in February, 1810, his mother died—a bereavement which caused him much suffering for a long time. A year or two later his father's affairs became involved, and Ingress Hall had to be disposed of. This made it necessary for Henry to give up the idea of a University career; and so, after leaving school in 1813, he was entered at the Middle Temple and became a fellow-student of Henry Talfourd, the author of *Ion*, in the chambers of Chitty, the famous special pleader. After twelve months' devotion to the law his father withdrew his support, and

Henry found himself alike without means and without occupation. From this delicate and difficult position his brother William rescued him. Although only two years his senior, William Havelock had entered the Army at a time when active service opened the gates of opportunity very wide, and, favoured by the fortunes of war, he had already become known as "the fair-haired boy of the Peninsula," had won the favour of his chief, Baron Von Alten, on the field of Waterloo, and brought home a wound in proof of service. His interest with Baron Von Alten, exercised on behalf of Henry, secured for him a commission in the "95th," afterwards renamed the Rifle Brigade, and in 1815, when twenty years of age, he was gazetted second lieutenant.

At Shorncliffe Havelock joined the company of Captain Harry Smith, from whom he received much kindness, as well as instruction in the art of war. He was a model pupil, and made the best possible use of his opportunities, studied military tactics, read military history, and familiarised himself with the plans of old campaigns. Captain Smith, who had proved his own worth in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, took a great interest in the young and earnest subaltern, and a friendship was cemented, honourable alike to both, and which long survived their military associations.

After seven years' service in the 95th, Havelock became tired of military routine as observed in the "piping times of peace," and, sighing for more active employment, embraced an opportunity which offered

for exchanging into the 13th Light Infantry, which was ordered for Indian service.

In January, 1823, having attained to the rank of first lieutenant, Havelock embarked on board the *General Kyd* for Calcutta, whither his brothers, William and Charles, had already preceded him. Losing no opportunity for qualifying himself for his future sphere, he began the study of Persian and Hindustani before he left London, and *en route* for India formed a class for the study of the latter language among the officers on board, taking the lead himself, and enforcing by the power of his personality regular and punctual attendance. Among those with whom he formed friendships during his outward voyage was Lieutenant Gardner, under whose influence his early religious training bore Christian fruit, and to whom he always said he owed more than to any man he had ever known. At Calcutta he met Bishop Heber, and made the acquaintance of the missionaries at Serampore, in whose work he ever after took the liveliest interest.

Havelock remained at Calcutta for about eleven months, during which time, as after, he exerted himself in many ways for the benefit of the soldiers of the line. He was in the habit of holding religious services with such of his men as chose to attend them, and lost no suitable opportunity of making his influence felt in favour of sobriety, purity, and other Christian virtues. Though suffering the sneers and gibes of those whose want of morality stood rebuked by his consistent Christian character, Havelock persevered until, like

"Cromwell's Ironsides," "Havelock's saints" obtained an enviable reputation. "I wish to God the whole regiment were Havelock's saints," said Sir Robert Sale; "for I never see a saint in the guard-room, or his name in the defaulters' book." And again, when in Burmah the soldiers ordered for an attack upon the outposts were found to be under the influence of drink, Sir Archibald Campbell called for "Havelock's saints," for they were always sober, and Havelock always ready for an emergency. In this expedition the British forces were unaccompanied by a chaplain, and Havelock did his best to supply the need; thus heathen temples were consecrated to Divine service, and songs of praise awoke Christian echoes in the pagodas of false gods.

The first Burmese war began in 1824, and lasted about two years, during which the British sustained heavy losses by disease. Havelock, who accompanied the expedition as deputy-assistant adjutant-general of the headquarters' staff, was invalided home to Calcutta for a time, but returned in 1825, and was chosen with two others by Sir Archibald Campbell to treat with the "Lord of the great white elephant" on the final settlement of affairs. He received a decoration from the King of Ava, by virtue of which he became a "valorous renowned Rajah;" and on his return to civilisation wrote an account of the war, by which he is said to have made more enemies than money.

The beginning of 1826 found Havelock back at his regimental duties at Dinapore. A year later he was appointed adjutant to the depôt of the king's troops at

Chinsurah, near Serampore, which brought him close to his friends of the Baptist Mission, a circumstance of great personal importance to him, for here, in the person of Hannah Marshman, daughter of Dr. Marshman, the missionary, he found a loving wife and a true helpmeet, whom he married on the 9th of February, 1829, after having formally entered the Baptist Communion. He was at all times a rigid disciplinarian, though never demanding from others an obedience which he was not at all times ready to yield to those in authority over him. Even his wedding was not allowed to interfere with his duty. A court-martial at Calcutta needed his attendance at noon ; so he was married at Serampore in the morning, made a rapid journey to the metropolis for the court-martial, and then returned to the wedding-feast. Well might Lord Hardinge say of him : "Havelock is every inch a soldier, and every inch a Christian."

In 1831 the Chinsurah depôt was abolished, and Havelock once more returned to his old duties in the 13th, moving with his regiment from Dinapore to Agra, and from Agra to Kurnaul. At this time he pursued his studies of Persian and Hindustani, qualifying himself in higher standards and securing thereby the appointment of interpreter to the 16th Regiment at Cawnpore. This office, however, he only held until an officer of the 16th qualified himself for the post, when he had to resign it to him and return to his own corps. "I have not a rupee in the world," he wrote at this time, "besides my pay and allowances, nor a rupee's worth,

except my little house on the hill, and some castles in the air, even less valuable. Nevertheless, I was never more cheerful, or fuller of health, of hope, and of humble dependence on Him who has so long guarded and guided me."

A year later he became adjutant of his own regiment, the 13th, an office which he continued to hold for nearly four years. In 1836, while quartered at Kurnaul, he sent his wife and children to Landour, a hill-station, where they had a narrow escape from a fiery death. The bungalow caught fire in the night, and two of the servants lost their lives. Mrs. Havelock escaped with her baby in her arms; but the child died, and the life of the mother was for some time despaired of. Havelock hastened to his wife's side and nursed her through the crisis, thanking God that though his loss was bad enough it was no worse. Of the devotion of his men, this trial brought him touching proof—a number of them asking him to accept a month's pay in mitigation of his losses. The offer was of course refused, but the act was an everlasting memory.

In the year 1838, at the age of forty-three, and after twenty-three years' service, and several unsuccessful attempts to purchase his promotion, Havelock became captain without purchase; and in the same year the beginning of the war with Afghanistan opened up to him new opportunities of active service. Into the political merits of this quarrel we must not enter. The incontrovertible facts are these: Dost Mahomed

was Amcer of Afghanistan, having made and held his position for twelve years by force of character and strength of arms. A certain school of English politicians suspected him of favouring Russian intrigue, and though Sir Alexander Burnes, as the result of a mission, declared him to be ready to form an alliance with England, consistent with the maintenance of British interests in India, and to decline overtures from other governments inconsistent with that policy, it was decided that Shah Soojah, who had been rejected by the Afghans years before, should be placed on the throne of Dost Mahomed by the force of British arms. To accomplish this and to relieve Herat, which was besieged by the Persians, an army of twenty thousand men was organised, ten thousand from Bengal, six thousand from Bombay, and Shah Soojah's levy of four thousand native troops recruited in India. The raising of the siege of Herat, news of which reached the army before it massed at Ferozepore, led the authorities to decide on leaving half the Bengal contingent behind as a reserve. Sir Harry Fane was commander-in-chief, and he placed the marching contingent under Sir Willoughby Cotton, who appointed Henry Havelock his second aide-de-camp. On the 10th of December, 1838, Sir Willoughby Cotton commenced his march to Cabul, and, after four and a half months of weary pilgrimage, the forces, sometimes wanting water, at others being short of food, and at all times tried by the severity of the climate, reached Kandahar. Sir John Keane, who had command of the

Bombay troops, having joined Sir Willoughby Cotton, assumed full command, Cotton taking charge of the Bengal Infantry division. After some delay at Kandahar the army moved forward, and after a journey of two hundred and seventy miles reached the famous fortress of Ghuznee on the 20th of July, 1839.

The capture of Ghuznee was effected by a brief and brilliant *coup-de-main*, which was described by Havelock as "one of the most splendid and successful attempts in the annals of the British in Asia." Akbar Khan, the son of Dost Mahomed, had charge of the garrison, and reconnaissance revealed the fact that he had built up all the entrances to the city except the Cabul gate. Keane, taking advantage of the darkness of the night, planted his field-guns on the heights facing the northern side of the fort near the centre of which the Cabul gate stood, filled the gardens under the arch with skirmishers, and directed a party of marksmen to feign an attack on the southern side of the fort. Such was the darkness and the noise of the wind that this was all effected by three o'clock on the morning of the 23rd without arousing the garrison. The guns then opened fire, and shortly after the marksmen in the rear began to divide the attention of the garrison. A little later a dull booming sound and a column of black smoke announced the destruction of the Cabul gate. Durand and Macleod, of the Engineers, had succeeded in crossing the bridge under cover of the darkness and placing nine hundred pounds of gunpowder against the entrance, in firing the train, and

returning without injury. The storming column, headed by Colonel Dennie, now made for the breach and fought their way into the fortress in a manner described by Havelock as follows :

"Nothing could be distinctly seen in the narrow passage, but the clash of sword-blade against bayonet was heard on every side. The little band had to grope its way between the yet standing walls in darkness, which the glimmer of the blue light did not dissipate but rendered more perplexing. But it was necessary to force a passage ; there was neither time, nor space, indeed, for regular street firing, but in its turn each loaded section gave its volley, and then made way for the next, which, crowding to the front, poured in a deadly discharge at half-pistol shot among the defenders. Thus this forlorn hope won gradually their way onwards, till at length its commander and their leading files beheld, over the heads of their infuriated opponents, a small portion of blue sky, and a twinkling star or two ; and then, in a moment, the headmost soldiers found themselves within the place. Resistance was overborne ; and no sooner did those four companies feel themselves within the fortress than a loud cheer, which was heard beyond the pillars, announced the triumph to the troops outside ! Sale, following with the main column, had a hand-to-hand fight with an Afghan, in which he killed his man but was himself wounded. The supports and reserves poured in ; the gates of the citadel were carried ; and soon from its summit British flags were flying. There was much

hard fighting within the walls before the resistance was crushed down. Five hundred Afghan dead were found inside the place; outside many more fell under the sabres of Keane's cavalrymen. Akbar Khan and fifteen hundred of his garrison were prisoners. A great booty of provisions, horses, and arms fell to the conquerors, whose loss in the assault amounted to eighteen killed and one hundred and sixty-five wounded."

On the 7th of August, 1839, the army marched into Cabul. Dost Mahomed fled, and Shah Soojah ascended the throne of the Ameers of Afghanistan. Havelock had the opportunity of remaining as aide-de-camp to Sir Willoughby Cotton, and as Persian interpreter to his staff. But he was in immediate want of money for the education of his son, and he had hopes of raising it by means of a history of the campaign, for which he had made elaborate notes; and so, returning to Serampore, he wrote his work and sent it off to London, where it was published in two volumes by Colburn.

June, 1840, saw Havelock on his way back to Cabul with a party of recruits. He joined General Elphinstone—who had been appointed to succeed Sir Willoughby Cotton in command at Cabul—at Ferozepore, and became Persian interpreter on his staff. They reached Cabul early in 1841, and Havelock soon became impressed with the gravity of the situation. The rule of Shah Soojah had never been in a real sense popular, and during 1840 and 1841 the Afghan chiefs were continually in revolt. To make matters worse, the

subsidies paid to the chiefs of the Ghilzie tribes who held the passes open between Jellalabad and Cabul were reduced to half the agreed amount from motives of false economy, and the mountaineers who had faithfully fulfilled their part of the contract were turned from friends into enemies. To open the passes which were now closed against the English, the 13th Regiment and the 35th Native Infantry were dispatched under Brigadier-General Sir R. Sale, and Havelock obtained permission to accompany him.

Having entered the Khoord Cabul pass, Sale was attacked with so much vigour that, leaving an advance guard, he was compelled to fall back on Bootkhak and send Havelock to Cabul for reinforcements and supplies. On Havelock's return Sale forced his way through the passes, fighting his progress as far as Gundamak, where he received news of insurrection at Cabul, and orders to return immediately. The impossibility of returning through the passes was urged upon him by Havelock and the other officers of his staff, who at the same time advised the urgency of securing and holding Jellalabad as a fortified stronghold upon which the force at Cabul could retire on its way back to India. Sale acted on this advice, and on the 12th of November occupied the city and encamped under its walls.

The occupation of Jellalabad was a serious undertaking, but it was undertaken in all seriousness. The Afghans, who harassed its walls with their fire and even mocked the soldiery by dancing on adjacent hills to the music of the Scotch pipes, became so troublesome

that on the 15th Colonel Monteath executed a sortie and drove them off with heavy loss. This done Captain Broadfoot with his engineers set to work upon the defences, until interrupted by the return of the Afghans, who were again driven off by Colonel Dennie, when defensive works were resumed.

But ominous news kept coming in from Cabul. The envoy had been murdered, and the Cabul force, at the point of starvation, had virtually capitulated. On the top of this an official order was brought in by three Afghans, bearing the signatures of Pottinger, as political officer, and Elphinstone, as chief of the military forces, and dated the 29th of December, 1841, directing the brigade occupying Jellalabad to immediately evacuate and return to India, leaving their fortress guns and the stores and baggage for which they had not means of transport, and making all speed for the frontier. "Everything," said the order, "has been done in good faith; you will not be molested on your way; and to the safe conduct which Akbar Khan has given I trust for the passage of the troops under my immediate orders through the passes." A council of war unanimously decided to disregard the order, and the garrison of Jellalabad was enthusiastic in its determination to hold the place. Later communications described the helpless and hopeless condition of the British at Cabul, and then came the news that the cantonments had been abandoned, and that the fugitives massed at Bootkhak were threatened by the forces of Akbar Khan.

But the worst news was confirmed on the following day under circumstances which Havelock describes as follows :

" About 2 o'clock on the 13th of January some officers were assembled on the roof of the loftiest house in Jellalabad. One of them espied a single horseman riding towards our walls. As he got nearer it was distinctly seen that he wore European clothes, and was mounted on a travel-hacked *yaboo* (hill pony), which he was urging on with all the speed of which it yet remained master. A signal was made to him by some one on the walls, which he answered by waving a private soldier's forage cap over his head. The Cabul gate was then thrown open, and several officers rushing out received and recognised in the traveller who dismounted, the first, and it is to be feared the last, fugitive of the ill-fated force at Cabul in Dr. Brydon. He was covered with slight cuts and contusions, and dreadfully exhausted. His first few hasty sentences extinguished all hope in the hearts of the listeners regarding the fortune of the Cabul force. It was evident that it was annihilated. Countenances full of sorrow and dejection were immediately seen in every corner of Jellalabad ; all labour was suspended ; the working parties recalled ; the assembly sounded ; the gates were closed, and the walls and batteries manned, and the cavalry stood ready to mount. The first impression was that the enemy were rapidly following a crowd of fugitives in upon the walls, but three shots only were heard ; and when the effervescence in some measure subsided not an Afghan could be discovered.

But the recital of Dr. Brydon filled all hearers with horror, grief, and indignation."

A few prisoners and some native stragglers were afterwards known to have escaped the general massacre, but with these exceptions Dr. Brydon was the sole survivor of the sixteen thousand persons who, on the 6th of January, seven days before, had marched out from the cantonments at Cabul.

The position at Jellalabad now became one which severely tested the temper of the men who held it. Wild's brigade, which had been dispatched from India for their relief, had found it impossible to penetrate the Khyber pass, and Sale knew that there was no hope of help in that direction. Then came the brief expressive note from Shah Soojah, the puppet of our own creation, but now the puppet of another power. "Your people have concluded a treaty with us; you are still in Jellalabad; what are your intentions? Tell us quickly." To attempt to retreat through the Khyber pass would have been to court the annihilation which had followed the fugitives from Cabul. To hold on hoping against hope for succour from India or to treat with the Afghans for safe conduct to Peshawur were the only other alternatives open to Sale, and these alternatives divided his councils of war. In these discussions Havelock took part but had no vote, being a staff officer and attending in that capacity to take a record of the proceedings. Sir Robert Sale and Captain Macgregor, the political officer in charge, had decided between themselves to make terms with Akbar Khan

for safe conduct home, and to answer Shah Soojah's letter with a promise to evacuate on certain terms. These proposals were now laid before a council of war, and long and hot discussions followed, in which Captain Broadfoot vigorously opposed the suggested surrender, and was judiciously supported by Havelock. In the end the majority were in favour of capitulation under somewhat modified terms, and Shah Soojah was answered to that effect. The moral influence of Broadfoot, Havelock, and those who thought with them, however, began to tell immediately after the answer had been sent, and when the wary wire-pullers at Cabul sent a second letter—"If you are sincere in your offers let all the chief gentlemen affix their seals"—a more independent spirit manifested itself, and Sale and Macgregor maintained alone the policy of *peccavi*. Under these circumstances the answer sent was not satisfactory to Shah Soojah's masters, and the negotiations ended. To the eternal honour of Captain Broadfoot this record stands, and to Havelock is due the recognition that Broadfoot did not hold out alone. Well might Broadfoot say of his staunch but unobtrusive supporter at this time: "Among our good officers, first comes Captain Havelock. It is the fashion to sneer at him; his manners are cold, while his religious opinions seclude him from society; but the whole of them together would not compensate for his loss. Brave to admiration, imperturbably cool, looking at his profession as a science, and, as far as I can see or judge, correct in his views."

The garrison were now cheered by the news that General Pollock, at the head of a considerable force, was on his way to their assistance, and though they knew that he could not reach them before April, and they were already placed on half rations, they kept up heart and courage. On the 25th of January Havelock wrote :

"Our only friends on this side the Sutlej are our own and General Pollock's bayonets. Thus, while Cabul has been overwhelmed by the billows of a terrific insurrection, Kandahar, Khelat-i-Ghilzie, Ghuznce, and Jellalabad stand like isolated rocks in the midst of an ocean covered with foam, while against and around them the breakers dash with wild fury, and the shrill cry of the sea-fowl is heard above the roar of the tempest. The heart of our garrison is good, and we are ready, with God's help, for a manful struggle, if the Government will support us with vigour. We are ready to fight either in open field or behind our walls, or both. But in March we shall have famine staring us in the face, and probably disease assailing us. Our position is, therefore, most critical, but there is not, I trust, an ounce of despondency among us."

There was no chaplain at Jellalabad, and Havelock, as in Burmah, did his best to supply the place. On the first Sunday after the arrival of Dr. Brydon from Cabul, Havelock read the Church of England service in the presence of the whole army. Altering the psalm for the day he read the forty-sixth. We can well under-

stand the emotions stirred in the hearts of all as with his fine powerful voice Havelock read the words :

(1) "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. (2) Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. (3) Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. (4) There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High. (5) God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early. (6) The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: He uttered His voice, the earth melted. (7) The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. (8) Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations He hath made in the earth. (9) He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire. (10) Be still and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth. (11) The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah."

This psalm is a literal description of the position of the garrison at Jellalabad but for its allusion to the earthquake ; and, as if to honour the faith of its defenders, the earthquake followed, and on the 19th of February the ramparts were laid low.

The indomitable courage of Broadfoot once more displayed itself, and, to quote Havelock, "by the end of the month the parapets were entirely restored, the Cabul gate rendered serviceable, the bastions restored and filled in, and every battery re-established." Akbar Khan, who expected to profit by the earthquake, came up too late to take advantage of it, and though there was sharp fighting during the month of March, it

always ended in favour of the garrison. On the 1st of April a sally was made in which five hundred sheep were captured, and on the strength of the replenished larder Havelock counselled an attack on the position of Akbar Khan. It is said that Sale shrank from the responsibility, but when on the 6th of April Akbar Khan, either as a ruse to deceive others, or as a result of self-deception, fired a salute in honour of an imagined victory over Pollock's advancing forces, the senior officers of the garrison brought pressure to bear upon the commander, and it was resolved to attack Akbar on the following day upon a plan drawn up by Havelock. At dawn on the 7th of April three columns, numbering less than fifteen hundred in all, led respectively by Dennie, Montcath, and Havelock, who took the place of Broadfoot, wounded and *hors de combat*, and commanded by Sale, marched out of Jellalabad to attack Akbar Khan, whose forces were estimated at six thousand strong. By seven o'clock a.m., Akbar Khan had been driven from his position, Havelock and Backhouse had taken possession of the camp, and the Afghan leader, defeated and discredited in the field by the forces he had so long blockaded, was in full retreat. A fortnight later the garrison welcomed Pollock's forces as they marched into Jellalabad, while the band of the 13th played the well-known air, "Oh, but ye've been lang o' coming;" but, as Archibald Forbes puts it in his monograph of Havelock (Macmillan, 1890), to which we are indebted for some of the facts of this narrative, "the garrison at Jellalabad after

a siege of five months had wrought out its own relief."

Havelock accompanied General Pollock's forces to Cabul, went with Shakspeare to rescue the prisoners at Hindoo Khoosh, and with Sir John M'Caskill on his expedition to Kohistan, and was virtual commander at the capture of Istalif, which consummated the conquest of the Afghans. Returning to India, the garrison of Jellalabad took the post of honour at the head of the forces, welcomed with much pomp and circumstance by Lord Ellenborough on the banks of the Sutlej. Havelock now returned to the command of his old company in the 13th Light Infantry, and spent some happy months at Simla with his wife, his sole reward for his splendid service in Afghanistan being a C.B.

In 1843, Havelock attained a regimental majority, and was appointed Persian interpreter on the staff of the new commander-in-chief, Sir Hugh Gough. Joining his chief at Cawnpore on the 23rd of October, he accompanied him through the Gwalior campaign which followed, was present at the battle of Maharajpore, for which he received a medal and was gazetted brevet-lieutenant-colonel. In the Sikh war which followed Havelock took part in the battles of Mudkee and Ferozeshah. At the former he had some narrow escapes: two horses in succession were shot under him; at the latter he lost his old friends and comrades, Sir Robert Sale, Major Broadfoot, and Sir J. M'Caskill. At the battle of Sobraon, which completed the conquest of the Sikhs, Havelock again lost a horse from under

him, but with his usual good fortune escaped unhurt. His life seemed charmed. The English loss was two thousand three hundred and eighty three, while that of the Sikhs was estimated at eight thousand. In this the first Sikh war Havelock learned many lessons in military art, lessons which stood him in good service in the Mutiny war of later years.

In the second Sikh war Havelock took no part. In recognition of his services in the first he had been made adjutant-general of the Queen's troops at Bombay, where a little later his old friend Sir Willoughby Cotton took command. Havelock had exchanged successively from the 13th to the 39th and from the 39th to the 53rd, and when this latter regiment was ordered for service in the Punjab he obtained leave from Sir Willoughby Cotton to join it. When half way on his journey, however, he was recalled by order of Lord Gough, and Cotton was censured for allowing him to go without reference to his superior. But if Henry was not there William Havelock was, and at the battle of Ramnuggur, on the 22nd of November, 1848, paid the penalty of his presence, falling mortally wounded when charging at the head of his troops.

Havelock had now been for twenty-six years in continual service in India, and for the first time began to feel his health give way. Under advice to take furlough in England, he wrote:

"So far as will and duty are concerned, to England I should go. But as for the means of going, difficulties accumulate around me day by day. I shall not be

out of the hands of Simla Jews before February next. The expenses of living and marching here, though conducted with the utmost economy, are necessarily heavy, and Harry and Joshua have to be provided for and educated. Moreover, I lost by fourteen hours' illness my lamented horse 'Magician,' for which I gave fourteen hundred rupees last year on the Sutlej, and how he is to be replaced I know not. So that, if there were not an overruling Providence to untie knots, it would be Macbeth's case: 'There is no flying hence nor tarrying here.'"

Towards the end of 1849, however, he followed his wife across the sea, and once more visited his native land.

In 1851, leaving his family at Bonn in Germany, Havelock returned to his old post at Bombay. In 1854 he became quartermaster-general of the Queen's troops in India, obtained his lieutenant-colonelcy, and brevet-colonelcy, and later the appointment of adjutant-general. In the Persian war, declared on the 1st of November, 1856, Havelock took charge of a division of the force under Sir James Outram. After the capture of Mohumra, a strongly fortified town on the Euphrates, the plans for the storming of which were laid by Havelock, and approved by Outram, the treaty of peace signed at Paris on the 4th of March, 1857, brought the war to a close. On the 15th of May, Havelock started for Bombay, which he reached on the 29th, to learn that the Sepoy army had mutinied, and that Delhi was in the hands of the rebels. With such

speed as was possible, Havelock made his way to Calcutta, suffering shipwreck *en route*, and reaching his destination on the 17th of June. He was at once chosen to command a column, and instructed to proceed to Allahabad, and to press forward to the relief of Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore and Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow.

Havelock's campaign for the relief of Cawnpore and Lucknow followed.

At Futtepoore, Aong, and Pandoo-Nuddee, he fought fierce and bloody battles, completing a series of brilliant engagements with the crushing defeat of Nana Sahib, and the capture of Cawnpore—too late, alas! to save the ill-fated garrison. Then followed a second series of splendid battles, in which, always faced by enormously superior numbers, he was yet always victorious; and then the equally noble and wise return to Cawnpore for reinforcements.

Arrived at Cawnpore, Havelock learned, as already recorded, that Sir James Outram had been appointed to the supreme command of the two divisions of the army operating between Calcutta and Cawnpore; and that on the death of Sir Henry Lawrence, killed at Lucknow, he had been made chief commissioner of Oudh. By these appointments Havelock was superseded, and, but for the splendid self-abnegation of Sir James Outram, would have lost the honour of directing the relief of Lucknow. In a divisional order, issued on the 16th of September, the day after his arrival at Cawnpore, Sir James Outram paid a high tribute to the

genius of Havelock as a commander, expressed complete confidence in his ability to relieve Lucknow, conceded his right to the honour of that achievement, and concluded by cheerfully waiving his rank for the time being, and offering his military services to Havelock as a volunteer. This magnificent chivalry cannot be too highly honoured. It would have been easy for Outram, had he been a smaller man, to have assumed command, and reaped the harvest which Havelock had sown; but he was a great man, and this was but one of the occasions on which he proved it.

The arrangement under which Havelock and Outram set out upon their march to Lucknow did them both great honour, but it also involved them in some embarrassment.

"No one can contest the noble and chivalrous feeling that prompted Outram's act," says Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes, in his *Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, "but the actual position and dilemma that resulted must be recognised. Outram's object was to ensure to Havelock the honour and credit and renown of the relief, but at the same time to do his utmost to aid him, and if need be, to sway him into adopting his own plans, thus fulfilling his own trust. Hence he never really gave Havelock a free hand; while the keenness, persistency, and masterfulness with which from the first he pressed his own views and plans showed that, though giving over the nominal command, he expected his advice to be implicitly followed, and so to exercise the real guidance of the operations.

Under the unique circumstances of the case it was practically as impossible for Havelock to contend against this as it was repugnant to his regard for Outram to question his views. The result was that much was done nominally under Havelock's orders which was not in accordance with his judgment and inclination, but for which the responsibility remained with him."

It cannot be doubted that with proper reinforcements Havelock would have effected the relief of Lucknow even without the assistance of his brilliant and chivalrous volunteer, and it is possible that, had his original plan been carried out, it might have been effected with less loss of life. Mr. Archibald Forbes says in his monograph of Havelock (Macmillan, '890):

"Havelock's original scheme was full of promise. He had brought up canal boats from Cawnpore, intending to bridge the Goomtee, and, fetching a compass by its left bank to the north-west of the city, to have seized the bridges which were close in proximity to the Residency position, so that he would have at once comparatively unhindered access thereto, and attain the advantage of being on the enemy's communications while not altogether forfeiting his own. This circuit, wholly through open country, he regarded as infinitely preferable to an advance by a complicated route through the streets of a great city seething full of armed enemies. And should the withdrawal of the Residency garrison appear practicable, he advocated the same route for the conduct of that operation. If Sir Colin Campbell

had adopted Havelock's scheme of approach in the second relief operations, his force would have been saved its heavy losses. Outram overruled the project on the ground that the heavy rain had made the country impracticable for artillery ; but its abandonment was a disappointment to Havelock. He subsequently wrote : ' I had hoped great results from this plan ; but it was doomed never to be tried.' "

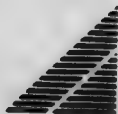
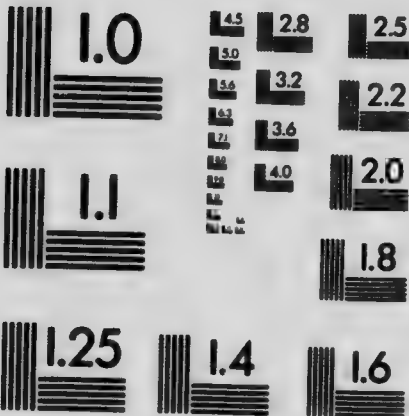
Once inside the Residency Outram took command, and during the seven weeks in which the new arrivals were themselves besieged, until in turn relieved by Sir Colin Campbell, devoted himself to improving his defences and driving the rebels out of the buildings in near neighbourhood of the Residency. Sir Colin Campbell attacked the city on the 16th of November, and Havelock's last military undertaking was that of co-operating with him in effecting the relief of the Residency, a duty which he discharged with his wonted ability and success.

On the 20th of November the withdrawal from Lucknow commenced, but Havelock was stricken down by dysentery, and had to be carried out and lodged in a soldier's tent. On the 22nd he got news from home which cheered him, but on the 23rd he grew worse, and his own feeling that the hand of death was upon him began to be shared by those about him. Outram visited him and received from him the assurance so often quoted : " I have for forty years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear." On the morning of the 24th the march to Cawnpore



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began, and with the sound of the advance the spirit of the noble Havelock passed away. He was carried in the litter in which he died as far as Alum Bagh, where he was buried in the enclosure under a mango tree, the bark of which was honoured with "his first curt epitaph, the letter H."

The news of Havelock's death was received in England, as indeed everywhere, with profound sorrow. His final honours came to him too late to cheer his dying hours. Colin Campbell told him that he had been made a K.C.B.; but it was not until two days after his death that the honour of a baronetcy and a pension of £1,000 a year were voted to him. His character was exemplified in his life and needed no exposition at its close, neither does it at the end of this brief and imperfect record of his career. In a letter to his friend Captain Broadfoot he wrote, when wanting but a few days of fifty years: "In public affairs, as in matters eternal, the path of popularity is the broad way, and that of duty the strait gate, and few there be that enter thereby. Principles alone are worth living for, or striving for." Loyal throughout his life to truth and duty, he added one more to the many proofs that history affords, that—

in our Island story,
The path of duty is the road to glory.

SOME HEROES OF THE INDIAN MUTINY

LIEUTENANT KERR, MAJOR MACDONALD

THE fastest colours fade in time; and yet, as we look back at the red picture of the Indian Mutiny, after an interval of fifty years, the gory cinematograph scintillates with the vividness of old.

To those who live in a thickly populated country, devoted to the arts of peace, it may be difficult to realise what it must have been to the scattered communities of the India of that day to know that insurrection was rampant all around, and that the disaffected outnumbered the loyal by an unknown quantity; to hear from the panting lips of fainting fugitives the ill news that outstrips all other, and loses little or nothing in its flight, of outrage, murder, and all the cruelties perpetrated upon defenceless men, women, and children, by those whom they had fostered and cherished; and to wonder whether the dependants of their own bungalow were still their friends or enemies.

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LIEUTENANT KERR

On a certain July day in 1857, a number of officers were sitting discussing the progress of the mutiny, and speculating on its development, in the mess-room at Sattara, when a young lieutenant, proud of his men, hazarded the opinion that, whoever else might rise in revolt, his own regiment of South Mahratta Horse would remain true.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a telegram was handed to the commanding officer, communicating the alarming fact that the 27th Bombay Native Infantry had risen in mutiny at Kolapore, and that many officers and men had fallen victims to their treachery. It appeared that some had escaped to the Residency, where they found the wires uncut, so they were able to telegraph that they were safe so far, but without food, and quite defenceless from overwhelming and sanguinary foes.

It is precisely this exciting and maddening kind of news that needs the calmest and most deliberate consideration, and it is little wonder that the chief of the Sattara staff should think before he spoke. Perhaps it is little wonder, too, that Lieutenant W. A. Kerr, who had just expressed his confidence in his own men, should take advantage of the pause in the conversation to volunteer to lead his regiment to the rescue of his defenceless countrymen.

The offer was accepted, and the order given :

"Boot and saddle, mount and ride!"

and before the minute hand had raced half round the clock, the brave lieutenant, at the head of fifty horse, was on his way to Kolapore, seventy miles away.

The night was dark, and the weather stormy. The rain poured down in torrents, and mud swamps and swollen rivers threw barriers across their way; but in due course they reached Kolapore, where they found that the mutineers had possession of the Paga or stronghold, from which the gallant lieutenant had no guns to dislodge them. The little band was much fatigued by their journey, and to be fatigued is always in some measure to be dispirited; and, firm as his faith in his men was, Lieutenant Kerr knew that he must keep them busy if he would prevent the leader of the mutiny from tempting their idle hands to mischief, so he determined upon immediate action in so far as action was possible.

Dismounting his men, he selected seventeen upon whom he felt he could implicitly rely, and among them a Mahratta, bearing his own name—one Gurnpunt Rao Deo Kerr—who proved the wisdom of the selection by the loyalty of his service, the two Kerrs fighting side by side until the end was accomplished.

The task seemed almost a hopeless one, for the garrison was protected by a number of strong teak doors supported by huge blocks of stone, which, in the absence of guns, it seemed all but impossible to move. Military methods failing, civil arms were applied, and the two Kerrs set upon the teak doors with crow-

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bars, determined to force an entrance and destroy the mutineers within.

After almost superhuman efforts one door was forced sufficiently to enable a man to crawl in upon his hands and knees, and the lieutenant led the way. Gurnpant followed, and the sixteen selected men crept in one by one. They found themselves in a narrow passage, at the end of which death waited their appearance before the expectant mutineers, who knew no mercy would be shown to them, and who did not propose to offer any to their besiegers.

Proceeding up the passage they entered the inner chamber, dropping into a stooping position as they did so. A volley from the guns of twenty Sepoys greeted them with a salute, but the besiegers had stooped to conquer, and the balls whistled wildly above their heads. In another moment they were upon the mutineers with their swords. In the desperate fight which followed a number of the rebels were killed, and the rest, though they far outnumbered their opponents, found discretion the better part of valour, and made good their escape to a loopholed house from which they were able to fire without exposure.

The resourceful lieutenant was, however, equal to this move, for, causing a quantity of wood and hay to be gathered, he made a bonfire and smoked them out. Several more were killed in their efforts to escape, and the remainder got into the interior of the fort, where they protected themselves with a barricade. The crowbars were once more in requisition, and the barri-

acades again gave way ; the two Kerrs were a second time the first to enter the chamber of death.

The second fight was even more desperate than the first. Tremendous efforts were made to destroy the intrepid lieutenant. According to one account, "one bullet cut the chain of his helmet, and another hit the blade of his sword so as to turn its edge ; a musket was discharged in his face, but it only blinded him for a moment, and in the next he ran his sword through his assailant, who fell dead at his feet." At this moment he was in imminent peril, for, as with difficulty he was withdrawing his sword from the man's body, a violent blow on the head from the butt-end of a musket sent him staggering, and he would have undoubtedly fallen a victim to a bayonet thrust had not Gurnpunt shot his adversary dead.

Once more the dying bit the dust, and the living threw it up with their flying feet, this time seeking refuge in a disused temple behind hastily improvised barricades, from whence they were once more able to pour a hot fire on their assailants.

But, of course, all this had not been accomplished without loss. Ten out of the gallant little band of eighteen had been killed or placed *hors de combat*, and the gallant leader was suffering from a severe wound which hampered his body, though it could not stay his soul.

The crowbar was again resorted to, and another bonfire was made of hay and wood, and again the enemy rushed out and stood face to face with the besiegers. It

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was the last rally, and in a few minutes every rebel lay dead or dying.

"Perhaps," says the account already quoted, "there was not a more desperate struggle than this in all the terrible months of the Indian Mutiny, but it bore its fruits. Kolapore was saved ; the spirit of revolt, gradually increasing in the district, was checked ; and the valour of the natives, when properly directed, was proved. But the penalty was heavy. Kerr was severely wounded, eight out of the seventeen who accompanied him were slain, four died subsequently of the wounds they had received, and not a man of the gallant band escaped unhurt. We are not surprised, therefore, that the news of this exploit, coupled with the name of Lieutenant Kerr, was in the mouth of every one in India and at home ; nor that Colonel Maugan should address the adjutant-general of the Bombay Army as follows :

"Lieutenant William A. Kerr, of the Southern Mahratta Irregular Horse, took a prominent share in the attack on the position, and at a moment when the issue was of great public importance he made a dash at the gateway with some dismounted horsemen and forced an entrance by breaking down the gate. This attack was completely successful. The defenders (to the number of thirty-four, all armed with muskets and bayonets) were either killed, wounded, or captured—a result which may with perfect justice be attributed to Lieutenant Kerr's dashing and devoted bravery. I would beg, therefore, to be permitted to recommend Lieutenant Kerr for the highly honourable distinction of the Victoria Cross,"

MAJOR MACDONALD

Of the stealth and suddenness of the attacks made by the disaffected, and the value of immediate and drastic action on the part of authority, the affair at Rohnee is a good example.

Rohnee, in the Sauthall district, some three hundred miles from Calcutta, was the headquarters of the 5th Irregular Cavalry, and on the 9th of June in that terrible and eventful year 1857 was the scene of a tragic incident with a dramatic sequel, which it would be difficult to parallel outside the annals of the mutiny.

It was about eight o'clock, and Major Macdonald, "one of the best officers of the Bengal Army," was entertaining Sir Norman Leslie, the adjutant, and Dr. Grant, assistant-surgeon of the regiment, at tea. The mutiny can hardly have been absent from their thoughts and conversation, but they appear to have had no presentiment of local outbreak. Meanwhile, three men who had craftily eluded the sentry, or had passed them by connivance, suddenly burst upon the astounded officers and attacked them with their swords.

The attack was so sudden and unexpected that the officers, who were without arms, were taken at great disadvantage, and the wonder is that any of them escaped. Sir Norman Leslie made a dash to get his sword, but, to quote a record, was "cut to ribbons;" Dr. Grant received two severe blows respectively on the arm and leg; and Major Macdonald suffered three

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severe cuts on the head. The major and the doctor, seizing the chairs they had been using, defended themselves as best they could until the assassins took flight. From the garb of the assailants, who wore a cloth about their loins, they were supposed to be disbanded Sepoys, of whom there were many in the neighbourhood ; but it was afterwards found that they were men of Macdonald's own command, who had adopted this disguise.

There was only one thing to be done, and that was to parade the force, and to examine their arms ; and this was immediately done, but not a stain of blood was found on any of them. How the miscreants were identified does not appear ; but, when they were, they were at once seized, tried by drum-head court-martial, and sentenced to death.

So far so good, but the position at Rohnce was in the highest degree critical. Disaffection had been shown by the murderous attack upon the officers, but it was past the wit of man to discover how far it had spread. The mutineers of Meerut had broken the gaol and freed their comrades from imprisonment ; what was to prevent the disaffected of Macdonald's corps rising and destroying all their officers if they dared to carry out the sentence ?

Under such circumstances he who hesitates is lost ; but Macdonald made no mistake of this sort. It was suggested to him that his wounds entitled him to leave of absence, and that another officer might take charge of the executions ; but his answer was clear and

emphatic: "Leave a strange officer with these men? Certainly not. I will stay and die first!"

Major Macdonald's own account of the execution is as follows:

"One of the prisoners was of very high caste and influence, and this man I determined to treat with the greatest ignominy by getting a low-caste man to hang him. To tell the truth, I never for a moment expected to leave the hanging scene alive; but I determined to do my duty, and well knew the effect that pluck and decision had on the natives.

"The regiment was drawn out; wounded cruelly as I was, I had to see everything done myself, even to the adjusting of the ropes, and saw them looped to run easy. Two of the culprits were paralysed with fear and astonishment, never dreaming that I should dare to hang them without an order from Government. The third said he would not be hanged, and called on the Prophet and on his comrades to rescue him. This was an awful moment; an instant's hesitation on my part, and probably I should have had a dozen balls through me; so I seized a pistol, clapped it to the man's ear, and said, with a look there was no mistake about: 'Another word out of your mouth and your brains will be scattered on the ground.' He trembled and held his tongue. The elephant came up, he was put on his back, the rope adjusted, the elephant moved, and he was left dangling. I then had the others up and off in the same way. And after some time, when I dismissed the remainder of the regiment to their lines, and

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still found my head on my shoulders, I really could scarcely believe it."

It is said that this prompt action of Major Macdonald's nipped in the bud an insurrection which "would have endangered Calcutta, Patna, and the whole of Bengal."

OUR CIVILIAN V.C.'S

ADAMS, MANGLES, McDONELL, KAVANAGH

THE coveted honour of the V.C. does not often fall to the lot of a civilian; but there have been occasions when non-combatants have shown "conspicuous bravery, or devotion to the country in presence of the enemy," and so fulfilled the conditions of the award; and some of these acts have won for them their heart's desire.

Of the first four hundred recipients of the noble decoration, only four, or one per cent., were civilians.

One of these was the Rev. J. W. Adams, Chaplain, known as Parson Adams, who received it for conspicuous gallantry and saving life near Cabul in December, 1879. In circumstances of great danger he rescued several wounded lancers from the fury of the Afghans, and conveyed them to a place of safety. The other civilians who gained the coveted honour wrought the deed of fame during the terrible time of the Indian Mutiny. The first two of these, Messrs. Mangles and McDonell, were members of the Bengal Civil Service, and won their decorations by their conduct during the retreat of the force which, under

Captain Dunbar, made an unsuccessful attempt to relieve the garrison at Arrah. The third, Mr. Kavanagh, was an uncovenanted civil servant, of "great physical strength, and iron nerve." He carried important information from Sir James Outram to Sir Colin Campbell through a hostile country under circumstances of great danger.

Captain Dunbar, at the head of a force of three hundred and forty-three Europeans, seventy Sikhs, and a few volunteers, left Dinapore, 'mid every sign of enthusiasm, with a view to relieving Arrah. They proceeded up the river Sone by steamer and disembarked at the junction of the river and the road. It was a moonlight night, and Captain Dunbar determined to lose no time, as the booming of the guns at Arrah evidenced at once the heroic efforts of its defenders, and their need of early help. Ten miles from the river he encountered a wide and deep rivulet, but found boats ready for his use. Crossing the stream, he proceeded without question until within a mile of Arrah, when in the darkness, the moon having gone down, his progress was arrested by a sudden storm of bullets, which swept down upon him like a hurricane—no one knowing whence it came. He had been trapped by an ambuscade.

The suddenness of the disaster overwhelmed the little force with confusion. Captain Dunbar and several of the officers were shot dead at the first volley, and a hasty council of war, held by the surviving officers, decided upon retiring to the river. The

retreat was a terrible march. From a thousand points of vantage from behind huts and bushes, and from ditch and jungle, five or six thousand Sepoys poured their murderous fire upon the ill-fated force. At last the decimated ranks regained the rivulet; but the water had run down and the boats were stranded, and yet the narrowed streamlet was too deep and wide to ford. Two boats still floated, and tremendous efforts were made to get the others under way; and all the while the fiery storm raged, and the leaden hail fell in torrents. The Sepoys were in near pursuit; and then, to fill the cup of woe, some of the boats caught fire.

"To push a boat into the stream," says one account, "to climb into it, to help others in, was the aim of every man's exertion. But, when the boats could not be moved, the chance of drowning was preferred to the tender mercies of the Sepoys. Many stripped and rushed in, and at last the survivors reached the opposite bank."

Four hundred and thirteen men set out, amid the shouts of the people at Dinapore, on the noble enterprise, but only fifty of these returned unwounded, and out of fifteen officers only three escaped the enemy's fire.

It is trials like this that test men's mettle and show of what make they are, and they never come upon a party of Englishmen without finding many equal to the occasion. Ensign Erskine, a young officer, was mortally wounded five miles from the boats, but Private Dempsey and a comrade of the 10th Regiment carried him all the way home. Dempsey

showed his quality again at Lucknow, and received the Victoria Cross. The last man to leave the fatal shore was Lieutenant Ingelby, who led the Sikhs. The boat he rode in was on fire, and half-way over its occupants were compelled to risk a watery grave to escape a fiery death. Lieutenant Ingelby, struck by a musket-ball in the neck, shouted, as he rose for the last time in the water: "Good-bye, Grenadiers!" and then sank to rise no more.

Mangles and McDonell were both gentlemen volunteers, and won their decorations in the following manner. Mr. Ross Mangles, who was himself terribly wounded, carried a wounded soldier for six miles over the rough, uneven ground, resting every now and then beside his prostrate burden, and firing parting shots at the enemy. Mr. McDonell won his honour at the rivulet by cutting the lashings of one of the boats, and so saving the lives of some thirty-five soldiers at great danger to himself. The rebels had removed the oars and lashed the rudder so that the boat was useless. McDonnell dared a tempest of bullets as he got astride the rudder and cut the lashings, and some shots even passed through his hat; but, the rudder released, the boat answered to her helm, and they all got safe to land.

Kavanagh has told his own story, and he shall tell it here:

"While passing through the entrenchment of Lucknow about ten o'clock a.m., on the 9th instant, I learnt that a spy had come in from Cawnpore, and that he was

going back in the night as far as Alum Bagh with despatches to His Excellency Sir Colin Campbell, the Commander-in-Chief, who, it is said, was approaching Lucknow with five or six thousand men. I sought out the spy. He had taken letters from the entrenchment before, but I had never seen him till now. I found him intelligent, and imparted to him my desire to venture in disguise to Alum Bagh in his company. He hesitated a great deal at acting as my guide, but made no attempt to exaggerate the dangers of the road. He merely urged that there was more chance of detection by our going together, and proposed that we should take different roads and meet outside of the city, to which I objected. I left him to transact some business, my mind dwelling all the time on the means of accomplishing my object.

"I had, some days previously, witnessed the preparation of plans which were being made by direction of Sir James Outram to assist the Commander-in-Chief in his march into Lucknow for the relief of the besieged, and it then occurred to me that some one with the requisite local knowledge ought to attempt to reach His Excellency's camp beyond, or at Alum Bagh. The news of Sir Colin Campbell's advance revived the idea, and I made up my mind to go myself, at two o'clock, after finishing the business I was engaged upon. I mentioned to Colonel R. Napier, chief of Sir James Outram's staff, that I was willing to proceed through the enemy to Alum Bagh, if the General thought my doing so would be of service to the Commander-in-

Chief. He was surprised at the offer, and seemed to regard the enterprise as fraught with too much danger to be assented to, but he did me the favour of communicating the offer to Sir James Outram, because he considered that my zeal deserved to be brought to his notice.

"Sir James did not encourage me to take the journey, declaring that he thought it so dangerous that he would not himself have asked any officer to attempt it. I, however, spoke so confidently of success, and treated the dangers so lightly, that he at last yielded, and did me the honour of adding that, if I succeeded in reaching the Commander-in-Chief, my knowledge would be a great help to him.

"I secretly arranged for a disguise, so that my departure might not be known to my wife, as she was not well enough to bear the prospect of an eternal separation. When I left home about seven o'clock in the evening, she thought I was going on duty for the night to the mines, for I was working as an assistant field engineer by order of Sir James Outram.

"By half-past seven o'clock my disguise was completed, and when I entered the room of Colonel Napier no one in it recognised me. I was dressed as a Budmash, or as an irregular native soldier of the city, with sword and shield, native-made shoes, tight trousers, a yellow silk koortah over a tight-fitting white muslin shirt, a yellow-coloured chintz sheet thrown round my shoulders, a cream-coloured turban, and a white waistband or kumurbund. My face down to the shoulders,

and my hands to the wrists, were coloured with lamp-black, the cork used being dipped in oil to cause the colour to adhere a little. I could get nothing better. I had little confidence in the disguise of my features, and I trusted more to the darkness of the night ; but Sir James Outram and his staff seemed satisfied, and, after being provided with a small double-barrelled pistol, and a pair of broad pyjamas over the tight drawers, I proceeded with my guide to the right bank of the river Goomtee, running north of our entrenchment, accompanied by Captain Hardinge of the Irregular Cavalry.

"Here we undressed and quietly forded the river, which was only about four feet and a half deep and about a hundred yards wide at this point. My courage failed me while in the water, and, if my guide had been within reach, I should perhaps have pulled him back, and abandoned the enterprise. But he waded quickly through the stream, and, reaching the opposite bank, went crouching up a ditch for three hundred yards to a grove of low trees on the edge of a pond, where we stopped to dress. While we were here a man came down to the pond to wash, and went away again without observing us.

"My confidence now returned to me, and, with my tulwar resting on my shoulders, we advanced into the huts in front, where I accosted a matchlockman, who answered to my remark that the night was cold : ' It is very cold ; in fact, it *is* a cold night.' I passed him, adding that it would be colder by-and-by.

"After going six or seven hundred yards farther, we reached the iron bridge over the Goomtee, where we were stopped and called over by a native officer, who was seated in an upper-storied house, and seemed to be in command of a cavalry picket whose horses were near the place saddled. My guide advanced to the light, and I stayed a little back in the shade. After being told that we had come from Mundeon (our old cantonment, and then in the possession of the enemy), and that we were going into the city to our homes, he let us proceed. We continued on along the left bank of the river to the stone bridge, passing unnoticed through a number of Sepoys and matchlockmen, some of whom were escorting persons of rank in palanquins, preceded by torches.

"Recrossing the Goomtee by the stone bridge, we went by a sentry unobserved, who was closely questioning a dirtily dressed native, and into the chouk, or principal street of the city of Lucknow, which was not illuminated as much as it used to be previous to the siege, nor was it so crowded. I jostled against several armed men in the street without being spoken to, and only met one guard of seven Sepoys.

"When issuing from the city into the country we were challenged by a chowkeedor or watchman, who, without stopping us, merely asked us who we were. The part of the city traversed that night by me seemed to have been deserted by at least a third of its inhabitants.

"I was in great spirits when we reached the green

into which I had not been for five months. Everything around us smelt sweet, and a carrot I took from the roadside was the most delicious I had ever tasted. A further walk of a few miles was accomplished in high spirits. But there was trouble before us. We had taken the wrong road, and were soon quite out of our way in the Dilkooshah Park, which was occupied by the enemy. I went within twenty yards of two guns to see what strength they were, and returned to the guide, who was in great alarm, and begged I would not distrust him because of the mistake, as it was caused by his anxiety to take me away from the pickets of the enemy. I bade him not be frightened of me, for I was not annoyed, as such accidents were not unfrequent, even when there was no danger to be avoided. It was now about midnight. We endeavoured to persuade a cultivator, who was watching his crop, to show us the way for a short distance, but he urged old age and lameness; and another whom I peremptorily told to come with us ran off screaming, and alarmed the whole village. We next walked quickly away into the canal, running under the Char Bagh, in which I fell several times, owing to my shoes being wet and slippery and my feet sore. The shoes were hard and tight, and had rubbed the skin off my toes, and cut into the flesh above the heels.

"In two hours more we were again in the right direction, two women in a village we passed having kindly helped us to find it: about two o'clock we

reached an advanced picket of Sepoys, who told us the way, after asking where we had come from and whither we were going. I thought it safer to go up to the picket than to try to pass them unobserved.

"My guide now begged I would not press him to take me into Alum Bagh, as he did not know the way in, and the enemy were strongly posted around the place. I was tired and in pain from the shoes, and would, therefore, have preferred going into Alum Bagh, but, as the guide feared attempting it, I desired him to go on to the camp of the Commander-in-Chief, which he said was near Bunnee (a village eighteen miles from Lucknow), upon the Cawnpore road. The moon had risen by this time, and we could see well ahead.

"By three o'clock we arrived at a grove of mango trees, situated on a plain in which a man was singing at the top of his voice. I thought he was a villager, but he got alarmed on hearing us approach, and astonished us too by calling out a guard of twenty-five Sepoys, all of whom asked questions. Kunoujee had here lost heart for the first time, and threw away the letter entrusted to him for Sir Colin Campbell. I kept mine safe in my turban. We satisfied the guard that we were poor men travelling to Amroula, a village two miles this side of the chief's camp, to inform a friend of the death of his brother by a shot from the British entrenchment at Lucknow, and they told us the road. They appeared to be greatly relieved on discovering that it was not their terrible foe, who was only a few miles in advance of them. We went in the

direction indicated by them, and after walking for half an hour we got into a jheel or swamp, which are numerous and large in Oudh. We had to wade through it for two hours up to our waists in water, and through weeds; but, before we found out that we were in a jheel, we had gone too far to recede. I was nearly exhausted on getting out of the water, having made great exertion to force our way through the weeds, and to prevent the colour being washed off my face. It was nearly gone from my hands.

"I now rested for fifteen minutes, despite the remonstrances of my guide, and went forward, passing between two pickets of the enemy, who had no sentries thrown out. It was near four o'clock in the morning when I stopped at the corner of a tope or grove of trees to sleep for an hour, which Kunoujee Lal entreated I would not do; but I thought he overrated the danger, and, lying down, I told him to see if there was any one in the grove who would tell him where we then were.

"We had not gone far when I heard the English challenge, 'Who comes there?' with a native accent. We had reached a British cavalry outpost; my eyes filled with joyful tears, and I shook the Sikh officer in charge of the picket heartily by the hand.

"The old soldier was as pleased as myself when he heard from whence I had come, and he was good enough to send two of his men to conduct me to the camp of the advanced guard. A officer of H.M.'s 9th Lancers, who was visiting his pickets, met me on the way, and took me to his tent, where I got dry stockings

and trousers, and, what I much needed, a glass of brandy, a liquor I had not tasted for nearly two months.

"I thanked God for having safely conducted me through this dangerous enterprise, and Kunoujee Lal for the courage and intelligence with which he had conducted himself during this trying night. When we were questioned he let me speak as little as possible. He always had a ready answer; and I feel that I am indebted to him in a great measure more than to myself for my escape.

"In undertaking this enterprise, I was actuated by a sense of duty, believing that I could be of use to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief when approaching, for its relief, the besieged garrison, which had heroically resisted the attack of thirty times its own number for nearly five months, within a weak and irregular entrenchment; and secondly, because I was anxious to perform some service which would ensure to me the honour of wearing our most gracious Majesty's cross. My reception by Sir Colin Campbell and his staff was cordial and kind to the utmost degree; and if I never have more than the remembrance of their condescension, and of the heartfelt congratulations of Sir James Outram and of all the officers of his garrison, on my safe return to them, I shall not repine; though, to be sure, having the Victoria Cross would make me a prouder and happier man."

For this splendid service Mr. Kavanagh was made a V.C., and received substantial promotion.

HEROISM AT SEA

ALOFT OVERBOARD

THAT men may show supreme courage under one set of circumstances, and utter timidity under another involving much less perilous conditions, is a curiosity of psychological experience suggestive of much speculation; and yet how often it is accounted for by the simple fact that in the one case the circumstances are such as the actor is familiar with, and in the other the conditions are new and strange.

It is always a pleasure to a man to do anything he can do well, and the element of danger only adds zest to the effort. On the other hand, if a man's inner conscience passes a vote of no confidence in him in regard to anything, it is very difficult for him to attempt it, and almost impossible for him to succeed.

Albert Sonnichsen, able seaman, writing in *The New York Sun*, discusses the courage of the sailor without, perhaps, making a sufficient allowance for these facts; and yet his experience corroborates them in a marked degree.

"Five years of experience at sea," says Mr. Sonnichsen,

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"has proved to me that the landsman has a vastly exaggerated idea of the sailor's bravery. While sea life does attract men who have a natural disregard for personal danger, it may safely be said that the typical sailor is a strange contradiction of reckless bravery and arrant cowardice.

"Here is an incident in point. It occurred aboard a vessel in which I made my first trip to sea.

"We were sailing before a five-knot breeze through a tropical sea. For several days big sharks, on the look-out for refuse, had been following the ship.

"One morning a boy, painting over the stern, lost his hold and fell overboard. All hands saw the accident, but it remained for a young Englishman to act.

"Before the cry had been raised he seized a life-belt and leaped overboard with it. When the ship was hove to both were a mile astern, and almost an hour passed before they were picked up.

"Meanwhile the Englishman had reached the boy with the life-belt, for the latter could not swim. The Englishman also displayed great coolness in keeping off the sharks, remaining quite still until they were close, when he frightened them off with a few lively kicks, for a shark is really a timid creature. But few men have the presence of mind to think of this when in the water.

"Of course, the man was made much of for his heroic act; to leap overboard in shark-infested waters is a deed that especially appeals to a seaman's admiration.

"About a month afterward we ran into cold weather, and then, one dark night, we encountered a stiff gale that made it necessary to shorten sail rather suddenly.

"The lighter canvas was speedily brought under control and furled, but by the time this was done the wind became so strong that all hands were called to furl a big topsail. Even the cook and the steward were obliged to go aloft with the rest of us, while the captain relieved the man at the wheel that he might also help with the sail.

"It was a tremendous job, for the heavy sail flapped and thundered over the line of men stretched out on the frail spar, shaking the mast as though cannon were being discharged from the deck. Finally, after an hour's struggle, the sail was tightly furled to the yard, and the men were just preparing to go down when the mate, who had been superintending the job, cried out:

"'Hold on there, fellers; we've been one man short! Has anybody gone overboard?'

"Nobody had been seen to fall.

"'Then,' bawled the mate, 'some one's loafing. You fellers stay up here till I go down on deck and find out who he is.'

"When we came down the mate had found the shirker. It was the young Englishman who had braved the sharks when the rest hesitated.

"Had it been any other man he would have been severely punished; but, as it was, no one said a word or even cast a reproachful hint. This the man felt

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so keenly that when the port was reached he was obliged to be treated in a marine hospital for a nervous disorder.

"I met this man ashore some years afterward. He was in the San Francisco police force, where he had secured employment, for he never ventured to sea again. He voluntarily discussed his case with me.

"He attributed his cowardice in the storm to heredity. He came of Italian stock primarily, and his theory was that for centuries his ancestors had been used to the comparatively calm waters of the Mediterranean, where most of the sailing is done in craft so small that the sails can be handled from on deck.

"The danger seamen face there is from treacherous undercurrents and hidden rocks, and at handling small boats men of Latin blood are as brave as the best. But when it comes to fighting struggling canvas on lofty ice-covered yards, they feel and show the fear of an unfamiliar danger.

"Observation has led me to believe this. The best deep-sea sailors, the most daring men aloft, are of Norse origin—Russian, Finn, Dane, Swede, Norwegian, Anglo-Saxon. These men, especially the Scandinavians, whose ancestors sailed the stormy Baltic and North Seas, are universally acknowledged to be the boldest seamen.

"Daring aloft is a form of bravery most keenly appreciated by seamen. The man who will crawl out on a yardarm in a howling gale of wind is more admired than a man who would display coolness under

fire. The latter is considered a passive sort of courage, while the other is actual daring by a man who knows his danger.

"Almost all greenhorns show signs of fear upon going aloft the first time. Some sailors never get over a sense of nauseating uneasiness when aloft, even in port.

"I once met a strange exception. He was a green boy who had never before been at sea. The first day out he climbed aloft, showing not the slightest signs of fear. He shinned up bare poles like a monkey, slid down stays and hung about in mid-air from ropes that were never intended for climbing.

"Finally, he reached the very top of one of the masts and deliberately sat on the truck—the flat gilt ball through which the flag halyard is rove. Without holding on, he comfortably contemplated the horizon about him, dangling his feet against the bare mast underneath his perch. Meanwhile, all hands were watching him breathlessly from deck.

"But the strangest thing of all was the fact that this boy was Swiss, coming from a country whose people never have been sailors. Perhaps absence of giddiness in his case could be attributed to his mountain-climbing ancestors."

The truth is, "Familiarity breeds contempt," even under conditions of great danger; but, just as a clever trick which may appear wonderful or even supernatural to an onlooker will be perfectly simple and commonplace to the conjurer performing it, some demonstrations

of imperturbability under conditions which would demand heroism of a novice represent no more than the carelessness which comes of use, and the confidence born of mastery.

"It is proverbial," continues Mr. Sonnichsen, "that sailors love fighting, especially of the rough-and-tumble order. Ordinarily this is only true of them when they are drunk. Still, some tough cases are found on American ships.

"The average mate of a Yankee vessel is ready, and even anxious, to fight against any odds at any moment. Some master will even tackle a whole ship's crew at once, and their very audacity often wins them their battles.

"This is not because they are Americans, for many are foreigners, but for the reason that American ship-owners demand that sort of officer to control the crews picked up in American ports, usually made up of the toughest cases in the maritime world.

"On the other hand, these bucko officers usually accept defeat as gracefully as they deliver it, afterward asking those by whom they were vanquished how they did it.

"One of these fellows, a notoriously bad man, became stranded in Manilla during the late war. He was at last driven by want to join a company of civilian scouts. He made good, became the bully of the company, and was feared even by the officers until he had to face the enemy's fire. Then he turned

tail and ran so far that he was never again seen that side of Manilla.

"Nearly all sailors are easily awed by mysterious natural phenomena or apparently supernatural manifestations. Earthquakes at sea, especially at night, will strike terror into the heart of the bravest seaman afloat, not so much on account of danger, which is never great, but simply because he feels himself in the presence of a great natural force against which he is perfectly helpless.

"The danger from wind and waves is a familiar one, against which he has been trained to fight ; but, when a calm sea about him begins to boil and froth and form into whirlpools, he stands conquered.

"I was once on board a large ship the crew of which were all thorough seamen, most of them reckless West Coast adventurers, and several well-known Honolulu smuggling desperadoes.

"One night in the tropics their courage was tested and found wanting. The sea was calm, and a full moon hung high in a deep indigo, cloudless sky. Suddenly, over the creamy expanse of the sails, mysterious shadows appeared, which, to our excited imaginations, assumed the most horrible shapes. The men were panic-stricken and crouched under the break of the poop in a frightened heap, too benumbed by terror even to exchange exclamations of wonder. Yet none of those men would have owned up to any superstitious beliefs ; and they laughed over their fright next day.

"But the nerviest case I ever heard of was that of a Norwegian sailor aboard the big American four-master *Shenandoah*. She was commanded by Captain Murphy, whose reputation extends all over the world among seamen.

"One day he ordered the Norwegian up to the royal yard to do some duty there.

"'But, cap'n,' protested the sailor, 'it's not safe until the foot-rope's fixed. Let me fix that first.'

"'Do as I tell you!' ordered the captain. 'The foot-rope's all right.'

"The man went aloft. Ten minutes later all hands heard a yell, and saw the Norwegian come tumbling down through the rigging, a distance of over a hundred feet. He landed on the canvas tarpaulin of a boat, bounded off, and rolled over on to the main hatch.

"Of course, everybody thought the man dead, but when all hands gathered around him he showed signs of life. The fall on the boat had saved him. Presently he rose to a sitting position and rubbed his head in a dazed fashion.

"'How d'yc feel, Job on?' asked the captain, anxiously.

"The captain's voice seemed to bring Johnson's senses back to him. He rose slowly to his feet, glaring wildly at the captain and at a piece of the foot-rope he still held fast in his hand. He deliberately pulled off his jumper and threw it upon deck.

"'Cap'n,' he said slowly, 'you said that foot-rope was all right. Cap'n, you was a d——n liar. Now, you

come on, and I smash your jaw. I give you all the fight you want. Come on, now!

"But for the first time on record Captain Murphy took water. He wouldn't fight that kind of a man.

"Unlike this particular Norwegian, few sailors, no matter how reckless, will defy the authority of an officer. That fear is deep bred.

"In one forecastle I was in there was a big six-foot Swede who had spent all his life at sea on coasting schooners, and consequently was not much of a seaman on a square-rigged vessel. This caused trouble, and it was not long before the Swede had a fight on with his watch-mates. He beat one entirely and fought another to a standstill and was severely mauled himself.

"A week later the mate called him down for incompetence. The Swede answered back, whereupon the mate, a small man with a stiff leg, slapped his face. This the Swede accepted meekly, and afterward was kicked several times by the same mate, but never made any show of resistance. And the man the Swede had previously knocked out was twice the mate's size.

"An incident which occurred in a sailor's home in England further illustrates the seaman's fear of authority.

"A new arrival at the home was walking up and down the corridor when he swung suddenly around on a man who had passed him.

"'Hey!' he shouted, 'aint your name Sam Smart?'

"'Yes,' replied the other.

"'Was you ever second mate on the *Typhoon*?'"

"'Yes.'

"'Remember me?'

"'No.'

"'Well, I am Tim Smith that sailed with you four years ago on the *Typhoon*. You licked me four times that trip; now I am going to lick you once as good as those four.'

"And before anybody could interfere Tim Smith had knocked out his bucko mate. In such a case interference would have been considered unseamanlike."

The writer knew a seaman who was "a captain for fifty years," and who told him that as a boy he suffered much cruelty at the hands of a mate whom he served under, and whom he met some ten years later accidentally in a small ferry-boat crossing the Thames. The younger man made himself known to his old enemy, and promised him reprisals on the completion of the journey. The mate, who noted the fine proportions to which his boy had grown, had no wish to test his strength or skill, and made great efforts while crossing the river to attract the attention of the Thames police, but without avail. Both men leaped ashore at the same moment, and the mate made off with all speed, but not before he had received several marks of his old comrade's appreciation.

A HERO OF THE *BERLIN*

CAPTAIN MARTIN SPERLING

"NO one will live to see a braver deed than that of Captain Martin Sperling, whose courage in rescuing the last three women survivors from the wrecked ship *Berlin* has won the admiration of the world."

So wrote the special correspondent of *The Daily News* when telling the story of the splendid act as he himself witnessed it, and as he heard it described in the modest words of the hero who accomplished it.

"Three fishermen and myself," said the correspondent, "wrapped in oilskins, crept along the quay wall in the dark hours before the dawn, to see the man perform the heroic deed. We watched him and his two nephews moor the flat, or dinghy, to the beacon. We could just see their shadowy forms silhouetted against the white foam. The cries of the women had long ceased. How was it possible, we asked ourselves, for any one to live for forty-eight hours on a shattered fragment of steel and timber with a cruel wave sweeping over them every minute? It got still darker. It began to snow. The wind blew the flakes in our eyes like

sand. Suddenly we espied a figure swarming up the sloping deck. By his quick movements we knew he had seen somebody alive or had heard a human voice. His clothes were dripping. For half an hour we waited—waited for the command 'Hoy!' to ring out above the roar of the waves. It came. We knew it would. Sperling had saved the three women. When he clambered back into the boat we hallooed out to him. We wanted to hear the voice of so brave a man. We heard it, for he shouted back: 'Don't worry, I'm all right.'"

Such, in short, is the story of the great deed; but its greatness comes out in detail.

The Great Eastern Railway Company's steamship *Berlin* left Harwich for the Hook of Holland on Wednesday, the 20th of February, 1907, under command of Captain Precious, commodore of the company's fleet, and carrying, passengers and crew, one hundred and forty-one persons all told.

She started in the teeth of a gale and experienced bad weather all the way, and on the following morning, about six o'clock, was driven on shore near the North Pier, as she was endeavouring to enter the New Waterway at the mouth of the Maas River. She struck the North Pier—which at high water is almost submerged—and almost immediately began to break up.

The catastrophe was so sudden and so complete that, from the first, there seemed little or no hope. The first telegram reached England at 7.25 a.m.: "*Berlin* stranded at North Pier. Very dangerous. Heavy

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gale. Tugs and lifeboats going out to assist." This was followed at 10.30 by the appalling communication: "*Berlin* total loss, with crew and passengers. *Nobody saved.*" Two hours later came a ray of hope: "Still people on board the wreck; hope to save them at low tide. Only one man brought on shore alive—Captain Parkinson, of Belfast."

During the day many attempts were made by the lifeboat crew under Captain Jansen, and by others in tugs, to reach the wreck, though it was impossible to tell whether those on board were alive or dead. The terrible cold of wind and water encouraged little hope of any being able to endure to the end. The vessel lay with her stern firmly embedded in the foreshore and her bow hidden by the sea; and the awkwardness of her position made almost insurmountable the difficulties of approach. Meanwhile the storm raged in its fury. Thousands of people lined the shore and cheered and cheered again as the boats put out to sea. At 4 p.m. another attempt was made by Captain Jansen and his brave crew, but without success. Dead bodies were all they could recover, and the waves themselves threw some of these scornfully upon the shore. By 6 o'clock there were thirty-three dead witnesses of the tempest's fury lying stark in a temporary mortuary at the Hoek van Holland Railway Station. At 8 o'clock a desperate attempt was made to save the women before night, with all its unknown horrors, closed down upon the scene. But lifeboat and tug were once more hurled

back upon the shore by the fury of wind and wave. Undaunted, they put off again. Once they got within ten yards of the ill-fated vessel and heard the piteous appeals of those who still had strength to cry ; and even then they were obliged to put back. Three times in course of these attempts communications were established, and on each occasion the lifeboat lost its anchor and hawsers, on which hung the issues of life and death. And so the black night fell.

Captain Parkinson, the one man saved, was on his way to Amsterdam, to take command of the *Mermidon* of Liverpool, and had taken passage on the *Berlin*. He declared that in all his experience of the sea he had never known such weather. So ugly did the outlook seem to him that he remained all night on deck fully dressed. On feeling the shock which broke the vessel in two, he hurried to the bridge to offer his help, when, with one foot on the ladder, he saw captain and pilot swept over by the sea. What happened to himself he was not able to say, but when he recovered consciousness he was in the water surrounded by floating timbers. He seized one of these and kept himself afloat for an hour, when he was picked up by the lifeboat crew and brought to shore. There were a hundred people on the foredeck, he said, when the vessel struck, and these were all hurled headlong into the sea. His hour in the icy water was a never-to-be-forgotten experience, for it was eerie with the half-stifled cries of the drowning, and gruesome with the companionship of the floating dead.

On the following day (Friday) the lifeboat made three journeys, accompanied by tugs and pilot-boats. The first and second attempts were fruitless, but a change in wind and tide convinced the experienced Commander Jansen that a third attempt a little later might be more successful.

At 1.30 in the afternoon all the boats put out again, Prince Henry of the Netherlands (who had arrived upon the scene) being on board the pilot-steamer *Helvoetsluis*. The weather had improved; but, shortly after the boats had put to sea, a heavy fall of snow blotted out all view of the wreck, and made it impossible for the lifeboats to do anything. A brief cessation of the snowfall revealed the boats close under the wreck; and, according to the observation of *The Times* correspondent who viewed the operations with marine glasses from a station in front of Lloyd's offices, a boat was lowered from the *Helvoetsluis*, and was then towed by the lifeboat to the beacon at the end of the North Pier. From this one of the crew mounted the light-tower, and was followed by five others. On the vessel's stern the few survivors, who had borne the stress of storm and cold and anxiety for thirty-two hours since the vessel struck, were watching eagerly the movements of the rescuers. They stood in a little group, one and another emerging from the smoke-room, which gave them what little shelter yet remained to them.

At length, after many fruitless attempts, a rope was flung from the light-tower to the deck of the *Berlin*,

and was soon made fast. This done, one of the survivors passed down it, and was safely landed on a part of the pier not now continually submerged. From thence the boat from the pilot-vessel took him on board. Three more ventured along the line, and were saved in the same way ; and then once more the snow intervened and blotted the scene from view.

On the return of the lifeboat Captain Jansen announced that eleven persons, including several women, had been rescued and transferred to the *Helvoetsluis*, but that there were other women on board, too exhausted by cold, hunger, and fatigue to take advantage of the life-line. Much against his will he had been compelled to return without them, to save his boat and men for further service, for the tide had turned, and they dared not stay near the wreck. The rescued were in a terrible condition. They were all starving and exhausted, and most of them were frost-bitten in foot and hand ; some were delirious, and some too far gone to find any pleasure in safety.

And so again the black night fell.

This pause gave Captain Sperling his opportunity ; and he shall tell his story in his own way :

"I am a Dordrecht skipper, and I happened to put in at the Hook for shelter.

"For two nights I had not slept, thinking of the agonies of the half-frozen survivors on the *Berlin*. Last night the fury of the gale subsided, and I kept on visiting the North Quay to see if it were possible to approach the wreck. At last I decided, with my two

nephews, Louis and M. C. Sperling, and a comrade, M. G. Moerkerk, to risk it.

"Soon after midnight, at low water, we put off the harbour aboard the tug *Wodan*, with a flat or dinghy in tow, and plenty of rope. When we reached the beacon on the North Quay, where the water was but a few feet deep, the three of us jumped into the flat, which I made fast to the beacon. The rope by which the eleven survivors had been rescued was still hanging between the wreck and the quay. Partly swimming and partly hanging on to the rope, I went hand over hand against mountainous waves, and after a long struggle I climbed aboard.

"The foaming, phosphorescent waves that burst over me, and threatened to dash me on to the rock, I to lighten the darkness. The shock I received when I saw the last three women half dead, half naked, half clothed, surrounded by grinning corpses, was a hundred times worse than the struggle to get aboard. The poor women had no strength to move. Courage had gone. They were more helpless than little children. But there was no abandoning them now.

"'You must come,' I called out, 'or I shall stop with you till the end!'

"I could see just a faint glimmer of joy on their pallid faces as I motioned them to follow me. Minna Rippler, Mrs. Wennburg's maid, stepped back and allowed Miss Thiele to be fastened first in the rope cradle. I then called out to my nephews to haul on the guide-rope.

"Miss Thiele vanished in the blizzard, her body dipping and swaying in the foam. When half-way across, the half frozen, almost naked woman dangled, was caught in the rope, and had to be jerked hard. Her cries nearly broke my heart.

"After she had been put in the dinghy the cradle was hauled back. Mrs. Wennburg, of the Opera Company, the lady who had lost both husband and child, was next brought off. She could not have stood it much longer. Her maid was not so weak and helpless. I held her up, and she was able to rest on her feet. When we had hauled them all aboard, we rowed back to the *Wodan*, miraculously escaping being upset, and were cast on to the quay by a huge wave that caught the wreck itself and partially moved it.

"In fact, while I was groping about on the shattered deck I expected every wave to smash the hulk to pieces. The sight in the semi-darkness of the ghastly upturned faces of the twelve or fifteen dead persons strewn about was something I can never forget. I have been trying to sleep this morning, but that vision of the dead is always before me. We reached the *Wodan* after an hour's buffeting, and sailed into the harbour about half-past three."

"No more glorious page in the history of the Dutch nation," says the correspondent, "can be found than the example of tremendous devotion and courage of the heroic rescuers at the Hook of Holland, from Prince Henry of the Netherlands himself down to the humblest tug boy."

THE HEROISM OF RESCUE

FREDERICK BROKAW

A PART from the work of the lifeboat service in storm and tempest, and the saving of crews and passengers from wrecks, the number of persons rescued from drowning in English waters in a single year reaches a large figure ; and, alas ! the numbers that fail of saving succour form a sad statistic.

The opening of the summer season always brings us instances of both ; and the familiar story comes to us from seaside resorts and summer watering-places all over the world.

Perhaps the rescue of the drowning is one of the most frequent opportunities heroism meets with ; and it is certainly one of the most readily accepted. The heroes of this service probably outnumber those of any other class. Their names alone "in this our island story" would fill a book of heroes of themselves.

The records of America, with its enormous range of sea-coast, and its wide variety of climates, doubtless equal our own ; and one of these in this particular shall do duty for them all.

On a certain day in the year 1890, ten thousand

people gathered to see the deciding contest of the base-ball championship series played between the Universities of Princeton and Yale; and the hero of the hour was Frederick Brokaw. He had played against Yale before, and had "caught" for his side on many occasions; but this year, largely as a result of his play, his college was able to wrest the honours of victory from their long-time successful rivals. Those were perhaps the proudest moments of his life, when friends raised the young athlete on their shoulders and carried him triumphantly to the club-house.

Eleven days later, out among the treacherous waves of the Atlantic, off Elberon, New Jersey, a furlong from shore, he was striving, with all the strength and endurance developed by years of athletic training, to keep afloat a frantic, struggling girl.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, the eighth of June, 1890, that Annie Doyle, Maggie Birsch, and Julia Topia, maid-servants in a cottage near by, entered the surf at Elberon for their afternoon bath. The tide was low, and the girls, accustomed to the water, had no fear. Led by Annie Doyle, who was a good swimmer, the three ventured out farther than usual, and were soon sporting in the breakers nearly a hundred yards from shore.

Most dwellers by the sea have heard of the "sea-puss," a sort of whirlpool formed by waves converging from different directions. No locality is altogether free from these formations. A slight change in the temperature of the water at different points will cause currents which in

a few hours convert a safe bathing-place into one dangerous even to the strongest swimmer. A few hours more, and the same spot on the waters will be as smooth and undisturbed as a mill-pond.

It was into one of these treacherous "sea-pusses" that Annie Doyle swam. Almost before she realised it, she was turned and twisted in its eddies—now under, now above water. Maggie Birsch too, a few seconds later, found herself struggling for dear life. Julia Topia, less venturesome than the others, had not gone beyond her depth; and it was her shrieks, as she saw her companions rapidly borne seaward, that aroused the other bathers and the idle onlookers on the beach.

Fred Brokaw at the time was sitting on the bluff facing the ocean, in front of his father's house. He was chatting with an intimate friend and guest, Dr. Ferris, a young Philadelphian, when they were alarmed by Julia Topia's screams of terror. Only a glance was needed to show them the peril of the sinking girls. With all haste both were at the foot of the bluff, their coats torn off, and racing, as though their own lives depended on their efforts, towards a boat which lay up on the beach.

The oars were gone!

Another moment and the two companion spirits, with vigorous strokes, were breasting the waves. Brokaw, the stronger swimmer, made for Annie Doyle, who was farther out, while Dr. Ferris was soon shouting encouragement to Maggie Birsch.

In the meantime a servant had rushed into the

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Brokaw house, alarming Fred's father and mother, his brothers, and their guests, among whom were the sisters of some of Fred's college-mates. They reached the beach in time to see him grasp the drowning girl and look anxiously shoreward for the help which seemed so tardy in arriving.

A small boat, rowed by James Bradley, an Elberon fisherman, was soon on the way ; and the two heroes, now fast becoming exhausted, redoubled their efforts to keep afloat until the arrival of their rescuers. Ferris was successful, and, assisted by Bradley, he and Maggie Birsch were soon in the boat.

But, while the work of rescue was progressing, the current had turned the boat broadside on towards the waves. Neither of its occupants saw what the horrified spectators who lined the beach beheld—an immense white-capped wave, which rolled in and broke right over the frail little bark, tossing back into the water the rower and those whom he had just saved. Then Bradley proved his courage. With his help the others were enabled to reach and cling to the capsized boat until the surf-boat from the life-saving station, a quarter-mile away, picked them up.

And Fred Brokaw? The same great wave that had destroyed his only hope of safety had torn from his grasp his now unconscious burden. Utterly exhausted, his wet clothes bearing him down, he yet made another attempt to reach the woman for whose life he was losing his own. His last effort was vain, and Annie Doyle sank. Even relieved of her weight, Brokaw

could no longer support himself. And when the life-saving crew looked for him, he had disappeared.

They found his body five hours later not a dozen yards from where he went down. The fishermen and life-saving men were poor men, but they declared they would not touch a dollar of the thousand which his father offered for its recovery.

Frederick Brokaw was twenty-two years old. He would have graduated from Princeton the following year. When he entered college three years before, his reputation as an athlete had already preceded him, and he soon became catcher on the university nine. Besides the popularity which he secured as a successful athlete, he was liked by every one who knew him, for his kindly and unassuming manner. He was a very powerful fellow—almost a giant. More than six feet tall, straight and well-built, and weighing about one hundred and seventy pounds, he was an ideal athlete.

"Frederick Brokaw's name," says Walter C. Dohm, who has recorded these particulars, "should go down on the roll of heroes. Disregarding Nature's law of self-preservation, without stopping to calculate chances, he threw away his life as though he had not everything in this world to make it sweet and worth living. It has been truly said that Fred Brokaw graduated from youth to immortality; and that, in spite of his few years, his was a rounded, finished, perfect life."

Many of the fishermen round our coasts hold remarkable records of saving life at sea, and in the past not

a few have finally perished in the element they have so often cheated of its prey. François Texier, of Dunkirk, after saving no less than fifty lives at different times, was himself drowned during a storm in the year 1871. From 2,000 to 3,000 persons are drowned annually in the inland waters of England and Wales, and the total for the United Kingdom sometimes exceeds 4,000. The Royal Humane Society rewards upwards of five hundred persons every year for bravery in this connection. The National Lifeboat Institution claims to have contributed to the saving of some 50,000 lives since its establishment in the year 1824. Only the recording angel can tell the measure of heroism involved in these statistics.

JINKYSWOITMAYA

A SIMPLE HERO

A PROVERB has it that "one man's meat is another man's poison," and true enough it is that what one assimilates with pleasure another can only take with pain. The "water" was a terror to Jinks for reasons which will appear anon ; but he had resources of courage in other matters, which, for all they called him a coward, proved him a hero after all.

"It was in the spring of 1897," says Mr. C. H. Claudy, writing in *The Youth's Companion*, "while I was employed on botanical and geological work in Alaska, that I made the acquaintance of 'Jinkyswoitmaya,' whom we called 'Jinks' for short. He was the son of a Russian 'claim-jumper' and an Aleut Indian squaw, and he lived in the little village of Nutchek, Hinchinbrook Island, Prince William Sound.

"Jinks had had rather an unhappy life, for he was, in the estimation of his companions, a coward ; he had that innate fear of water, probably inherited from his white father, of which one finds occasional cases in the most aquatic tribes. Jinks could not be induced to enter a canoe for any purpose whatever, and on that account

he was the scorn of the island, for the Aleuts sport and hunt on the sea as if it were their natural element. But Jinks is no physical coward, and this is the story of how I found it out.

"I had been in the village just two days, when we had one of those terrific rain-storms that occasionally visit the Alaskan coast late in the spring. For three days and nights it rained in sheets. During my enforced idleness I made the acquaintance of Jinks, who could speak a little English, and speedily became fond of me, because I never snubbed him nor spoke his name with the obnoxious Aleutian adjective which means 'one who is afraid' at the end of it.

"Jinks was then about fifteen years old, but strong and wiry, and more than ordinarily bright for an Indian boy.

"It was on the third day of our acquaintance, I think, that Jinks told me of the wonderful view from a plateau of a mountain on the island. He said it could be reached by about five hours' climbing. That any Aleut should notice a view as worth seeing at all, let alone as worth climbing for, was surprising. This view, I thought, must be remarkable indeed, and so it happened that, when Jinks shyly proffered his services as guide, I made ready to go as soon as the rain should cease.

"After waiting a day for the streams to subside and the wet ground to dry, we started. We carried a knapsack of food, a canteen of cold tea, a rifle, a sheath-knife apiece, forty feet of three-eighths rope, a hatchet, and a binocular.

"Tramping for an hour steadily west, we came to the foot of Mount Kenia, a hill some four thousand feet high, half-way up which was the wondrous view. Then our difficulties began. The way lay through dense woods for awhile, the ground getting steeper and steeper.

"Now and then a stone would start from our feet and go bounding down the mountain, smashing into trees, rebounding, going on again, until finally stopped by a tangle of underbrush; or, escaping that, it would go on and on until only the echoes of its crashing descent told that it was still on its way. The heavy rain had made the ground easy to our feet, but occasionally the foothold would prove treacherous, and we would slip down on our faces. Several times we came to banks so steep and slippery it seemed as if we were stalled; but Jinks could climb like a monkey, and would crawl up ahead somehow, fasten the rope to a tree and let it down to me, that I might haul myself bodily up after him. We finally reached the end of our climb, at a point about twenty-five hundred feet above the sea-level.

"Here we turned to the right, on a natural road of rock, traversing a sort of miniature cañon.

"At the end of half an hour's walk we found ourselves at a standstill, brought up against a blank rock wall thirty feet in height. Nothing disconcerted, Jinks tied the rope about his waist, kicked off his disreputable foot-wear, and began to climb the wall. How he did it I don't know, for I found it difficult even with the help of the rope he let down to me.

"Once arrived on top, I soon forgot all my tribulations in the wonderful sight. We were on a narrow plateau, perhaps fifty feet wide—a rift in the mountain, which rose in sheer rock walls on each side of us at a distance of a quarter of a mile. A thin line of trees was ahead of me, and beyond them the ocean. Going through the trees, I found myself on the edge of a precipice, with the Pacific Ocean spread out before me.

"Directly in front the rock sloped away steeply for about forty feet, then took an abrupt dive downward, going sheer to the sea in a perpendicular line, about three thousand feet.

"The Alaskan gulf below looked like a huge panorama. Away off on the horizon I could see, with the aid of my glass, the white sails of a hull-down ship. On each side of me stretched away in limitless perspective the Alaskan continuation of the Rocky Mountains—snow-capped always. I will not attempt to describe the vast and desolate scene over which brooded such a silence, accentuated by the occasional single sad call of a gull.

"For perhaps the half of an hour we looked and said nothing. Jinks appeared quite satisfied with my first involuntary expression of delight at the picture, and I did not insult his perceptions by attempting to explain to him how fine I thought it.

"Then we lunched, and after that I walked a rod or two along the brink of the incline and sat down on a little knoll of grass-covered earth, letting my feet hang over on the rock slope below, and prepared to

enjoy the changing lights and shadows of the clouds on the sunlit sea, while Jinks, the Indian blood in him uppermost, went to sleep reclining against a tree directly behind me.

"Then it happened! As I was sitting there peacefully, my thoughts on anything but the recent rain-storm, the little knoll, its cohesive force loosened by the water it contained, gently detached itself from the rock and slid, with me on it, swiftly down the forty feet of rock slope toward the brink beyond.

"As I went down that terrible slide, my first thought was to jump to safety, my next to spread out and attempt to catch on some projection of rock, and my last a prayer for help. Jinks says I screamed and woke him, but I have no recollection of it. In three or four seconds I had arrived at the edge, convinced that another instant would see me hurtling through the air to the rocks three thousand feet below. On the very edge I stopped, caught on a small uprising bit of rock. I was flat on my back, my arms extended on either side of me and above my head. I was bent in the form of a bow; my body from my waist down was over the brink.

"I did not faint and I was not frightened, which sounds absurd, I know; but it is true. Scientists will tell you that in moments of great and sudden danger, the instinct of self-preservation overcomes mere fear. Be that as it may, I was cool, calm, and much alive to my very slim chance of escape. I could not move. I don't mean that I was held, or that I was paralysed,

but I knew that if I should try to move I must fall over the brink.

"My senses were abnormally keen. I heard the cry of a gull so clearly that I thought it very close, but just then the bird came into my range of vision and I saw it was a long distance away. Jinks's shouting from forty feet above seemed right at my ear—by straining my eyes upward I could see the top of his head—but as he was excited and talked Aleutian, I could not understand him. Turning my eyes the other way and looking toward where my feet should have been, I could see a little strip of sea, the horizon, and the sails of a ship. I remembered I had seen a ship before; I tried to think when, but could not. It bothered my sense of location to see only the sails of a ship when it was between me and the horizon, but then I reflected that its hull was in the zone I could not see.

"I did not think of ways to extricate myself, because in one mental flash I knew my only hope was in Jinks and the rope, and I knew he had left it tied to the tree where he had fastened it for me to climb over the rocky wall at the end of the cañon. A little bit of earth, loosened from above in some way, struck me gently in the face. What if a large amount should come down on me before Jinks could get back with the rope?

"'But it won't—I'm quite sure it won't—Jinks will be here in a minute now—and then—and then—I'll get out of this mess—the rope——' and then a horrible thought: 'Suppose the rope is not long enough to reach?'

"Hope is, in a way, the father of fear, and fear came to me now—with the nearness of relief. I was cold. I didn't tremble; I suppose I was too much afraid that if I did I must fall over the brink. But I was very much frightened by my thought that perhaps the rope would not be long enough to reach me.

"Although it seemed to me that I had been hanging a long time on the edge of the precipice, I realised that I thought so simply from the swiftness and number of my impressions. I tried really to calculate the time, and finally decided I had been there nearly twenty minutes; but that estimate was excessive.

"As the fright in a measure subsided, my body ached in protest against the strained position of the muscles; and then suddenly I forgot pain.

"I heard Jinks. 'Comin' now, misser; got rope, get up minute now——' finishing off with a long string of Aleutian, which, although incomprehensible, was very comforting. I could not see anything of him, except once in a while the top of his head. It occurred to me, however, that there was really nothing to prevent my turning my head on one side. This I did, very slowly and carefully; and at last, by dint of much straining of eyes, I was able to see Jinks away above me, and in a curiously inverted and distorted perspective, working madly to get the rope untangled.

"In a moment he had finished, and then I had the impatient pleasure of seeing the rope coming slowly down the rock face, twisting and turning, like a thin, long snake. It was curious to watch, because it was

all seen out of the corner of my eye—seen as one sees in a dream—shapeless, vague, and yet painfully real.

“Now I heard nothing, felt nothing, neither pain nor fright—saw nothing but this travesty of a snake coming slowly towards me. Slowly crawling, sliding, stopping and coming on down, catching on bits of rock and dropping again, it gradually came nearer. Of course it really came down in a few seconds—just as fast as Jinks could pay it out—but impatience and the abnormally acute state of my nerves made it seem a long time. And then it stopped—just six inches above my hand!

“My arms were stretched to their fullest extent, but the rope did not reach my hands. It did not seem to me to matter much; it must have been that I supposed Jinks had not finished paying out all the rope. Then, after a moment, the rope receded some four or five feet, underwent sundry gyrations, and Jinks disappeared from view. Then the rope descended again, this time with about a foot to spare.

“I held my breath, got a good firm grip with one hand, then with the other; and then, putting my weight on it slowly and timorously, afraid it might give in some way, I began to haul myself up. At last I got my feet on the rock, and the rest was easy. Turning on my face, I could help my arms in their task of hauling by sticking my toes into cracks and on projections, as I had seen Jinks do. Half-way up I had a terrible moment; the rope seemed to give

a little, and at the same time I heard a smothered cry from Jinks.

"Now I was but ten feet from the top—now eight—now six—four—three feet—another haul and I was almost there—one foot—safety! And then I understood why Jinks was not in sight. He lay at full length on his face, his arms locked round the tree he had used as a pillow earlier in the day, the rope knotted around one ankle. The rope had not been long enough, and Jinks had lengthened it with his own body!

"Any one who has ever attempted to remain suspended by the arms for more than a few seconds will have some faint idea of what poor Jinks must have suffered on that rack. I weigh one hundred and eighty pounds. The pain he endured without a murmur can be indicated by results. One of his arms was out of joint; that accounted for the sudden give in the rope and the smothered cry. The flesh on the ankle where the rope had been tied was cruelly crushed and bruised.

"Except for seeing him lying there suffering that I might live, I must have fainted away in reaction from the nervous strain. What I did do was perhaps as weak, but I trust excusable. I fell on my face beside Jinks, with one arm round his neck, and burst into sobs. In a moment he was sitting up, his dark face shining with joy, in spite of his pain, that he had saved 'misser' from death.

"I bound up his poor, crushed foot, pulled his arm

back into place, and with infinite difficulty helped him home. We arrived just before midnight. We were nursed back to health and strength, and so loud were my praises of Jinks, he soon became the hero of the town.

"To make this state of things permanent I resolved to take Jinks to Seattle on the steamer with me. When his companions found that he was really to go to the 'land where the guns are made,' and on a 'magic ship,' he was immediately raised in the estimation of his mates to the position a schoolboy would occupy if he owned a marble factory, or an 'athletic' store.

"But the best part of it all was that, through the aid of the missionary, I was enabled to make them all understand what a really brave fellow he was, and what an heroic thing he had done in risking his life and enduring pain that another might live.

"Jinks carries a wonderful watch now—he is sufficiently civilised to believe that it will not hurt him—and inside the cover is the inscription, 'From a grateful man to a brave one.'"

AFFAIRS OF HONOUR

BRAVERY AND HEROISM

BRAVERY is not always heroism, for it may and often does exist without moral courage; and the moral element is ever present in the heroic.

Mere bravery is often little more than a consciousness of superior advantage, in strength of body it may be, or in strength of mind; more often perhaps it is consciousness of superior skill. Your bully is often brave in this sense, and will, with this kind of courage and all the bravado which belongs to it, stand without a tremor before a hero whom he has injured, and who, realising the moral issue and his own disadvantage, still stands, but not without trepidation. The hero may not fear the physical consequences of his trial, though he may do this and still be a hero; but he always fears disgrace.

The brutal practice of duelling, which, whatever it may have meant in earlier days, was often in modern times no more than murder masquerading in the garb of chivalry, revealed many aspects of bravery and heroism. The military gambler, who, equally expert in the manipulation of a card or a sword, robbed his

victims until he was found out, and then made detection his plea for killing them, is a well-known character of history ; as also is the expert fencer, who, for mere vainglory or pleasure in the exercise of his own skill, never lost an opportunity of challenging a beardless boy or an inoffensive youth to mortal combat. Bravery of a sort these men may have had, though they adopted cowardly ways of displaying it ; but they were incapable of heroism.

The late Paul Bedford, in his *Recollections and Wanderings*, tells the story of two duels, in which the difference between mere bravery of the lower sort and true heroism is illustrated. We will give the story in his own words :

"At the period of my early London life at Drury Lane the green-room was elegantly furnished and decorated, and it was always considered a great privilege to be admitted as a visitor by all who had the good fortune to be so complimented. Among other accepted visitors there was a brave guardsman named Captain Grenow ; and the following incident will prove that he was honourably entitled to be called brave.

"At that time there existed in Paris a bouncing Frenchman who became the terror of society, he being the most expert pistol duellist in France, and it being his custom upon every frivolous or imagined insult to call his man out and shoot him to the death. Among the visitors in Paris at that time there was an English lady and her son, a fine specimen of British youth. The mother and son were invited to

an aristocratic *ensemble*, among whom was the duel fiend, who had been dancing with a Prussian beauty. At the conclusion of the quadrille the young man advanced and solicited the honour of the lady's hand as partner in the next dance. The bully objected, and an angry discussion took place, which resulted in a challenge being sent to and accepted by the young Englishman.

"On the morrow morning, and at the appointed place and hour, they appeared true to the minute. Arrangements concluded, they took their ground. It was the custom of this fire-king to take positions at twelve paces, advancing on each other and firing *ad libitum*. They approached a few steps. The Englishman fired, but unfortunately missed his man. The Frenchman did not return the fire at that point, but, walking up to his adversary and placing his hand upon his heart, said: 'No extra palpitation! You are a brave fellow, and deserve a better fate.' Saying this he withdrew his hand from the doomed one's breast, and, placing the muzzle of the pistol on the spot, fired, and instantly the young Englishman fell dead.

"On the news reaching London it was reported in the evening papers. The men of the regiment to which Captain Grenow belonged had just finished their dinner when an officer entered in dismay, and read the dreadful intelligence to those assembled at the table. Upon the instant the gallant captain rose from his seat, ordered his servant to pack up his

traps, and started for Paris, declaring that he would call the bully out and avenge the deed.

"Arrived at Paris the captain sought his opportunity. He met the Frenchman at an assembly, and in the dance took a position near him. Whether by design or accident the captain trod upon the foot of the fire-eater. Angry words ensued—no apology—challenge sent—meeting appointed—arrangements as before—twelve paces—then advance—fire at pleasure. The captain drew the Frenchman's fire, which for once missed its mark, and then, in response for the compliment, shot the murderer dead on the spot. The captain returned home, and, on making his accustomed visit to the green-room at Drury Lane, was saluted with salvos of '*Vivas!*' by the assembled company."

The intrepid courage shown by the young Englishman who fell in the first duel is paralleled in the story of Clive in India, and is celebrated in the well-known poem by Robert Browning.

Clive was a civilian in those days, chafing under the monotonies and restraints of what Charles Lamb calls "the dry drudgery at the desk's dead word;" and on one occasion, when playing cards with a military officer, detected his opponent in the act of forcing a certain card upon him. Clive saw the object, and called the officer a cheat to his face. Such a charge could not be passed over in silence, and the officer, who knew its truth, was loud in its denunciation, and threatened Clive with a bullet if he did not instantly

apologise. Clive would not retract the words—indeed he repeated them—and of course a duel was arranged.

The duel was fought in the room ; and, pistol in hand, the men faced each other at twelve paces. Clive, eager and excited, fired and missed, the ball passing an inch tall of the bully's head. At this the officer walked up to him and, placing the muzzle of his pistol to the forehead of the young civilian, demanded :

“ Did I cheat ? ”

To this question, with his brain within an inch of death, Clive answered, fearlessly eyeing his assailant : “ You cheated, and you know it,” and then waited the bullet's response. The officer's hand dropped. Twice he raised it to fire, twice he lowered it at the command of that pure undaunted look, and then, after a moment's hesitancy, rushed headlong from the room. The company were dumbfounded, but, on realising the situation, demanded the punishment of the cheat. But Clive, recognising that the officer had spared his life, when one movement of his finger might have destroyed all evidence against him, and in the eyes of many vindicated his honour, now became his champion, and, having made the cause of his enemy his own, the matter was allowed to drop.

At least Clive's opponent was a better man than the Frenchman who killed the noble English lad who showed an equal courage to feed a coxcomb's vanity. He was a cheat, but he was not a murderer, and it was more than probable he would never cheat again.

Clive's courage, of course, awoke enthusiasm, and some one offered him commonplace congratulations. How courage may be born of fear, and how such courage becomes heroic is shown in Clive's magnificent reply as paraphrased by Browning :

Suppose the man,
Checking his advance, his weapon still extended, not a span
Distant from my temple—curse him!—quietly he bade me,
“ There !
Keep your life, calumniator!—worthless life I freely spare:
Mine you freely would have taken—murdered me and my good
fame
Both at once—and all the better! Go, and thank your own
bad aim
Which permits me to forgive you!” What if, with such words
as these,
He had cast away his weapon? How should I have borne me,
please ?
Nay, I'll spare you pains and tell you. This, and only this,
remained—
Pick his weapon up and use it on myself. I so had gained
Sleep the earlier.

The frivolous circumstances which have led to these grave hazards are a standing astonishment to reasonable men.

Monsieur Colombey, in his history of duelling, tells an anecdote of a certain noted duellist of his time. One day this man was present at Desenne's shooting-gallery watching the pistol practice.

There was a man present who was shooting very well, and the proprietor of the gallery was threatened with the loss of all his glass balls and swinging targets.

Every shot was greeted by the spectators with exclamations of admiration. The noted duellist looked on for awhile, and finally, in a calm voice, made the remark :

"He could not do as well as that on the field."

The object of the slighting remark turned around, and in a loud and angry tone cried :

"Who are you 'o say that? Would you like to test the truth of your remark?"

"Willingly," replied the stranger, as he led the way out to a secluded place.

After taking up their respective positions, they drew lots, and it fell to the noted duellist to shoot last. He waited in silence for his adversary's shot. The man fired—and missed, whereupon the stranger lowered his pistol.

"What did I tell you?" he said, wit' a smile. Then, putting his pistol in his pocket, he walked away whistling a merry tune.

He certainly humiliated his opponent, but at what a serious risk! Surely it was out of all proportion to the triumph.

Of course, "duelling for the fun of the thing" was the sport of fools in the reckless days of the eighteenth century, and especially in Ireland. King Bagenal (as he was called), of Dunleckny, in the county of Carlow, which he at one time represented in the Irish Parliament, was, for all his protest to the contrary, apparently never more happy than when he was engaged in "an affair of honour," or witnessing the duels of others. He lived in great style, and kept open house. He delighted to

surround himself with a company of young men who would "hunt, and drink, and solve points of honour at twelve paces." He would dine with a brace of loaded pistols by his plate, and would use one of them to broach a cask of claret after dinner, and the other to ensure due devotion to its contents. "I hate your mere duellist," he said, "but experience of the world tells me that there are knotty points in life in which the only solution is the *saw-handle*. Occasions will arise when its use is absolutely indispensable to character. A man must show his proofs in this world; courage will never be taken upon trust." He fought a duel in his seventy-ninth year. Some pigs belonging to a gentleman lately settled in the neighbourhood had strayed into his garden and destroyed some flowers; whereupon King Bagenal docked their ears and tails, and sent them, evidences of his brutality, to the owner of the pigs, offering him, as far as practicable, similar treatment. A challenge naturally followed, and the duel was fought, Bagenal sitting in his own chair, when he seriously wounded his assailant. It is said "he ended the day with a glorious carouse, tapping the claret as usual by firing a bullet into the cask."

This sort of thing may have required bravery of a sort, but there was no honour in it, and it would be absurd to call it heroism.

Practical joking has been responsible for many duels, and fights innumerable of every kind. No one likes to be made to appear foolish; and earnest, serious people, who are commonly selected as victims, feeling deeply

the indignity they suffer, often resent unduly the ridicule to which they are exposed. While we sympathise strongly with the victims it is not always possible to help laughing with the perpetrators.

There is a story not generally known, because not included in any of his biographies, of a duel once fought by General Andrew Jackson, afterwards President of America, which was the result of an amusing practical joke.

Some years ago a granddaughter of Colonel Waitstill Avery told the story to a writer who contributed it to the pages of *The Youth's Companion* :

"Waitstill Avery was a Massachusetts man who went to North Carolina, carrying with him a letter of recommendation from no less a personage than Jonathan Edwards. He soon acquired reputation and influence, and in time became attorney-general of the state. It was his custom to take students of law into his family, who became tutors of his children.

"In 1784, when Andrew Jackson was but seventeen years old, and ambitious to become a lawyer, he applied for this situation. The tradition is that he was refused because a daughter of Avery took a dislike to his uncouth appearance.

"Young Jackson next applied to Spruce McCay, a lawyer in Salisbury, N.C., in whose office he was prepared for the bar, and he shortly made his appearance in the courts. When Jackson was twenty-one years of age, he and Avery met in the trial of a case at Jonesboro', Tenn.

"It was Jackson's habit to carry with him a copy of *Bacon's Abridgment*, and to make frequent appeals to it in his cases. This precious book was always carefully done up in coarse brown paper. The unwrapping of this much-prized volume before a court was a very solemn function as performed by Andrew Jackson.

"Now Avery had by this time dropped whatever of Puritan sedateness had commended him to Jonathan Edwards, and was uncommonly fond of a joke. He procured a piece of bacon just the size of the book, and while Jackson was addressing the court he slipped out the volume from its wrapping and substituted the bacon.

"At length Jackson had occasion to appeal to Bacon. It was an important case, and he would not trust to his memory. He would confound his opponent by reading from the book itself. While still talking, he reached the brown-paper package, carefully untied the string, unfolded the paper with the decorous gravity of a priest handling the holy things of the altar, and then, without looking at what he held in his hand, exclaimed triumphantly: 'We will now see what Bacon says!'

"The court, bar, jury, and spectators were convulsed with laughter before Jackson saw the trick that had been played on him. Of course he was furious. He snatched a pen, and on the blank leaf of a law-book wrote a peremptory challenge, which he delivered then and there. He asked for no apology—nothing but

blood would do. He commanded Avery to select a friend and arrange for a meeting at once.

"Avery made no answer to this peremptory demand, thinking his peppery antagonist would laugh rather than fight, as he grew cooler. But he did not know the young man. Jackson grew hotter instead of cooler. Next morning he sent this note :

"August 12, 1788.

"SIR,—

"When a man's feelings and character are injured, he ought to seek a speedy redress. You received a few lines from me yesterday, and undoubtedly you understand me. My character you have injured ; and further you have insulted me in the presence of the court and a large audience. I therefore call upon you as a gentleman to give me satisfaction for the same. And I further call upon you to give me an answer immediately without equivocation, and I hope you can do without dinner until the business is done; for it is consistent with the character of a gentleman when he injures another to make a speedy reparation. Therefore I hope you will not fail of meeting me this day.

"From your obedient servant,

"ANDREW JACKSON.

"P.S.—This evening after court adjourns.'

"Avery decided to accept this challenge, and so, in the dusk of the summer evening, the duel came off in a hollow north of Jonesboro', in the presence of the same that had laughed at Jackson's humiliation. Jackson fired quickly

and the ball flicked Avery's ear and scratched it slightly. Now was Avery's chance. He might have shot his adversary dead, and, if he had, what effect his one shot might have had on the future history of America can never be known. But he showed a chivalrous spirit and fired in the air, advanced and offered his hand, which was accepted."

With bullies a little courage goes a long way, and, but that the assumption of power often begets a reputation for it, and the reputation for it induces caution among modest men, many a bragging coward in times past would have been struck from his stilts long before he was. How many a noble life has been sacrificed to a false sense of honour and to an equally contemptible vanity because it was supposed that, if a man would not expose his life to unnecessary danger, he must be branded a coward !

SOME HEROES OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE

IN TIME OF WAR

NO change in the art of war seems to limit its opportunities of heroism ; and, though we are sometimes apt to think that the single combats of the ancient Greeks, or the later knights of chivalry, gave better opportunities for the display of individual courage as well as prowess, the greater precision of modern arms and the deadly aim of the modern bullet, which is no respecter of persons, and which kills its victim at a mile, fired by marksmen with whom it is impossible to come into close contact, together with the smokeless powder which gives no warning of approaching danger, seems to invest warfare with new and uncanny conditions, which require heroism no less real.

“Wooden walls” may give way to “ironclads,” but neither are of much use without brave hearts to work them ; and, though at all times a hero has ever been a host in himself, for one who in the olden times dared the wager of battle alone we now have to marshal our heroes in companies, and send them forth battalions strong.

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Among the novelties of modern warfare which often involve special danger, the signal service, whether by heliograph or electric wire, must be named.

Winston Churchill, M.P., instances as one of the bravest acts he ever witnessed one repeated daily by Prem Singh, a Sepoy attached to the Malakand Field Force, who regularly left the fort, which was ringed round by the enemy, amid a terrible fire at short range, and, coolly establishing his heliograph, flashed urgent messages to the main force ; and General A. W. Greeley, chief of the signal service of the United States Army, has many a good story to tell of the courage and heroism shown by the non-combatant members of his corps in the discharge of their difficult and dangerous duties during the recent Spanish-American war.

The importance of the telegraph service naturally secures for it the special attention of the enemy the while, without thought of danger, it is concentrating its energies upon technical mechanics. It would seem, therefore, that the devotion of the telegraphist is entitled to more credit than that so generously accorded to the belligerent, whose one business it is to defend himself and destroy his enemy.

The general makes no claims of superiority over the others of the general army for his men, but simply and proudly affirms that, while, as statistics show, exposed to far greater risks, they display equal courage and devotion with any other branch of the service. In one year, says the general, "the signal-corps, a non-combatant corps, lost twice as large a percentage of killed,

wounded, and captured as did the army as a whole." And during the Filipino campaigns, in one year no fewer than "seventy-nine signalmen were reported by name for gallantry or distinguished service."

General Greeley gives an instance which occurred during the operations of General Francis V. Green, at Manila, on the 5th of August, 1898: "The signal-corps had extended its flying telegraph line along the entire front of Green's brigade, and during a heavy fire its operators were busy handling important messages. Suddenly the current failed, evidently through the enemy's fire.

"At this juncture, Private Ernest Dozier volunteered to find and mend the break. Leaving the shelter of the trenches, Dozier braved the open, and, following the line under heavy fire, examined it foot by foot and inch by inch until he discovered the damage made by a Spanish bullet. Applying proper tests he found the line sound to either end, proving that the fracture in his hands was the only break; and, having ascertained this, he proceeded with the calmness of one conducting a laboratory experiment to splice the communication and restore the service. This done, he quietly retired to the rear and resumed his office as an operator. Dozier was rewarded for this act of bravery with a warrant as first-class sergeant, the highest grade open to enlisted men."

At Magalang a telegraph-office was opened in the middle of a road in the direct line of fire, and within easy range of the enemy, time not allowing of the

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selection of a more sheltered spot. In spite of the danger and the frequent proof of it, as men fell on either side, the operators handled orders and reports with apparent unconcern. Excitement will often betray nervousness which may easily be taken for fear; but in this case there was no evidence of this. The receiver at Angeles, the other end of the wire, says "the Morse came over the wire clear and strong, with no signs of nervousness." Two hundred men fell while the work was going on.

During a night attack made by the Filipinos at Angeles in October, 1899, the courage and endurance of the signal-service staff were severely tested. Attacks were made under cover of the darkness at several widely separated points, and so important was the service to the command at head-quarters that three separate offices were opened during the attacks, which lasted over two hours. Artificial light necessary for the copying of messages, though carefully screened, could not be altogether hidden, and wherever seen drew fire. At one office, after seeing several men fall and witnessing the deadly explosion of a shell, one operator sought shelter in the line of the army close by. In a few moments, however, he returned to his dangerous duty, and, though one after another nine men were shot down around him, endured to the end.

Sergeant David T. Flannery won official mention, and a great deal more, for excellent signalling under fire at Caloocan, and for repairing a telegraph line under fire at Paombon. The line was broken in October, 1899,

and six signalmen undertook to find the fracture and repair it, although it was known to be a task of exceptional danger. The break was found, and repairs were going forward, when a number of ambushed insurgents opened fire upon the party. One man was killed and another seriously wounded. Temporary cover was an absolute necessity, but Flannery wanted to help his wounded comrade, and afterwards returned to fetch the body of the dead man. Things were somewhat desperate, and the wounded, in sad need of tending, were without help. This could only be procured from Incus, and the wire was broken. Returning to the fracture he attempted to establish communication, which, lacking instruments, his comrades deemed impossible. But Flannery's resourcefulness stood him and others in good stead. Using the ends of the broken wire he got a message through, and the help came.

Brigadier-General Charles King, U.S.V., tells a graphic story of the signal service, which may well be quoted here. He says: "About the big stone church at East Paco, Manilla, there hangs a story not soon to be forgotten by the men of Anderson's division—a story of heroism and devotion to duty that may well be remembered by all. Crossing the Estero de Paco by a massive bridge of stone, the Calle Real—the main street—passed within a few rods of the windows and towers of the church. It was a broad thoroughfare, and on its northern side were strung the telegraph wires—two in number—of the signal corps of the army.

"Early that Sunday morning there came galloping

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along this hard-beaten road a wiry little Filipino pony, ridden by a slender young soldier in brown khaki uniform. From underneath the curling brim of his drab felt campaign hat, a pair of clear, dark-brown eyes peered eagerly and searchingly along the line of wire, and up and down every pole. Sometimes bending low in saddle, sometimes sitting erect, he was searching for any defect or damage, for ever since three o'clock Mauser and Remington bullets had come whizzing in from the front, shattering the glass of the lamp-posts, and striking the roadway with vicious spats.

"From the fact that the sentries at the bridge presented arms as the young rider spurred along, and that there was a single silver bar on each dark-blue shoulder-strap, it was evident that, despite his youth, the young rider was an officer, a first lieutenant; and the device on the collar told further that he was of the signal corps of the volunteer army. He was a handsome fellow, with regular features, dark, wavy brown hair, and a face bronzed by tropic suns, but radiant with the health and spirit of youth.

"Only a few minutes before, two men of the First Idaho had been shot almost in front of the building where the young signal-officer sprang from the saddle to make his report to the adjutant-general.

"'Lines all safe as yet, sir,' he said, his hand going up in salute; 'but the fire is pretty sharp along the road.'

"'You'll have hard work keeping your wires up to-day my lad,' said the commander thoughtfully; 'and I can't

help you very much, either. But all the same, I shall have to rely on you.'

"'You may, sir,' was the answer, and the old soldier and the young shook hands and parted.

"'Wire's cut!' said the operator abruptly to his young chief.

"In another moment the little lad in brown khaki was lashing his pony back along the corpse-strewn road to Paco. Through a lane of blazing nipa huts he tore his way, keenly scanning the new strong wire. Over the scarred Concordia Bridge, where the battle raged so hotly in the early morning, the plucky little racer bounded to the Manilla side, and so on down the Calle Real between the smouldering ruins of the native huts from which had come that treacherous fire in the rear which showed no respect even for the red cross.

"On past the more substantial homes of the better class of the Filipinos—on he went, until the sight of warning hands uplifted from the shelter of many a wall, the sound of warning shouts from many a brawny throat, compelled the officer to draw rein.

"Dense volumes of smoke and flame were pouring from the roof and windows of the great church and convent in Paco Square. 'And yet,' said the soldiers, huddling in the shelter of the nearest building, 'there's a gang of 'em in the stone tower the flames can't reach, and they are firing at every man who shows a head along the street.'

"Peering through the murky veil, the young officer

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could dimly see other crouching forms of blue-shirted soldiers firing upward at the tower windows—wasted shots that only flattened harmless on the archway above the hidden heads of the daring occupants, who poured through narrow slits a deadly fire on the roadway. Over at Battery Knoll Captain Dyer had trained one of his guns to bear on that lofty little fortress, and now and then a shell came screeching over the roofs, and burst with crash and crackle at the tower; and still any attempt on the part of officer or man to run the gauntlet along that road was met with the instant crack of a Mauser and the zip of a bullet. It was a lane of death—but duty beckoned on.

“‘For heaven’s sake, lieutenant, don’t try it!’ yelled a sergeant, as with blazing eyes and set lips the young signalman suddenly gave spur to his pony.

“The words fell unheeded, for in another minute, despite a vigorous balk and protest, the little beast was urged into a trot, and the brave lad, with his eyes on those precious wires, rode sturdily on.

“Another second and he was seen from the tower, barely two hundred yards away, and then down came the hissing bullets. Like angry wasps they buzzed past his ears, and the brave young heart beat hard and fast, but duty—duty always—led him on; and just a block away, under sharp fire every inch of it, he came suddenly upon a soldier of his corps crouching in the shelter of the stone wall at the roadside and pointing helplessly to where the severed wire hung,

limp and useless, from a tall pole close to the abutment of that perilous bridge.

"One way, and one way only, could it be repaired. Some one must climb that pole in the very face of those lurking rebels in the tower. If the smoke hung low it might spoil their aim. If it lifted—and it was lifting now—he could not hope to escape. Yet that wire must be restored, and duty bade him make the thrilling, hazardous effort.

"Springing from the saddle and crouching at the wall, he made his hurried preparations. From the nervous hand of his subordinate he took the clamps and the few tools necessary, stowed them in the pocket of his blouse, and then, with who knows what thought of home and mother, with who knows what murmured prayer upon his lips, with the eyes of admiring and applauding comrades gazing at him from the safe refuge of the walls, he sprang suddenly to the swaying pole, and, lithe and agile, climbed swiftly to the top.

"Madly now the Mausers cracked from the belfry. Fiercely the Springfields barked their answer as the cheering lads in blue sprang out into the open, and poured rapid volleys to keep down the rebel fire. Clamping the pole with his sinewy legs and using both hands deftly, quickly, he drew together and firmly fastened the severed ends.

"Then, just as he was about to slide to the ground and out of harm's way, zip! tore a bullet through the other wire, and down, dangling, it fell to the ground.

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"Inspired by the heroism of his young chief, the soldier below leaped for the wire, and, clambering part way up, passed it to the lad, who, with clenched teeth and firm-set lips, clung to his post at the top.

"Another minute of desperate peril, and the work was done.

"Cheered to the echo by the few soldiers—an officer and perhaps a dozen men—who saw the gallant deed, the brave lad slid unharmed to the shelter of the wall; and at last the wire hummed with life again, and bore to division head-quarters and to an eager nation thousands of miles across the sea the brief, stirring story of sweeping victory from the distant front.

"And that was the exploit that led not long after to the recommendation that the coveted medal of honour be awarded Lieutenant Charles E. Kilbourne, of the Volunteer Signal-Corps, on duty at Manilla."

MORAL COURAGE

THE HERO AND THE DESPERADO

THAT the moral element is necessary to elevate mere physical courage into heroism will hardly be disputed ; and whether heroism, after all, is anything more than a greater or lesser degree of moral courage may be open to doubt. But, by whatever name it may be known, it is impossible to withhold admiration from those who, in dealing with desperate characters, show a calm reliance on moral force, and an equally calm indifference to physical danger while pursuing the straightforward course of duty.

Conspicuous examples of this form of heroism were exhibited in the career of Captain Pilsbury, Governor of Weathersfield Prison. "His moral power over the guilty," says Harriet Martineau, "was so remarkable that prison breakers who could be confined nowhere else were sent to him to be charmed into staying their term out. One was a gigantic personage, the terror of the country, who had plunged deeper and deeper into crime for seventeen years. Captain Pilsbury told him when he came that he hoped he would not repeat the attempt to escape which he had made elsewhere. 'It

will be best,' said he, 'that you and I should treat each other as well as we can. I will make you as comfortable as I possibly can, and shall be anxious to be your friend; and I hope you will not get me into any difficulty on your account. There is a cell in this prison intended for solitary confinement, but we have never used it, and I should be sorry ever to have to turn the key upon anybody in it. You may range the place as freely as I do; if you will trust me I shall trust you.'

"The man was sulky, and for weeks showed only very gradual symptoms of softening under the operation of Captain Pilsbury's cheerful confidence. At length, information was given to the captain of the man's intention to attempt to break the prison. Captain Pilsbury called him and taxed him with the intention, and the man presented a sullen silence.

"Under these circumstances, Captain Pilsbury had no alternative but to place him under strong restraint, and he told him that it would now be necessary to confine him in the solitary cell. Ordering the man to follow him, and without attendants, the captain, who was a small and physically weak man, lantern in hand, led the way to the condemned cell. In the narrowest part of the passage he paused, turned round, and looked the prisoner in the face. 'Now,' said he, 'I ask you whether you have treated me as I have deserved? I have done everything I could think of to make you comfortable; I have trusted you, and you have never given me the least confidence in return, and have even

planned to get me into difficulty. Is this kind? And yet I cannot bear to lock you up. If I had the least sign that you cared for me——

"The man burst into tears.

"'Sir,' said he, 'I have been a very devil these seventeen years; but you treat me like a man.'

"'Come, let us go back,' said the captain.

"They returned and from that hour the prisoner conformed to the rules of the prison, cheerfully performed his allotted tasks, and without coercion fulfilled the term of his sentence."

The danger in this case arose from the desperate character of the prisoner, who at any moment could have killed the governor by the mere exercise of physical strength, and who, while alone with him in the narrow passage leading to the cell of solitary confinement, might easily have wreaked his vengeance upon him.

In another case, an equally desperate character had attempted escape, and had seriously injured his ankle in doing so. The man was brought in and laid upon his bed, where he preserved a sullen silence. The ankle was bandaged, but the man would answer no questions as to the pain he was suffering, or the bandage he was wearing, and so the attendants could get no guidance in his treatment. Happening in the night-time, prisoners and officers were all in bed, but the captain could not sleep. The attempt to escape distressed him. He took it as a reflection upon his treatment of the prisoner, and, with supersensitiveness,

blamed himself, or suspected himself of inattention to duty, as he conceived it. Feeling uneasy on the prisoner's account, the captain rose and paid a visit to his patient in his cell. The prisoner's face was turned to the wall, and the captain's lamp revealed the fact that, though his eyes were closed, his face bore unmistakable signs of acute suffering. The captain loosened and replaced the bandage, and, returning to his own room, fetched a pillow upon which to rest the wounded limb. All this was done in silence, the man neither speaking nor moving the whole time. Just as the captain was shutting the cell door, the prisoner started up and called him back.

"Stop, sir," he said ; "was it only to see after my ankle that you came?"

"Yes," said the captain, "I could not sleep for thinking of you."

"And you have never said a word of the way I have used you," responded the prisoner.

The captain explained that he did feel hurt at the prisoner's conduct, but that he did not think that a suitable time to refer to it. In this case the evil of the man was overcome with good ; in an agony of shame and grief he begged the captain to give him another opportunity of showing himself worthy of confidence—an opportunity freely given and borne without abuse.

But, while these illustrations are more examples of the power of moral force than moral courage, Captain Pilsbury's career furnishes perhaps the most remarkable

illustration of moral courage on record. It had been reported to him that a certain prisoner, presumably a barber, had threatened to murder him. He sent for the man to his private room, and, pointing to a razor, told the man that he wanted him to shave him. The prisoner's hand, says the record, trembled, but he went through the operation very well. When he had done the captain said :

"I have been told that you meant to murder me, but I thought I might trust you."

"God bless you, sir!" said the man ; "and so you may."

Such an example of moral courage it would be difficult to parallel.

Of moral courage in dealing with desperate characters there is a fine illustration in the conduct of the Rev. John Fletcher, of Madeley, as recounted by Paxton Hood, and quoted in *The Bravest Deed I Ever Saw* (Hutchinson).

"John Fletcher had a nephew who was an officer in the Sardinian service. He was a high-spirited young man of depraved tastes and profligate habits, as a result of which he found himself on one occasion in desperate straits.

"In these circumstances he called upon an uncle, General de Gons, and, having secured a private audience, presented a loaded pistol, and threatened the general that if he did not immediately give him a draft upon his banker for five hundred crowns he

would shoot him. The general was a brave man, but he realised the desperate character of his assailant and the danger of his position, and, requesting the removal of the weapon from his head lest it should accidentally explode, promised the demanded draft.

"The young officer, emboldened by his success, increased his demands, and extracted from his uncle the promise, on his honour as a gentleman and a soldier, to use no means to recover the draft or to bring the culprit to justice.

"Exulting in his ill-gotten gain, and with a bravado encouraged by his success, the desperado called the same evening upon his younger uncle, the Rev. John Fletcher, and upon gaining access to him told him of his visit to the general, and of the latter's unexpected generosity in presenting him with a draft for five hundred crowns.

"‘I shall have some difficulty,’ said Mr. Fletcher, ‘in believing the last part of your intelligence.’

"‘If you will not believe me,’ said the young man, ‘see this proof under his own hand,’ and with this he produced the draft.

"‘Let me see,’ said the reverend gentlemen, taking the paper and looking at it with astonishment; ‘it is indeed my brother's handwriting, and it astonishes me to see it, because he is not in affluent circumstances, and I know how much and how justly he disapproves of your conduct, and that you are the last of his family to whom he would make such a present.’

"With this the reverend gentleman folded the draft, and put it into his pocket, saying :

" 'It strikes me, young man, that you have possessed yourself of this note by some indirect method, and in honesty I cannot return it without my brother's knowledge and approbation.'

"The pistol was immediately produced to secure the return of the draft it had been so successful in gaining in the first instance ; but John Fletcher was a man of other mould than the general, and the young desperado found that there are other forces to be reckoned with besides violence on the one hand and fear on the other.

" 'My life,' said the man of peace, 'is secure in the protection of the Almighty Power who guards it ; nor will He suffer it to be the forfeit of my integrity and of your rashness.'

"The young man trembled alternately with fear and passion. He argued and entreated. Sometimes he withdrew the pistol, and, fixing his back against the door, stood as a sentinel to prevent all egress : and at other times he closed on his uncle, threatening him with instant death.

"Under these perilous and exciting circumstances Mr. Fletcher gave no alarm to the family, sought for no weapon, attempted neither escape nor manual opposition. He conversed with calmness, and at length, perceiving the young man was affected, addressed him in paternal language, until he was fairly disarmed and subdued.

"‘I cannot,’ he said, ‘return my brother’s draft; yet I feel for the distress in which you have so thoughtlessly involved yourself, and will endeavour to relieve it.’

"John Fletcher was as good as his word. The uncles of the young man joined together to relieve him of his pressing necessities, and the younger of them has bequeathed to posterity the story of singular honour and bravery."

SOME HEROES OF THE POSTAL SERVICE

OUT WEST

"THERE is a heroism of civic duty as thrilling and shining as that of the battle-field. Danger tries the soul ; it comes sometimes where least expected, and the higher qualities of human nature which it tests are not limited to any class or field."

So writes the Hon. Charles Emery Smith, late Postmaster-General of the United States, in introducing a number of instances of heroism shown in the postal service over which he presided to the readers of *The Youth's Companion*.

To do brave deeds as a matter of course and let them pass without comment is the common characteristic of the trustworthy in every sphere of life and duty ; and it is with more of pleasure than surprise that we hear or read examples of the splendid devotion to truth and duty which is for ever building up the imperishable monument of humanity.

"For the most part," says Mr. Smith, "the postal service is prosaic. It is as much a part of our every-day life as the air we breathe or the water we drink, and

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generally it has little more romance. And yet the postal service is not without its stirring chapters. It has its true heroes. It exemplifies the best and sturdiest qualities of fidelity and devotion ; its history is illuminated with noble exhibitions of courage, conscience, and character."

Postal Clerk N. J. Miller, of Iowa, had charge of the registered mail on certain trains between Chicago and Omaha. After an accident the searchers found him in an unconscious condition, with his head pillowed on a heap of live coals. Removed to a cool, sweet bed of grass at some distance, he regained consciousness only, in spite of his terrible injuries, to demand the missing mail. No assurances would quiet him, and the only medicine which could calm him was the restored trust. An operation helped him to recover strength to resume his service, in which he was promoted ; but, if he had not, he would have shown, as millions of others have done in the Old World's history, a sense of duty, the ruling passion strong in death.

Many other illustrations might be given of postal servants working amid the wrecks of burning trains till ready to drop from exhaustion and fatigue to save the mail and to keep the service unbroken.

"The winter service in Alaska," says Mr. Smith, "is full of hardships and danger. In the winter of 1899 two carriers started with the mail from Juneau on the route to Circle City. The trail was well-nigh impassable ; the men were often compelled to wade through icy water ; the exposure to the arctic severities of weather was hazardous in the extreme.

"When near Star City the two carriers suddenly found themselves on a great block of ice apparently surrounded by water. Hurrying forward, they met deep water, and then started back, but discovered to their dismay that the ice they were on was now completely separated from the pack, and that they were floating down with the swift current to what seemed certain death.

"Darkness came on. They lighted a lantern, shouted, and fired their guns. As they drifted by Star City another carrier, who had just reached that place and who was known as 'Windy Jim,' saw the imperiled men, and, with the postmaster, seized a small boat and went to the rescue.

"After a desperate struggle amid floating ice they succeeded ; but before effecting a landing they had drifted more than five miles below Star City. The report giving the story closes with these words :

"This is just one of the common, little, every-day incidents of the trail. If "Windy Jim" (otherwise Mr. J. W. Dodson) had not been at Star, the men and the mail would be at the bottom of the river now.'

"The report of T. H. Pridham, one of the chief clerks of the railway mail service, gives some idea of the difficulties and privations experienced by those engaged in the postal service in Alaska :

"On my arrival at Fort Cudahy from the trip up Forty-Mile River, I found the Yukon jammed and the huge cakes of ice piled mountain-high, apparently impassable to a dog-team and sled on account of its

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roughness. Several men attempted to go up or down, but were obliged to return because they fell through, some going in up to their necks. They said the water was *rather* cold. Finally, on November 4th and 5th, we had a couple of good cold nights, and I gave the signal to start early on the morning of the 6th. That day we made ten miles over the jam. Huge cakes of ice were piled up twenty and thirty feet high, and in some places driven two hundred feet up on the bank from the water-line. In some places we had to chop a passage through the high piles of ice; in others to lift the sleds over the rocks and boulders on the shore; and sled-runners stick to rocks like glue. That night we made our camp in the woods in about two feet of snow. Supper: bacon, hardtack, and tea. Our beds were spread under the broad canopy of heaven on a layer of spruce boughs, and we retired in "full dress" with fur caps, mittens, and moccasins on. Each took a dog to bed with him for warmth. During the night it snowed, and when I awoke next morning I found a thick layer of snow on my bedding.'

"It is not necessary, however, to go as far as Alaska to meet perils or find heroism," says Mr. Smith; "and they are not all associated with fire or flood. About two months ago, after the post-office at Emma, North Carolina, had been closed for the night, the assistant-postmaster, Samuel H. Alexander, who occupied an adjoining room, heard a knock at the door and asked what was wanted.

"Being told that a neighbour wanted his letters he

unbarred the door, when instantly two masked men entered, covered him with their revolvers, and warned him to keep quiet. At their command, thus enforced, he gave up his own revolver and opened the safe. One of the burglars, Ben Foster, stood guard over Alexander, while the other, Frank Johnson, took what money he could find.

"While Johnson, who had laid his revolver on the desk, was stooping to loot the safe, the noise of a cat at the other end of the room caused Foster to turn his head, whereupon, quick as a flash, Alexander seized Johnson's revolver from the desk and shot Foster. He tried to shoot Johnson also, but the revolver snapped and Johnson grasped him.

"A desperate struggle followed. Foster, though seriously wounded, pursued Alexander and shot him in the abdomen. Alexander, seeing Foster about to fire again, swung Johnson around so that the bullet struck Johnson's left shoulder, passed through his neck, and lodged in his right jaw. Alexander, badly cut and bruised, finally succeeded in overpowering the burglars, and managed to put them outside of the building, when he gave the Odd-Fellows' signal of distress, and fainted.

"The postmaster, hearing the signal, came to his relief, and found him lying weak and faint in a pool of blood. Meanwhile two accomplices, who were waiting outside, carried away the wounded burglars, but all four were subsequently arrested. Alexander, whose life was at first despaired of, fortunately recovered, and he received the well-deserved certificate of honour.

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"These conflicts with mail-thieves are not uncommon in America ; but lack of space forbids more than one or two specimen stories. The inspectors, who are the eyes and ears of the department, who unravel fraud and pursue depredators, are often engaged with desperate gangs.

"Some time ago a band of highwaymen attempted to hold up a passenger-train near Kelso Station, Indian Territory, but the engineer put on steam and, as the train flew past, the desperadoes fired a volley into the cab, killing the fireman. A week later the same gang made a similar attempt near Sedan, but the engineer again disregarded their signal.

"An inspector, supported by a posse, took up the trail. After weeks of pursuit the gang were surprised at midnight in one of their dens. The officers rushed upon the house, broke down the door, answered shot with shot ; and, when the fight was over, one of the robbers had been killed, another mortally wounded, and two others captured.

"On the Detroit River there is a service which is altogether unique. The commerce of the Great Lakes converges at that point. During the open season of eight months a steamer passes every three and a half minutes, day and night. The total tonnage exceeds that which enters the ports of New York and Liverpool in an entire year.

"The mail service for this vast fleet is without a parallel elsewhere. The Detroit River is made its great mail exchange. Owners, shippers, sailors' families, all in-

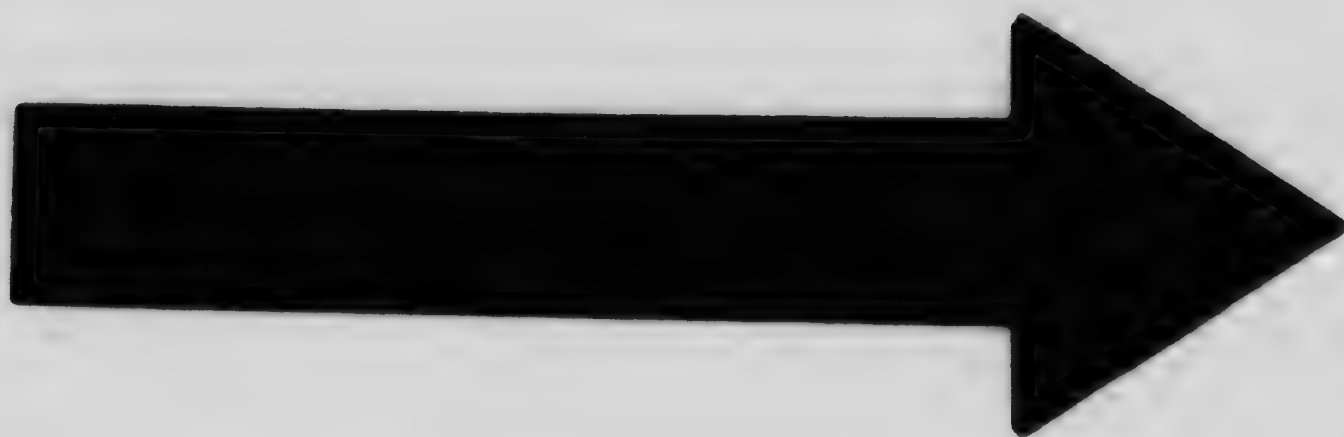
terested, know this and govern themselves accordingly. Every steamer is met, and its mail delivered and collected without its even slowing up.

"The carriers go out in little boats, and plant themselves directly in the line of the passing steamers ; and the mails to be delivered, properly marked and enclosed in watertight bags, are hauled on board, while the return mails are dropped, all without changing the course or reducing the speed. The brave and faithful men who render this dangerous service merit a place on the roll of honour."

The story of James Gaffney, as told by Mr. Karl Edwin Harriman, is an illustration of the heroism of this department of the postal service.

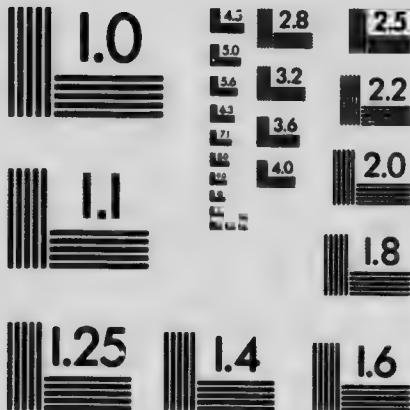
"Perhaps the story I have to tell is not really a story at all," says Mr. Harriman. "It is an incident in the career of James Gaffney, marine postman ; not an everyday incident, to be sure, but none the less true.

"In a little launch named the *Florence B.*, with no companion but old Thomas Scroggins, the engineer, Gaffney has for years past, from the opening of navigation until its close, bobbed out on the river through sleet and snow and rain, amid crunching, floating cakes of ice, to deliver the mail. Tourists on board the big passenger-steamers bound for the famous resorts of northern Michigan have often watched him, when, on the approach of a big freighter down- or up-stream, he has slipped off the launch into the little rowboat tender, and pulled sturdily into what seemed the direct course of the lofty ship.



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"Then they have seen him hook a bucket, containing the mail, to a line thrown him from the deck of the freighter. Two minutes later they have seen the row-boat drift back behind the vessel and attach itself to the launch, over the rail of which Gaffney would clamber, to await the coming of another boat.

"It is a pretty performance—that is, in the daylight and summer. But at night, or when the ice has just broken up, or the autumn rains are thick and heavy, his work is attended by many dangers. For instance, a line might part; or he might be run down by the very steamer he seeks to serve; or a cake of ice might break up his boat.

"But it was none of these accidents that befell him when he sought to deliver a letter on a memorable March day a few years ago.

"At ten o'clock on the morning of that day Thurber, the receiving clerk of the Detroit post-office, entered the postmaster's room with a long, yellow, unstamped envelope, which he tossed upon his chief's desk, remarking as he did so: 'There's a nice job for Gaffney, with the river full of floating sponge ice.'

"Postmaster Stevens took up the envelope and glanced at the address, which was this: 'Thomas Crowley, Esq., Assistant Postmaster-General, Str. *North Wave*, Detroit.'

"In place of a stamp in the upper right-hand corner, the envelope bore the clause defining the penalty for its use for other than official business. It was, however, neither the address nor the clause that interested

Postmaster Stevens, but rather the one word 'Sure,' heavily underscored, followed by three exclamation-points, that stared up at him from the lower left-hand corner of the yellow envelope. He regarded that word curiously for a moment, then glanced out of the window and up at the leaden sky.

"'It'll be a dirty job, and no mistake,' he said. 'Tell Gaffney I want to see him.'

"As Gaffney stood just within the swing of the door, he removed his round-crowned cap and fumbled it awkwardly.

"'Gaffney, look at this.' The postmaster held out the yellow envelope. The postman crossed to the desk, took it, and glanced indifferently at the address.

"'Well, sir?' he said, lifting his eyes and handing back the letter.

"'You've got to deliver it, Gaffney,' the postmaster replied, quietly. 'I'm sorry, but there isn't any way out of it that I can see. It appears that the *North Wave* is the first boat down. How Crowley happens to be on her I don't know, or care, for the matter of that. I wish he weren't, but he is, and this letter must be delivered, that's all. You notice it's marked "Sure"?' "

"'Yes, sir. When's she going to pass? Have you heard, sir?'

"'No. Here, telephone the marine reporter and find out.' The postmaster pushed the desk telephone toward the postman and listened attentively to the one-sided conversation that ensued between Gaffney and the marine office.

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" 'What do they say?' he asked, as Gaffney lowered the receiver.

" 'She left the Soo on the twenty-sixth, at noon. They say she ought to pass about five.'

" 'That's all right, then. How's the *Florence B.*?' "

" 'That's just it, sir,' Gaffney replied, a little frown gathering on his forehead. 'They said she'd be ready yesterday. We weren't expecting navigation would open before the first, and we didn't hurry 'em. Maybe she's ready, but I doubt it.'

" 'Well, what will you do if she isn't ready?' inquired the postmaster eagerly.

" 'Have to go out in a small boat,' was the reply.

" 'And the river full of ice!' the postmaster exclaimed.

" 'Oh, it ain't bad. I went down and had a look at it this mornin',' Gaffney said. 'The river above is free, and what ice there is, is passin' down fast. Probably pretty bad out in Lake Erie, but I guess a boat as big as the *North Wave* could get through. She wouldn't try it if she wasn't pretty certain of makin' Cleveland. Of course, there's the honour of bein' the first boat of the season, but she wouldn't take chances for that.'

" 'Well, you'd better get right up to the ship-yards and telephone Scroggins, and be all ready,' the postmaster suggested.

" 'Yes, sir,' and Gaffney withdrew as quietly as he had entered. It was shortly after half-past two that afternoon when he returned to his chief's office.

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THE MAIL SERVICE ON THE DETROIT RIVER

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"Well?' the latter inquired.

"I guess the *Florence B.* will stand it. They ain't through with her yet, but I guess she'll do. I saw Scroggins. He's ready. We can't take a rowboat. It wouldn't do no good, come to look it over. She'd only get jammed between a couple o' cakes, an' we couldn't no more move her than we could a house.'

"All right, Gaffney; just do your best, that's all,' the postmaster said. 'You don't have to be told that when the department sends out a letter to be delivered "Sure," it means it.'

"No, sir,' Gaffney replied, turning away.

"He'll do it!' Stevens muttered, bending over his desk.

"He did; and the extraordinary manner of the doing makes this story.

"When Gaffney left the post-office that afternoon, he slouched off down Wayne Street toward the dock. He had arranged with Scroggins to run the *Florence B.* downstream to Wayne Street. The plan, further, was to make for the middle of the river and wait.

"Snow was in the air, and the sky was leaden. Reaching the dock, Gaffney gazed off up the river. He made out the launch steaming slowly down and hugging the shore; then he shifted his gaze out to mid-stream and shivered. Broken, jagged cakes of ice bobbed, overlapped and splashed as they slid upon and off one another. It was rotten ice, dirty white in colour, and Gaffney knew it was as porous as a sponge, and almost as light.

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"The trim little *Florence B.* came alongside the wharf, and Gaffney jumped down upon her deck.

"'Is she making it all right, Tom?' was the first question he asked the grizzled old man who poked his head out of the window of his little engine-room.

"'To be sure!' was the reply. 'Easy as clear water, but I don't like it, all the same.'

"Gaffney laughed.

"'I suppose we'd better get right out in mid-stream and wait, and trust to Heaven she don't run us down,' the old man added.

"'I guess she won't run us down,' Gaffney replied; 'not us, Tom!'

"The other shook his head. 'Well, 'tain't just the job I like!' he grumbled.

"To the precise middle of the stream they made their way slowly, amid the myriad cakes of crunching, crumbling ice.

"Gaffney gazed off up the river to the lower point of bleak, grey Belle Isle. 'Little ahead!' he called. 'We ain't quite in the channel yet.' He waited a moment, then added: 'We can afford to get right in the way; she won't be comin' down fast, likely.'

"In the middle of the channel Scroggins turned the launch and steamed lazily up-stream.

"'Get a pretty good idea now what it would be like up to the North Pole!' Gaffney shouted.

"'Detroit's good enough for me!' Scroggins called back. At the point of the island he turned the launch and steamed slowly down, endeavouring merely to hold

the little craft steady in the current. As he made another turn, crunching through the breaking ice, the huge, black hulk of a broad-beamed freighter loomed up in the grey above.

"'Here she comes!' Gaffney cried. 'Get back up as near as you can to the ferry course.'

"'All right!' came the answering cry, and the launch forged ahead mightily. Scroggins held the boat steady in the course. Nearer and nearer came the high black boat.

"'She looks big!' he shouted.

"'I should say so!' Gaffney called back. And it was not an instant later that he realised something had happened to the launch. He cried with great excitement:

"'Tom! Tom! What's the matter? We're turnin' and driftin' down-stream!' As he spoke the old man's head again came out of the little window. His face was strangely pale. He gazed round a moment, then drew back. Gaffney heard an ominous crunch, followed by a report, sharp and snappy.

"'She's busted her steerin'-gear!' Scroggins cried.

"The huge freighter was not six rods away, up-stream, and her approach was steady. She gave no sign of lessening her speed.

"The engineer's face was at the window again. 'What are you doin'?' he screamed, for as he looked he saw his companion strip off his grey coat. There was no reply. 'Gaff! Gaff!' he shouted. 'What are you goin' to do?'

"The man replied with a keen note of determination

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in his harsh voice, as he folded a long yellow envelope and placed it between the sweat-band and lining of his hard cap : 'I'm goin' to deliver this letter !'

"And before the old engineer could rush on deck and hold him back, Gaffney had flung both legs over the low rail of the launch, and clung for an instant, half his body in the icy water. A broad cake of the dirty white ice was floating alongside, and just as Scroggins reached the rail and stooped to seize the postman's hands, Gaffney released his grip. He clutched the cake, and Scroggins saw the distance between the man in the water and the drifting *Florence B.* grow greater and greater each instant.

"'Gaff, you'll freeze !' he cried. There was no answer. He changed his cry to one of encouragement. 'Can you make mid-stream ?'

"'I can try,' was the half-smothered answer.

"Scroggins, forgetting his own position and the uselessness of the launch, gazed in wonder at the man in the water. Gaffney's head and shoulders were above water, and his cap was jammed low about his ears. Scroggins saw a big cake of ice bearing down upon him. 'Look out on your left !' he screamed. With a great confusion of water, the postman kicked his own cake clear of the other, and for the moment was safe.

"The freighter was now hardly two rods away. Gaffney seemed directly in its course. He was being carried down-stream by the current, but his own efforts made the cake go at an angle and bear him into the channel. Scroggins screamed. He saw that men on

Board the freighter had taken notice of the launch, and—yes, and of the man in the water. He saw several persons running along the deck of the big steamer to the bow. And then he heard that fine cry sung out across the ice, 'Watch the line!' and saw the rope whirl through the air and fall, weighted by the 'doughnut' life-preserver that it carried.

"The old man had expected to see the big cakes of ice that were thrust aside by the freighter in its passage tossed upon the one to which Gaffney clung. But, with fine presence of mind, the postman seemed to have anticipated this, and conducted himself accordingly.

"The launch was so far down-stream and toward the shore now that the old man, standing at the rail, could not see where the line had fallen, and because of the piled ice could not see his associate. But he knew he was out there somewhere, for the freighter had slackened speed. Then he heard a cry, and, turning, saw that a liffy little tug had put off from the nearest dock and was making for the launch. He realised that his own position had been observed, and that the drifting of the mail-boat had occasioned alarm.

"He turned again to the river. Of a sudden the pile of ice out there gave way, and he made out Gaffney, still in the water. He saw him lift one hand, and then, as he watched breathlessly, beheld him raise himself, as it were, over the cake to which he had clung. And then the old man fell involuntarily upon his knees in thankfulness, giving way beneath the strain, for he saw a strange, long, kicking thing pulled up the vertical

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side of the freighter and over the stern rail. And a moment later the tug bumped into the launch.

"What happened on the *North Wave* as that long, flapping thing fell over the rail is a matter of lake and river history.

"Almost frozen, Gaffney was carried down into the engine-room. Rough but willing hands, working under the direction of the big captain, had quickly stripped the soaking grey clothes from his body.

"Above him bent a tall, full-bearded man, whom he heard say, as he opened his eyes: 'What under the sun was the matter out there?'

"Gaffney's breath hissed as he drew it in, and he shook as with the ague. He felt many pains, but he was hot and sleepy. Then he opened his eyes. He looked up and started.

"'Crowley!' he muttered. 'Where's Crowley—assistant—post——' He got no further. He closed his eyes again.

"The bearded man was on his knees now. 'I'm Crowley,' he said. 'What is it?'

"The man lying there on the blanket spread upon the engine-room floor made an heroic effort to tear off the cap that till now no one had seemed to have noticed. The fingers of the hand he raised touched the visor; that was all. The arm fell back, a groan escaped his purple lips, and his mouth opened.

"Crowley snatched off the cap, saying as he did so: 'I guess it was too tight; it seemed to hurt him.'

"As he set it on the floor he happened to glance inside.

He saw a folded yellow envelope between the band and the lining, and removed it gingerly. He spread it out and saw it was addressed to himself. Hastily he tore open the envelope, and drew out the letter it enclosed. He ran his eye rapidly down the single sheet. He looked up into the eyes of the men about him, then down at the still figure on the floor.

"He was smiling, but mistily. 'Boys,' he said, with a little catch in his voice, 'he's lost his life delivering a letter to me.' He hesitated a moment, looking down, then added: 'Here's a sample of the men that do our work!'

"But Gaffney had not lost his life. As he is wont to say: 'The idea of me gettin' drowned in the river! Why, that wouldn't be any novelty!'

"They took him on to Cleveland. It was Scroggins who reported his achievement to the postmaster that evening, and it was the postmaster who gave the story to the morning papers later.

"As for Gaffney, they sent him back from the Ohio city that night, his life restored by the severe but kindly treatment they had given him; and he entered the postmaster's office early the next morning, sheepishly, to report for duty. And all the postmaster did was to go to him and take his hand and say: 'Gaffney, I knew you'd do it.' Whereat Gaffney grinned, looking more sheepish still."

"The late war of America with Spain," says Mr. Smith, "was distinguished by many signal cases of valour and sacrifice. But no heroism in all its shining records was

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greater than that of a modest and unassuming man who wore no shoulder-straps and bore no military title.

"Eben Brewer was a journalist of fine accomplishments and attractive personality. He had won a good name on the staff of a Philadelphia newspaper, and had afterwards been at the head of a journal in Erie. With Shafter's expedition to Santiago it was made necessary that the mail service should accompany the forces, and Brewer was selected as the first postal agent of the United States in Cuba.

"When the troops disembarked at Daiquiri he established an office there, and when the army advanced he loaded the mail-pouches on his horse and rode to the front to deliver the letters. As the fighting came on he rode along the line, helping the wounded and carrying them to the hospital.

"Working in disease-laden hospitals and in an affected office, he became an easy prey, and was swiftly carried off by yellow fever, giving his life for his country as distinctly as if he had fallen on the field of battle.

"In America the railway mail work is especially hazardous. In ten years seventy-nine clerks have been killed and seventeen hundred and eighty injured by accidents while they were at their post of duty. Surely there are heroes in the postal service, and they well deserve grateful commemoration."

A HERO OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

MAJOR ANDRÉ

DURING the Revolutionary War in America, Benedict Arnold, an American officer in charge of the fortress at West-Point, aggrieved at what he regarded as the ingratitude of his countrymen towards himself, and irritated at the strictures of his own Government passed upon him for financial irregularities, of which he was undoubtedly guilty, determined upon revenge.

With this view he addressed a letter to Colonel Robinson, an officer in His Majesty's service, announcing that he had abjured his revolutionary principles, and that he vehemently desired to regain the esteem of his Sovereign by some striking proof of repentance.

This letter soon led to an active correspondence between Arnold and Sir Henry Clinton, which was, of course, conducted with the greatest secrecy. Its chief object was to devise means of placing the fortress of West-Point in the hands of the English.

For the purpose of conducting the negotiations with

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greater security General Clinton employed one of his own aides-de-camp, a young man as distinguished for his amiable character as for his military talents, qualities which had won the affection of his brother officers, and secured for him the respect and esteem of his superiors in command.

After receiving the necessary instructions from General Clinton, Major André embarked on the *Vulture* sloop-of-war, which took him up the Hudson as far as Kingsferry, about twelve miles below West-Point. From Kingsferry, his communications with Arnold became frequent and comparatively easy ; but, before the necessary arrangements could be finally completed, a personal interview was deemed indispensable, and Major André was repeatedly urged by Arnold to land for that purpose.

Major André was too chivalrous an officer not to feel some repugnance at the idea of personal association with a traitor, and doubtless hesitated as to the propriety of penetrating the enemy's lines in disguise and under a false name. He was, however, anxious, as any other young officer would have been, to justify the confidence of his superiors, and at last agreed to land for the purpose of an interview. This was fixed to take place in the house of a reputed royalist whose name was Joshua Smith.

During the night of the 21st of September, Smith himself came on board the *Vulture*, in a boat rowed by his own domestics, for the purpose of carrying Major André to the place of rendezvous Arnold

was in waiting on the bank to receive them, and they proceeded together to the house of Smith, where Major André remained concealed during the whole of the following day.

At the conference which then took place, the whole of the plans for the occupation of West-Point were definitely arranged, and, on the approach of night, Major André prepared to return on board the *Vulture*; but, on his reaching the bank, he found that the ship had been obliged to move to some distance, in order to avoid the fire of a battery by which she had been threatened, and the servants of Smith refused to carry him any farther.

In this emergency, he resolved to hazard a journey by land to New York, and having procured a passport from Arnold under the name of James Anderson, as a person employed on the public service, he mounted a horse which was furnished by Smith, and proceeded on his journey. Under this disguise, and accompanied by Smith, he succeeded in passing the American lines and in reaching Crompond, where Smith, after giving him instructions as to his further progress, parted with him.

He had already approached the English lines near Ferrytown, when an American militiaman, who with two of his comrades had been patrolling between the two armies, suddenly rushed upon him from behind a thicket and seized his horse by the bridle.

When thus taken by surprise, Major André seems to have lost his wonted presence of mind, or I should

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rather say, says the writer of this record, that, being wholly unaccustomed to disingenuousness or disguise, he could not readily accommodate himself to the part he had undertaken to perform. In place of presenting the passport with which he had been furnished, he asked to which party the militiaman belonged. "To the party down below," was the ready answer of the American, who thus described in the manner of the period the English army then in possession of New York. To this Major André imprudently rejoined, "And I also." Scarcely had he let the fatal avowal escape him, when the arrival of the two other militiamen showed him the error he had committed, and the danger to which he had exposed himself. He tried to conciliate his captors by offering them his purse and gold watch, and promising them the protection of the English Government, and a permanent reward, if they would then allow him to pass. But this only more fully persuaded them of the value of the prize they had taken, and they immediately proceeded to a rigorous examination of the dress and person of their prisoner, in the hope of discovering some information as to his name and quality.

Concealed in his boots they found exact plans and descriptions of the fortifications and approaches of West-Point, with other writings, sufficient to confirm the suspicions he had himself imprudently excited, and to determine them to carry him to Lieutenant-Colonel Jamieson, at that time in the command of the advanced posts of the American army.

With the generous purpose of intimating to Arnold that he ought to prepare for his own safety, Major André requested that intelligence should be immediately sent to the commander at West-Point of the arrest of his officer Anderson, on his route to New York. On the receipt of this information, Arnold, as was to have been expected, immediately took flight, seeking shelter from General Clinton in the ranks of the British army.

As soon as Major André ascertained that Arnold was in safety, he readily acknowledged himself to be a British officer. On the return soon afterwards of General Washington to the American camp, a court-martial was assembled for the purpose of trying André as a spy. Of this court, General Green sat as president, and among the members were the Baron de Stenben and the Marquis de Lafayette. It was intimated to the prisoner by the members of the court before the commencement of the proceedings that he was at liberty, if so disposed, to decline giving any answer to the questions which should be put to him; but, with a much greater solicitude for the preservation of his honour than of his life, he frankly avowed the nature of the project in which he had been engaged and seemed to have no other care but that of exculpating those who had seconded his enterprise. His judges were deeply affected at the candour and courage he evinced throughout the trial, and on signing his condemnation they could not conceal the struggle between their personal feelings and what they con-

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ceived to be their duty. As for André himself he expected the fatal issue, and heard its announcement with resignation.

His last moments were worthy of his noble character. The following details are from the pen of Dr. Thatcher, an eye-witness of the event :

"2nd October, 1780—Major André no longer lives : I was present at his execution. It was a scene of the deepest interest. During his imprisonment and his trial he discovered much dignity of character. The smallest complaint was never heard from him and he appeared to feel very sensibly all the tokens which were given of an interest in his fate. He left a mother and two sisters in England, whom he loved affectionately ; he spoke of them with tenderness, and wrote to Sir Henry Clinton to recommend them to his personal care.

"The officer of the guard who constantly remained with the prisoner reported to us that when they came to him in the morning to announce to him the hour of his execution he did not discover the slightest emotion. His countenance, calm and collected, was strikingly contrasted with the sadness of those around him. Seeing his servant enter, bathed in tears, he desired him to withdraw, and not again to show himself but with the courage of a man. His breakfast was sent to him every morning from the table of General Washington. On that morning he received it as usual, and ate it with tranquillity. He then shaved and dressed himself, and, having placed his hat

on the table, he turned towards the officers of the guard, and said to them with an air of gaiety :

“‘Now, gentlemen, you see that I am ready to follow you.’

“When the fatal hour had arrived a strong detachment of troops was placed under arms, and an immense concourse of people was assembled. All our officers were present, with the exception of General Washington and his staff. Melancholy reigned throughout the ranks, and despair was on every countenance. Major André came from his prison to the place of punishment between two non-commissioned officers, who held him by the arms. The looks of the multitude were directed to him with interest. His countenance, full of dignity, announced his contempt of death ; and a slight smile would often arise, still more to embellish his fine countenance, when he saluted, which he did with politeness, all those whom he recognised in the crowd. He had expressed a desire to be shot, regarding that kind of death as more consistent with military habits and opinions, and to the last moment he believed that his wish was to be granted ; but when he arrived in front of the gibbet he made an involuntary movement, a step backward, and stopped for some instants.

“‘What is the matter?’ an officer said to him who was standing by.

“‘I am well prepared to die,’ was his answer, ‘but this method is odious to me.’

“While waiting at the foot of the gallows I observed

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a slight shudder on his countenance, and that he made an effort in his throat as if attempting to swallow, while he placed his foot on a large stone and threw his looks for a moment upwards; but soon perceiving that the preparations were completed he stepped lightly into the cart, and observed, as he proudly raised his head, 'that it would only be a momentary pang.'

"Drawing a white handkerchief from his pocket, he bandaged his eyes with a firmness and tranquillity which moved the multitude with admiration, and which made not merely his servant, but many of those around him, burst into tears. When the cord was attached to the gibbet he took off his hat, and passed the running knot over his head, adjusting it to his neck without the assistance of the executioner.

"He was in this situation when Colonel Scamaell approached and informed him that if he had anything to say he was permitted to speak. He then raised the handkerchief from his eyes, and said:

"I beg you not to forget that I submit myself to my fate like a man of courage.'

"The cart was then withdrawn, leaving him suspended, and he expired almost immediately. As he had said, he experienced only a momentary pang. He was dressed in his uniform, and was interred in it at the foot of the gallows, the place of his burial being hallowed by the tears of many of those who had witnessed the close of his career.

"Thus died Major André in the flower of his age."

Major André was a prisoner of war, and his exe-

cution was according to military morals justifiable; but he was a soldier, and entitled to a soldier's death. The use of the gallows inflicted upon his fine spirit an indignity which he did not deserve, and which was quite unworthy of his judges.

In the year 1818, when Mr. J. Buchannan was H.M. Consul at New York, circumstances transpired which suggested to him the desirability of seeking permission to remove the remains of the young soldier to his native land; and in April, 1821, he wrote the Duke of York with this view. The story is a long and thrillingly interesting one, and is told at length in Mr. Buchannan's own words in *With Fife and Drum* (Hutchinson). The object excited much sympathy among those who were capable of rising above party considerations; but there were those who sought to make money by attempting to purchase the field in which the body lay, and others who, through the medium of a low-class Press, endeavoured to inflame popular prejudice to oppose the movement on patriotic grounds. This appeal to the lower feelings of the ignorant and lawless was not made in vain; and, while arrangements for the exhumation of the remains were proceeding, a gentleman called on Mr. Buchannan and told him that their removal was likely to meet with a hostile demonstration, and that there was reason to believe that an attempt would be made to intercept the passage of the sarcophagus and throw it into the Hudson. This determined Mr. Buchannan to remove the remains a day

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earlier than was expected and to do so under cover of the night. In this he was successful, and in the result the remains of the young soldier, disinterred under circumstances of great difficulty, were carried by one of H.M. ships to England, where they were laid among the sacred dust of Westminster Abbey, near the monument which still perpetuates his memory.

SOME CHILD HEROES

BRAVE AND TRUE

THE child is the father of the man ; and few men who have given conspicuous proof of great qualities in mature life have failed to evidence their possession of them in early years.

That many precocious children have failed to fulfil the promise of their childhood is of course true, and that some have by sheer will-power and determination repaired the conscious deficiencies of early days, is equally certain. The failure to fulfil promise may often be due to the want of suitable and recurring opportunity. The heroic spirit may, and often does, exist for a long time, if not throughout life, without meeting with any striking opportunities for its display ; but, given the quality, should the hour come, the man will be found ready, be he a tiny man of six years or a bearded giant of sixty. Those who by self-discipline develop in themselves qualities consciously weak in childhood, at least show the will in the process ; and, though experience may never repeat the opportunities by which childhood failed to profit, justice will take the will for the deed.

That even little children are capable of great heroism is

proved by many incidents of unimpeachable testimony, nor is the heroism of the infant necessarily different either in character or degree from that of the adult. The story of the *Revenge*—as told by Sir Walter Raleigh—appeals with irresistible force to every one who honours the heroic in human nature ; but surely there was something akin to the splendid heroism of Sir Richard Grenville, which did not differ in quality if in degree, in the heart of gallant little Hale Robbins, when he fought the two white-headed eagles on the banks of the St. Croix River, in eastern Maine, in the August of 1899. Mr. Charles Adams told the story in the pages of *The Youth's Companion* at the time, and the following is the narrative :—

A FIGHT WITH EAGLES

"Master Hale Robbins has nearly recovered from the wounds received in his remarkable battle with two white-headed eagles, accounts of which were published at the time in several Maine newspapers. But it makes one's heart ache to see the scars on the little fellow—great, blue, livid scars that go to the bone ; eight on his face and scalp, eleven on his right arm and shoulder, six on the other arm, three down his back, and several others—over thirty in all ! This lad of ten is indeed 'a battle-scarred veteran !' Some of these scars he will carry to his grave—evidence of the pluck with which he fought the big birds of prey.

"But, thanks to the boy's courage, his little sister Lois, in whose defence he made the fight, has but one light

scar upon her cheek. The two or three red marks still visible on her hand and wrist, when contrasted with his wounds, show plainly how Hale took the aggressive and bore the brunt of the battle. The fight was fought to a finish. It was nearly an hour after the eagles first swooped down that a last lucky blow of the corn-cutter brought the big female to the ground.

"The assault was not wholly unprovoked, although the children were not to blame for it. By ill luck, the birds had just been disturbed by the fall of one of their young from the nest in the great elm-tree.

"The Robbins' live in a clearing on the St. Croix River, in eastern Maine. From their house to the district school the road is a long one for little six-year-old Lois Robbins, and for a mile and a half or more it traverses the forest. But up to the morning of the encounter the child had not missed a day of the summer term.

"Hale had been his sister's trusty guardian ever since she was large enough to toddle out of doors, and the child needed a protector there, for it is a rather wild sort of country, not wholly free from wild animals. The boy appears to have had no uncertain or wavering sense of his fraternal responsibility. Ever since he was seven years old he had undertaken 'never to come home without little sister.'

"That morning they set off for school just before eight o'clock. In addition to their dinner-pail and two books, they carried a light woven bushel basket and an old bush-hook, or corn-cutter, as they called it, because their

father sometimes used it for cutting rows of sweet corn in the garden. This tool consisted of about fifteen inches cut from the point of a worn-out hay scythe, so inserted in a rude wooden handle that blade and handle stood at right angles with each other.

"Grandma Robbins had asked Hale to stop on his way home from school at a swale near the run, and cut a quantity of thoroughwort and snakehead, two herbs much prized by the old woman, which were then in flower, fit for gathering. The basket and cutting-hook were for this purpose, but the children were told not to take them to the schoolhouse, but to leave them at 'Indian Jake's shanty,' just beyond the swale. The Indian is their nearest neighbour, but at the time he was away from home, guiding tourists at the lakes.

"The eagle's nest was an object of constant interest to Hale, who often stopped to watch the birds come and go from the elm-tree, which stands on a bluff overlooking the river.

"As the children came along that morning, little Lois espied one of the eagles flying heavily to the tree, bearing a fish in its talons, taken, perhaps, from some fish-hawk on the neighbouring lake.

"'Oh, look!' the child exclaimed, dropping the handle of the basket and pointing with her finger. 'There's the old eagle going to the nest, and it's got a great thing in its feet!'

"'It is going to feed the young ones,' said Hale. 'Now hark, and you'll hear 'em scream!'

"The eagle bore the fish to the big nest in the tree-

top, and immediately the peculiar whistling cries of the young were heard.

"'Oh, I hear 'em squeam!' cried little Lois. 'Don't they squeam high!'

"It was a large fish, and perhaps life was not wholly extinct in it; when torn by the young beaks and talons, it may have given a spasmodic flop. This was probably the reason that one of the small birds was dislodged from its place in the nest and fell. An instant later, it caught by its talons on a small, low limb of the tree, and hung there, swinging and screaming.

"'One of 'em has tumbled out!' cried Hale, and, boy-like, he ran forward, followed by little Lois, both much excited; for the young bird was not more than twenty feet from the ground.

"Unable to fly as yet, it clung to the limb with its feet, flopping clumsily. Meantime the parent eagle, after peering down from the nest, swooped past it, then rose. A smaller eagle too, the male bird, probably, appeared upon the scene, and sailed round the tree.

"The eaglet's screams excited the children greatly, and they approached nearer, to get a better view. Several times the parent bird swooped close beside the suspended eaglet, and rose as if to bear it aloft again; but the youngster clung obstinately and screamed continuously, while little Lois cried aloud, from sympathy or excitement. The noise seemed to rouse the ire of the old bird, and it swooped close to the heads of the children, snapping a wrathful yellow beak, and uttering short, hoarse screams.

"It came very close, flapping its great wings, and its savage eyes were so terrifying that Lois turned, crying, and ran back to where they set down the bushel basket; but Hale caught up a stone and flung it high at the bird, shouting: 'Keep off, old snapper-bill!'

"Immediately the eagle swooped again, so near that its talons clutched the straw hat on the boy's head, and one pinion brushed his face. Thereupon he seized a dry hemlock bough, and, facing the bird, which rose no more than thirty or forty feet in the air, struck at it as it swooped a third time. But the eagle descended with such force that Hale was knocked over; and this time one of the talons tore the bush from his hands, lacerating his right wrist.

"Screaming fiercely, the bird rose, carrying the dry bough in the air, while the boy, alarmed and hurt, ran back to where his little sister stood. The other eagle then swooped towards the children, but not close enough to strike with its claws.

"Lois was now crying loudly, and looking for some place to hide herself, but on the burnt land there was little cover.

"While the female eagle was hovering above them, still holding the dry bough, the lad remembered the corn-cutter which was in the bushel basket with the school books and the lunch basket. He flourished it defiantly, shouting: 'I'll cut your head off, old eagle!' and the morning sun may have cast a glint upward from the blade, for the female eagle, dropping the bough, swooped again, more savagely than before.

"This time one claw clutched the boy's head, tearing two deep scratches in his forehead, and pulling out a great deal of his hair. He was knocked down, and cried out from the pain, but struggled bravely to his feet and faced the fierce bird, which was now hovering almost directly over his head, screaming and snapping with its beak. The other bird also swooped again, as if seconding the attacks of its more formidable mate. The shrieks of the little girl only increased their exasperation.

"If the boy had wavered it would have probably proved fatal to one or both of the children. But Hale cried: 'Stop that crying! Go and put the bushel basket over your head!'

"Bareheaded and bleeding himself, he gallantly faced the hovering bird, and brandished the corn-cutter. Down it swooped upon him again; but the little fellow, learning from experience, dodged aside and struck as the eagle shot past. He hit it with the point of the blade, and felt the sudden joy of striking home for the first time.

"Enraged, the bird turned short in the air, screaming wildly, and dashed at him again. This time it fixed a talon in his back, knocked him off his feet, and dragged him till his clothing gave way. He fell hard upon some small loose stones, and for an instant lay prostrate—so frightening his little sister that she ran towards him, partly raising the basket from her head. One of the eagles swooped at the same moment, struck its claws into the basket, tearing it away and wounding the child's face.

"Her shriek of pain brought the dazed boy to his feet; but, before he could strike, the eagle swooped again with great force. One claw buried itself in his upraised arm, and again he was dragged violently from his feet. The eagle, holding fast, with an angry scream beat him hard with its wings, then sank its hooked beak in his cheek.

"Boy and bird fell, and rolled over on the ground; but the boy grasped the bird's neck, and with his wounded arm dealt such blows as he could, and tore out handfuls of feathers until the eagle, struggling free from his grasp, rose a few feet in the air. The relief was only for an instant, for the bird pounced down upon him again and yet again.

"The lad was thrown on his back, but kept on fighting, striking, and kicking upward with both feet. The eagle, clutching his foot with its talons, dragged him a number of yards, beating him terribly with its wings.

"It was while being thus dragged, his eyes nearly blinded with blood, that the boy, striking for dear life's sake with the corn-cutter, drove the point of it into the eagle under its wing. For a little while the wound appeared to be ineffective. The bird let go its hold and rose, but instantly pounced down again, tearing away great strips of his clothing, which it soon let drop to pounce on him again.

"The blood was pouring down Hale's face, and he could hardly see; but, whenever he discerned the shadow of the bird and felt the wind of its sweeps, he kicked upward and struck out with the bush-hook.

Cuts on the eagle's legs and head showed that these desperate random blows were effective. Again and again the eagle fell upon him. Had the male bird proved himself as fierce a fighter as his mate, neither of the children could have escaped.

"At length the eagle alighted on the ground near by. It was much hurt and could no longer keep in the air; but it still strutted unsteadily forward to renew the attack, screaming vindictively. Weak from loss of blood, Hale could with difficulty get to his feet; but he used the corn-cutter as often as the bird approached within reach. After this manner they fought for half an hour, when the eagle beat a retreat, itself hardly able to walk, much less to fly away. The other bird had flown back to the nest.

"Calling Lois to him and taking her hand, the lad now attempted to get up and go home with her, but found that he could not stand alone. Lois, who was not so badly hurt herself, was frightened at the terrible appearance of her brother, and at the strange way in which he kept falling down. She left him at length, and, running home, told her mother that the eagles had picked Hale's eyes out! Lois thought he was blind.

"Mrs. Robbins rushed to the place, and found Hale sitting very soberly upon a stone, a dreadful little object, not blind indeed, but very weak and hardly able to move on account of the stiffening of his limbs. His mother was obliged to carry him most of the way home.

"The doctor who was sent for, and saw the boy late the following evening, found it necessary, in dressing

his wounds, to take not less than thirty stitches. Mr. Robbins, the father, found the female eagle the next day, 'dumping' in a fir thicket near the river; it was too nearly dead to offer much resistance."

A FIGHT WITH PAIN

The story of the Huguenots is full of incidents in which great heroism was shown by victims of all ages from infancy upwards; and one authenticated instance gives us a hero of no more than five years of age.

The story, which is a tradition of an American family of French descent, shows the effect on a little child of good training in obedience and endurance; but it shows much more, for it shows that a child of five years who understands the necessity for endurance is capable of suffering in silence in a way and measure which the majority of adults would find impossible.

Daniel Bonnet was a weaver, who lived with his family in the village of Thorigne, in France.

Persecution was rife, and the good man, conscious that sooner or later he would be called upon to suffer for his faith, sought the opportunity worked and prayed for by so many of the reformed religion, to leave his native country for the free land of the West, and liberty to worship God according to the dictates of his own heart and conscience.

His wife was one with him in heart and soul; and the devout pair had educated their three children, even to the youngest, in the principles of the reformed faith, and had impressed upon them the necessity of holding

by what they believed to be right, and the duty, if needs be, of suffering and dying in the cause of truth.

Little by little their preparations were made, and day by day the family united in the economy of means, the perfecting of plans, praying that the crooked places might be made straight and the rough places plain.

The day came. Matters were brought to a crisis by the arrival in the village of armed missionaries, who had come to convert the Huguenots—not with the soft messages of the meek and lowly founder of the Christian faith, but with the violent arguments of sword and gun.

The Bonnets recognised that the opportunity for their escape was now or never; and, quietly commending themselves to the care of the Divine Father, they determined upon an attempt to reach the coast.

In order to escape notice and throw off suspicion, Bonnet and his wife, after many loving admonitions placed their three children in the panniers of a donkey and covered them over with vegetables, ostensibly to carry the produce of their garden to market. All things ready, they started—the poor weaver, carrying a basket of turnips, leading the way, and his good wife driving the donkey and following behind.

They had scarcely left the village, however, before they were encountered by a trooper, who eyed their little cavalcade with suspicion.

“Going to market?” he asked, with a meaning look. “Then I can try if your carrots are tender.” With these words he plunged his sword into one of the panniers, but hearing no sound he wheeled his horse

round and, shouting: "Wherever you go, *bon voyage mes amis!*" he galloped away.

The agony of the poor weaver and his wife may perhaps be imagined; it cannot be described. They dared not examine the pannier until they were well beyond observation; and they had to trudge on, fearing the worst, if hoping the best, and dreading even to test the truth by putting an end to doubt.

At last the opportunity came, and, removing the vegetables which covered the pannier, they discovered that their little boy, a child of five years of age, had been stabbed through the thigh. The little fellow looked up into their anxious faces and said: "But I did not speak, mother!" and then swooned away.

The Bonnets made good their escape over the wide Atlantic, and the blood of this little hero still runs in the veins of American men and women.

The quality of endurance which enters so largely into the composition of the hero, and which is evidenced in the foregoing instances of infant heroism, seems to be quite independent of age and circumstance. If a child of five years can stand a sword-thrust through its thigh while cooped up within the dark and narrow limits of a pannier-basket, and with but a confused idea of what is happening outside—and that without a cry—who shall measure the possibilities of endurance of any age under any circumstances?

THE HERO OF CHIVALRY

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD

"Without Fear and Without Reproach."

WHEN modesty is found in the seat of honour, and self-abnegation occupies the throne of fame, we have not far to look for those qualities of sincerity, integrity, courtesy, courage, and devotion which go to the making of the ideal hero. The Chevalier Bayard, known in history as "*Le Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*," and commonly regarded as the supreme flower of chivalry, possessed qualities which would have glorified the proudest throne of his time, but he lacked the sordid ambitions of the more aggressive ; and, content with posts of larger usefulness and greater danger, left those of mere honour and advantage to less honourable men. As a result, in life he was subordinate to many a contemporary, but history has placed him above them all.

Pierre du Terrail was born at the Château Bayard, near the Grande Chartreuse, in the province of Dauphiné, France, in the year 1476. His family was known to fame for generations before he added glory to their

annals and lustre to their arms. When the moon rose upon the stricken field of Poitiers in 1355, the still face of his great-grandfather met its silent kiss without response ; and when the sun looked back upon the devastation of Agincourt in 1415, the closed eyes of his grandfather failed to reflect its light. His father, Aymond du Terrail, was in every way worthy of his illustrious line. He was of noble stature and great strength, and, like the others of his lineage, he testified his loyalty with his blood.

The scion of this noble house came into the world with every prejudice in favour of a great career. His father gave him force of character and power of will, and trained his body in all manly exercises. His mother added the gentle and refining tastes which proved in him that modesty and courtesy can exalt skill and prowess, and add the grace of beauty to the solidarity of strength.

At the age of thirteen years, having become skilled in horsemanship, he was devoted to the profession of arms, and was sent as a page to the court of the Duke of Savoy to learn the arts and manners of chivalry.

At the duke's court he met among those attendant upon the duchess a lady of noble family, whose youth and beauty attracted his attention and inspired his love. It did more than this. It fired his hopes, and stimulated his ambition. To win his spurs, and gain his knighthood, and to wear her colours in the tournament and in the field, were desires which animated

his devotion to the craft of which he was one day to become the head. The young page became in time perhaps all that he ever hoped to be in knightly fame and honour, but the lady was not for him.

Shortly after Bayard's introduction to the court of Savoy the duke went to Lyons to attend the king, and Bayard, travelling in his retinue, saw glimpses of a wider world. Here his gentleness of manners and gallantry of conduct attracted notice even among so many of noble form and knightly deed; and the Count de Ligni, a lord-in-waiting to the king, called his royal master's attention to the young page, who, to his own great advantage, was forthwith transferred to the service of Charles VIII.

On the return of the king to Paris, Bayard accompanied the court, attached to the household of Count Ligni, who from that time forward watched his growth and development with great interest and hope. On his reaching sixteen years of age the count sent him to Picardy for a time, to study under the famous Louis d'Ars the duties of a man-at-arms. The charm of his personality, which ever in after years disarmed enmity and inspired friendship, seems to have been with him from the first, for, on leaving the court after a brief sojourn of some two years, he was followed by the love and good wishes of all.

At the age of sixteen years the young soldier thus took the most important step of his early life, for so he passed from the nursery to the school of arms, from the sphere of court gaiety to that of field

service, from the limited playground of the boy to the world-wide arena of the man. Nor was he long amid his new surroundings before he gave evidence of the possession of those more masculine qualities for which he became so famous in after life. This he did by organising a tournament among his new comrades in arms.

Bayard's first essay was a tilt with a young squire named Aymond de Salvaing, who proved so nearly equal that, on the first encounter, lance for lance were broken in the fray. On the second charge, however, the prowess of young Pierre du Terrail (to call him by his family name) enabled him to unhorse his adversary, and so secure the prize. The following day brought him another opportunity, and with it a new success, and in the end he was declared victor of the tournament.

It was here, at the very outset of his career, that he showed those qualities which differentiated him from the best men of his own day, and which have distinguished him for all time as an ideal knight after whom great and good men of later generations have been proud to be named. These were a rarely generous appreciation of the merits of others, coupled with a modest self-abnegation even less often equalled. The two prizes he won in his first tournament he awarded to Bellarbre, a comrade who had accompanied him from Paris to Picardy, and to a young Scotchman in the French service, named David Fougas. This modest generosity, which made his life one continuous illus-

tration of "brotherly love, in honour preferring one another," doubtless prevented him from attaining to those higher offices he was so well qualified to fill; but, if his chaste and gentle spirit barred him from contemporary honours, it at least endeared him to contemporary affection, and certainly made his memory more fragrant for the generations following.

For two years Bayard remained at Picardy perfecting himself in the arts and duties of his profession, hoping in all and through all that ere long he might, through the kindly offices of his friend Count Ligni, have the opportunity of realising his great ambition and winning the golden spurs. Circumstances favoured his hopes, and time fulfilled his desire.

Charles VIII. of France was a man of small powers and somewhat larger ambitions. He had little ability to sustain the rôle of a wise ruler or a great conqueror, even if he had vanity enough to imagine himself a Solomon or an Alexander. Be this as it may, he formed designs upon Italy, and these afforded no small share of opportunity to our hero.

Early in the year 1404 the French forces, in obedience to a royal command, assembled at the foot of the Alps. Bayard, who had joined the army at Lyons, was soon among the most eager and expectant of those waiting on the tiptoe of excitement the arrival of the king, who still lingered among the pleasures and luxuries of the city.

The gallant knights of chivalry were never left long in their own company, and without serious occupation,

before they turned to the mimic warfare of the tournament to beguile their idleness, until the more exacting obligations of the field demanded their attention ; and it was quite in the natural order of things that a famous knight of his time should issue a challenge to all comers to meet him in the lists. Nor can it be regarded as at all unnatural that young Bayard, who had been waiting opportunity so long, should desire to engage the doughty champion, if not in expectation of defeating him, at least in the hope of profiting by the experience.

Apprised of the desire of his young protégé, Count Ligni, who had watched his career with great interest and pride, determined to give him the opportunity he sought. To do this he had first to admit him to the order of Knighthood, and this he effected by appointing him to his own company of horse as a man-at-arms, and giving him the title of Chevalier. He was now qualified to enter the lists, and his opportunity was within his reach.

The day of the tournament dawned, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." The king and queen were there to grace the glad occasion. The galleries were filled with the fairest beauty and the proudest fashion of the time. The scene was "glorious as an army with banners," and the air rang with the generous plaudits

Of courtly knights and ladies gay,
And banner'd hosts of chivalry.

The challenge was given, and the several knights

who dared the dire ordeal rode up and touched the shield of the champion with the points of their lances, to signify their willingness to try a fall with him. The Chevalier Bayard was among them, and a lull in the babel of merry voices showed the eager expectation of the waiting crowd as, clad in full armour, he rode up to take his place in the lists. His ease of bearing engendered confidence and hope, his grace of manner awakened sympathy and love. The trumpet sounded, and the young knight couched his lance and charged.

It was not an equal contest, and none knew it better than the veteran Vaudray, who, looking with the admiring eyes of an old warrior upon the gallant courage of his youthful antagonist, was not disposed to deal severely with him. It is even said that he allowed Bayard a slight advantage, which won for the young knight the plaudits of the gay company as, with visor raised, he rode the ring after the encounter, and even louder cheers when he received a high prize from the Queen of Beauty who disposed the honours of the day.

But more serious work was at hand. The order was given to advance, and the French army crossed the Alps and made for Florence, where the gates were thrown open for their reception. The action of the Florentines was determined by a wise diplomacy. Had they resisted the French arms they would have been subjected to all the terrors of a siege, and would have probably been conquered and plundered in the end. But, admitting them, there was no pretext for bloodshed; and when in conference the king found the Florentines

as determined as himself, he decided to proceed to Rome.

At Rome, Pope Alexander VI. did not wait the arrival of his royal visitor, but, seeking refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo, left Rome to take care of itself. Here again the French king entered a city without striking a blow, and, once in possession, proceeded to dictate terms to the Pontiff. Effecting a treaty, Charles VIII. left Rome, carrying with him the Pope's son, the infamous Cæsar Borgia, as a hostage for its fulfilment.

Naples was the next rendezvous, and here the king won another bloodless victory. The first opposition he met with was at Fornova, in Lombardy, where he came into conflict with the Venetians; and here Bayard, who was now nineteen years of age, distinguished himself with great gallantry, defeating and capturing the banner of a company of fifty men-at-arms. The severity of this engagement may be judged from the fact that the young chevalier had two horses killed under him before he succeeded in carrying his trophy from the field. After the battle of Fornova the army returned to France, having been absent a little over a year.

The death of Charles, on the 7th of April, 1498, from a stroke of apoplexy, following upon a violent blow received on coming into contact with a door in a dark gallery through which he was passing to witness a game of tennis on the castle lawn, made way for the Duke of Orleans, who became King of France as Louis XII.

Bayard was at this time paying a visit to his old friend and patron, the Duke of Savoy, when it became known that the Duke of Milan had thought the time opportune for trying to rid himself of the presence of the French soldiers then occupying his town. Count Ligni was at the head of the French troops in Milan, and Bayard's place was at his side. Hastening to join his old commander, the young chevalier found himself in the face of a general insurrection, which compelled the French to evacuate; and made the duke for a time master of his own.

A desultory warfare, which took the form of surprise forays, sorties, and unexpected attacks made without much premeditation, and by comparatively small bodies of men, followed; and in this kind of service, requiring cool courage associated with dash and daring, our hero distinguished himself with great success.

His first exploit placed him in some danger, from which he had hardly escaped but for the generosity of the duke himself. It became known to the French that a party of the duke's men were stationed at a village not far from the camp, and it was determined to pay them a surprise visit. Fifty gentlemen of France were soon armed and mounted, and before daybreak they were on the way. The duke's party had, however, anticipated the visit, and, being forewarned, had forearmed, and so were able to give their visitors a suitable welcome. A determined fight ensued, and in the end the Milanese retired upon the town, hotly pursued by the French. Carried away by

the intoxication of success, Bayard forgot for once the discretion which is the better part of valour, and, outstripping his comrades, rashly followed his enemies into the city, where he was quickly overpowered and secured.

Bayard, in due course, was brought before the Duke of Milan, who could not but admire the courage and audacity which he had shown in daring so much; and who, impressed, as all were who came into contact with the chevalier, by the charm of his personal manners, ordered his release without ransom. This generous treatment, which would have been quite characteristic of Bayard had the circumstances been reversed, drew from the astonished chevalier the declaration that if time should give him the opportunity of serving the duke without dis-service to his king, his honour as a knight should be his pledge of loyalty as a friend. The duke then ordered his sword and charger to be restored to him, and furnished him with a guide to conduct him back to camp. Bayard found his own comrades more surprised than were the party of the Duke of Milan which they had dispersed; they were silently mourning his loss, and actively planning his ransom.

It is sad to have to record the fact that the chivalry of the Duke of Milan was but ill repaid when the fortunes of war placed him at the mercy of the King of France. In April, 1500, he was compelled to surrender at Novarro, and, when attempting to escape in the disguise of a monk, was betrayed by a de-

pendent. He was carried prisoner to France, and was kept for ten years in an iron cage but a few feet long, at the Castle of Loches ; and, when liberated, died from the sudden revulsion of his feelings on finding himself free. So much did the spirit of chivalry depend upon the character of the knight who had to determine its practical application. Bayard is said to have been quite powerless to prevent this cruelty.

Milan recovered by the French, Bayard proceeded to Voghiera under Count Ligni, to suppress a similar revolt against the French occupation. The natives who had found themselves unequal to the task of throwing off the French yoke, were expecting the relentless cruelty which conquerors were apt to inflict in those times, and, hearing of the approach of the count, started out barcheaded, and bearing costly gifts of plate, a long and sorrowful procession of men and women, to meet and propitiate him.

The scene must have been affecting in the extreme. These poor people, who had done no more harm to their enemies than was involved in remaining loyal to themselves, now threw themselves upon their knees before the French forces, proffering their gifts by way of ransom, and begging the count for mercy.

Count Ligni was inexorable. He had promised them fire and sword, and he now ordered them to be put to death. At this crisis Louis d'Ars, a bright ornament of the chivalry of his time, stepped from the ranks of the French army, and, kneeling in front of the prostrate people, in earnest tones begged the count to spare

them "for the sake of God and His Son Jesus Christ."

The count was almost moved to tears, and after a moment's hesitancy, betwixt what he must have regarded as love and duty, dismissed the people, saying as he did so, "I pardon you for the sake of this gallant soldier, who deserves from me more than I can ever bestow." This done, he bade Bayard accept the silver the townspeople had brought for ransom, declaring that he could not take it himself. Bayard, with great chivalry, refused it also, protesting almost to the point of disobedience, but finally, taking it, he distributed it, piece by piece, to his followers.

After this, Louis XII., desiring once more the conquest of Naples, entered into a compact with the King of Spain to effect a partition of southern Italy between them; and, Count Ligni falling ill, Bayard bade him affectionate farewell, and went forward under Louis d'Ars.

The King of Naples was quite unable to withstand the joint attack of France and Spain, and so agreed to evacuate his kingdom.

Then followed quarrels between the victors; and the French and Spaniards, having no common enemy to fight, began to fight each other. One of these conflicts took place between a party under Bayard and a force led by Soto Mayor, a distinguished Spaniard. The French charged with their customary dash, but were received without flinching, and an obstinate fight continued for some time, without much advantage accruing to

either side. At length Bayard, watching his opportunity, withdrew half a dozen men, and, making a detour, attacked the Spaniards in the rear. This daring manœuvre, nearly always successful in creating confusion and panic, completely demoralised the defence, and the Spaniards fled the field. Soto Mayor was closely followed by Bayard, who arrested his flight by a challenge to single combat. A hard-fought duel resulted in the breaking of the Spaniard's sword ; whereupon he was taken prisoner. Released upon parole, he made an attempt to escape, but was followed and recaptured. Ultimately ransomed, his free criticism of his treatment while a prisoner led to another challenge, which, being accepted, resulted in another desperate fight, in which Soto Mayor was severely wounded.

The Pope, shortly after this, desiring to circumvent the French, and not being able to defeat them openly, sent a messenger named Guerlo to try to induce the Duke of Ferrara to detach himself from the French cause. The duke entertained the messenger well, but informed Bayard of the mission. Bayard, who had the most exaggerated ideas of loyalty, was indignant, and demanded the immediate dismissal of the embassy. The duke, however, correctly estimating the character of the man, thought him sufficiently unscrupulous to be useful to him, and, having conceived the idea of turning the tables on the Pontiff by bribing his representative to poison him, found Guerlo quite willing to undertake the commission on guarantee of adequate reward. At this point the duke consulted Bayard, but his covert

him as to the probable death of the Pope were lost on the unsuspecting innocence of our hero, who could not understand how the duke could speak with such certainty of the imminence of such an event. When plainer language made the meaning clearer, Bayard was shocked beyond measure, and declared himself astonished that the duke could entertain such an idea for an instant, and threatened to alarm the Pope himself.

The Chevalier Bayard was now in the prime of his powers. Time had added weight and dignity to his carriage, use had made him ready and facile in manner. He was no mere courtier, and found the frivolities of idleness irksome; and yet, though seldom to the fore in times of peace, he could tune his manners to the merri-ment of the moment and pass with ease "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." He had a nimble wit which never forgot serious obligations, and which in the midst of laughter would arrest the course of licence. On one occasion, when a comrade, taking a material view of things, declared sneeringly that he would prefer property and money, which he could see, to all the invisible virtue in the world, he replied in effect: "If, too blind to see beyond your own eyelashes, you miss the vision of true beauty, do not imagine that there is nothing more noble in the world than the eyelashes which mark the limit of your view." A man of principle, he valued all gain at less worth than honour, and treasured an unsullied character as the noblest asset of life. In war he was first among the knights of his time. Friend and foe alike could but admire his prowess in the field;

and when, after playing the lion's part in the conflict, he displayed the lamb's spirit in victory, he first moved men to wonder, then to admiration, and then to love. Few could withstand the impetuosity of his onslaught in the fray, fewer still the gracious influence of his spirit in personal contact. In war he united in some measure the daring of Ajax with the wisdom of Ulysses; in peace the austere simplicity of a stoic with the warm unselfishness of a Christian.

Up to this time it seems as if a charm had protected the young knight from the dangers of the field, for no serious casualty had happened to him in his many opportunities of harm. But the time had now come when he was to be put *hors de combat* for a time.

In the year 1511 the king's nephew, Gaston de Foix, Duc de Nemours, was appointed to command the French army in Italy. He was a young man of twenty-two years, who soon showed himself to be a born military genius. Under the system of chivalry, the cavalry were regarded as the chief fighting force, the infantry occupying a subordinate place, and doing what may be called the drudgery of war. Gaston de Foix saw new possibilities in the employment of the foot soldiers, and in his short career demonstrated that the infantry were capable of much more than was expected of them in those days. He made forced marches that as yet no one of his time had ever attempted, and covered long distances with an expedition which astonished his followers no less than his enemies. During one of these marches from Bologna to Brescia he attacked and

defeated a division of the Venetian army with his cavalry, under Bayard, after the cavalry had travelled a distance of fifty miles without a rest. On reaching Brescia the young duke arranged to assault the town on the following morning, and Bayard was ordered to lead a body of picked men, many of whom, though entitled to lead, preferred to follow under his command.

A spirited attack ensued, and both sides fought with a vigour and determination which evidenced the enthusiasm of all. "For France and Bayard!" rang proudly from the lips of the invaders as they pressed forward to the assault, and "*Marco ! Marco !*" resounded from the walls of the city as the Venetians replied with invocations of their patron saint. At length, having gained some slight advantage, Bayard mounted a rampart, quickly supported by his followers, and succeeded in capturing the first fort. It was at the moment of this achievement that our hero received a severe pike-thrust in his side, producing a wound which was aggravated by the fact that the point of the pike broke off and remained in his body. The wound was so severe, and the flow of blood so great, that all who witnessed it regarded it as mortal. Bayard himself told his followers that he was wounded unto death, and begged to be carried out of the fight. The Duc de Nemours saw his trusted leader fall, and, fearing the worst, called upon his men to avenge "the noblest knight of France."

The assault carried all before it, and, notwithstanding a most obstinate defence, made the duke master of the

town. Alas for the poor inhabitants! Chivalry or no chivalry, they paid dearly enough for the disablement of Bayard; for in his absence the French forces, lacking his restraint, fell to the congenial work of massacre with such ferocity that twenty thousand lives were sacrificed to their rapacity and greed.

In the meantime our hero had been carried to the house of a wealthy Venetian lady, who had been waiting for hours in agonised anticipation of the plundering horde which always followed in the wake of victory, even in those chivalrous times. Seizing her opportunity, this noble lady threw herself before the wounded knight, and begged him to give her and her daughters protection from the horrors of plunder and outrage. Our hero, who was scarcely able to speak, and who believed himself to be dying, roused himself sufficiently to calm her fears, and to order the bearers who had borne him hence to mount guard at the door, and to kill any one who might attempt to force an entrance, promising at the same time to indemnify them for any loss they might sustain from not joining in the plunder of the town.

An examination of the chevalier's wound proved reassuring, for the duke's surgeon declared it would not prove fatal, and, after adopting the necessary measures to place him on the fair way of recovery, left him to the assiduous attentions of the lady and her daughters, to be nursed back to life. For a period of six weeks Bayard remained under the care of his gentle friends, who, under the circumstances, and dealing with

such a patient, naturally conceived a great affection for him, and employed all their powers of art and song to relieve the tedium of his convalescence.

The Duc de Nemours, having completed the subjugation of the Venetians, had now returned to Bologna, where he anxiously awaited the arrival of Bayard to aid him in his attack upon the Spanish force commanded by General Cardona. On receiving an urgent message from the duke, who declared his coming would be equivalent to a reinforcement of a thousand men, Bayard informed his hostess of his imminent departure.

The poor lady, knowing that by the laws of conquest all that she possessed might be claimed by him as the spoils of war, and anxious to save herself and her daughters from the destitution which apparently awaited them, and yet feeling grateful to him for the protection he had afforded them, and being mindful of the fact that the knight's spoils were his only means of support, cast about her for some means of saving the situation, and finally decided to ask the chevalier to accept a sum that would still leave her and her daughters without fear of poverty.

The morning of the departure came, and it was not a parting easy to be made. The lady's offer was a casket containing a sum of money equal to a thousand pounds, and this she begged Bayard to accept by way of ransom. Bayard refused the gift, as he had refused many another gift of the kind before, and protested that he had been more than paid by the priceless

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service of their gentle nursing during the time he lay powerless in their hands.

"Flower of Chivalry with whom none can compare," exclaimed the lady in an outburst of natural emotion, "may the blessing of God reward you as He alone can, in this world and in the next!"

As the lady persisted in her desire that he should accept the gift, Bayard sent for her daughters, and, having divided the gold into three sums, presented one to each of the girls as a marriage portion, and handed the remaining share to the lady herself for distribution among those who had suffered most severely from the plunder of the town. The scene must have been an affecting one to all concerned, and was not rendered less so when the girls presented the "*Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*" with some small presents of their own needlework, which he accepted with unsimulated gratitude beyond the price of gold.

The battle of Ravenna followed, and with it the death of Gaston de Foix, Duc de Nemours, the young soldier who in a few years had earned the name of "the thunderbolt of Italy," and who fell pierced by many wounds, any one of which must have been fatal.

Bayard fought with his accustomed gallantry, his famous horse, "La Carinarn," receiving in his first charge so many wounds that it was left upon the field for dead. This remarkable animal was found the next day so far recovered that it was able to seek its own food, and when brought to its master's quarters it submitted to the treatment of the surgeon without

flinching, and before long was again fit for service "La Carinarn" never forgot the sufferings it had borne so nobly, and for ever after the sight of an enemy's sword flashing in battle so infuriated him that he would dash forward and seize it in his teeth, fighting for it with as much determination as was ever shown by the knight, his master.

The death of the Duc de Nemours revived the hopes of the Italians, who immediately reoccupied the towns evacuated by the French, the Venetians and the Swiss uniting to harass the retreat to Pavia. Here the Swiss attacked the French in great force, and gained an entrance to the town. For an hour Bayard, by his superlative powers, held the gate, but the French were far outnumbered, and were eventually compelled to retreat across the river Ticino. Here again Bayard distinguished himself, when, having crossed the bridge, he set to work to destroy it to prevent pursuit. While thus engaged he was struck by a spent cannon-ball, which happily did him no greater harm than that of dislocating his shoulder; and in this wounded condition he was carried by way of Lombardy to the residence of his uncle, the Bishop of Grenoble, in France. Fever followed, but his natural strength and his habitual temperance served him in his hour of need, and he soon recovered robust health.

While at Grenoble an incident occurred which further illustrates the chivalrous character of our hero. A beautiful girl in fear of destitution appealed to him for help. The knight ascertained that the chosen

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of her heart was too poor to marry her, so he provided the means for the consummation of their hopes. It is said that the chevalier in this way dowered no less than a hundred of the fair and young, who, like the daughters of his Venetian hostess, found him *par excellence sans peur et sans reproche*.

In the year 1513 Henry VIII. of England landed at Calais, and laid siege to Terouenne. Here Bayard came into touch with the English for the first time. The town was in distress for want of supplies, and Bayard was employed to make a feint attack upon the English camp, to divert attention while means were found to carry relief to the town. Then followed what is known in history as the Battle of the Spurs, from the fact that spurs were the only weapons used.

The French horse, led by Bayard, made a brilliant charge, and succeeded in throwing a quantity of powder within reach of the besieged, after which they wheeled round to rejoin the main body of the French army. Pursued by English archers and German horse they quickened their pace and galloped into their own lines with a precipitancy which excited panic. As the English continued the charge with loud shouts of "St. George! St. George!" the mounted French put spurs to their horses, and in a few moments the rout was complete.

Bayard and the Duc de Longueville and other officers attempted to rally the disorganised army, but in vain, and many of them were taken prisoners. Bayard, quick to seize an advantage, and seeing a

Burgundian knight resting under a tree, swooped down upon him, and, holding his sword to his throat, demanded his surrender. The Burgundian had no alternative and yielded up his sword, thus becoming a French prisoner; but, immediately on his doing so, Bayard handed the astonished knight his own sword, saying, "I surrender to superior numbers." In capturing a knight of the opposing forces, Bayard was perhaps the only Frenchman who could claim a victory that day, and, in surrendering himself to his own captive, he apparently got rid of his responsibility, and established a fair basis of exchange. This situation amused bluff King Hal very much, and whether upon the strict laws of chivalry, or because he thought it a good joke, does not appear, but he decided that both knights were entitled to their freedom.

Henry was much impressed by Bayard's personality, and offered him high rank if he would enter his service, but Bayard answered him as he had answered the Pope before, saying: "I have but one master in heaven, which is God, and one upon the earth, which is the King of France, and I will serve no other." Henry gave him safe conduct into Flanders.

In the year 1515 Francis I. succeeded Louis XII., and once more the French turned their attention to Italy, and Bayard's services were in request. With a thousand horse he crossed the Alps by a new route, and so reached Italy without the enemy being at all aware of his approach. Hearing that General Colonna was at Villa Franca with a body of seven hundred

men, Bayard paid him a surprise visit, and captured the general and all his company, with no small share of booty, before he had time to recover from his astonishment.

On arriving with the general body of the army by the usual route, Francis was delighted to hear of the success of Bayard's daring raid, and found that the Swiss, who were making common cause with the Italians, had been startled by the brilliant coup into retreat upon Milan.

In the famous Battle of Marignano which followed, the chevalier surpassed himself, and determined the issue of the fight. The Swiss were driving the French back into a morass, from which there was no escape, when, by organising and leading an attack in the rear, he diverted their attention and saved the situation.

Two other incidents occurred during this day which concern our hero, and which must be noted—one in which his position was a little ignominious, and the other which was full of honour.

After relieving the French infantry by attacking the Swiss in the rear, Bayard's horse received a severe wound from a pike. The infuriated animal slipped his bridle and dashed forward with his helpless rider right through the enemy's lines and into a vineyard beyond, where he became entangled in the foliage and fell. Bayard, disengaging himself from the struggling creature, succeeded, after many narrow escapes, in reaching the French camp on foot.

The other incident was one which must have appealed

to the chivalrous feelings of Bayard as few things could have done. The battle, which was one of terrible bloodshed, was over. The king and his knights around him were congratulating each other on the issue, and all were praising the young King Francis for the distinguished gallantry which he had displayed. At length, the king asked Bayard, as the greatest knight in chivalry, whether he (the king) had not worthily won the golden spurs that day. The chevalier, with all the warmth and loyalty of his nature, declared that undoubtedly he had, whereupon the king requested the chevalier to dub him knight. Bayard naturally demurred. He would not have been Bayard if he had not demurred. But the king's request was repeated in the form of a command, and the chevalier had no choice but to obey; and there upon the stricken field, bareheaded, the young king knelt before the Flower of Chivalry, and Bayard, laying his sword upon the royal shoulders, pronounced the accustomed formula, saying: "Sire, may this act be as efficacious as if performed by Roland or Oliver, Godfrey or Baldwin, his brother, and God grant in battle you may never fly."

The successful defence of Mezières against Charles V. was Bayard's next achievement, and then again we meet him on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." Here, with the flower of the French nobility, he once more greeted Henry VIII. In the guards' chamber of Windsor Castle there is a shield, which may be seen to-day, which was here presented to bluff King Hal

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by the gallant and gentle "*Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*."

Bayard died, as he would have chosen to die, while on active service in the field. In the early part of the year 1524, the French were again in Italy, Bayard serving under Admiral Bonnivet against the Imperialists, under de Bourbon, the Constable of France. The admiral's efforts were not successful, and in the final retreat Bayard had command of the rear-guard. It was at the passage of the Sesia, while protecting the rear of the retreating army, that he received a musket-shot in his spine, and at once realised that his hour had come.

Giving his orders for the continuance of the retreat, he ordered his companions to place him at the foot of a tree with his face towards the oncoming foe. Here he was found by the victorious force following in pursuit, under the leadership of the disaffected Duc de Bourbon, Constable of France, who had deserted his king to lead the army of the allies.

A tent was immediately provided and a bed supplied, and with the tenderness of awe-inspired enemies the shattered body of the chevalier was placed as much at ease as circumstances allowed.

The Duc de Bourbon wept as he looked down upon his old comrade, and offered him sympathetic consolation; but Bayard, rousing himself to a supreme effort, replied with a fine rebuke: "It is not for me that you should mourn, but for yourself who are fighting against your country and your king."

At his own request Bayard was then left alone with a

solitary attendant, and guards were placed at the door of his tent to prevent intrusion. Solemnly kissing the cross-hilt of his sword he uttered his final prayer: "My God who hast promised a refuge in Thy mercy for the greatest of sinners, I place all my trust in Thee and all my hope in Thy salvation;" and so he died on the 30th of April, 1524, forty-eight years of age. He was buried at Grenoble amidst universal signs of sorrow.

The Chevalier Bayard stands out as perhaps the best example of the realised ideal of chivalry that the history of chivalry can show. This ideal was the harmonious association of perfect courage, unswerving loyalty, unsullied honour, an inexorable sense of duty, and entire unselfishness in its discharge. To these qualities Bayard added a purity of life and a generosity of spirit remarkable in his own or in any age.

The realisation of an ideal is often as the fashioning of a marble effigy, of faultless form but lifeless character; but Bayard added to the noble proportions of the flawless statue a warmth of blood and a virility of soul which gave it life and immortality. In deference to others he made way for many whom the pre-eminence he permitted has not preserved from obscurity; but in doing so he won for himself the living honour and the abiding esteem of the good and true who follow for all time.

BOY HEROES WHO BECAME HEROIC MEN

DE FORBIN, DAVID LIVINGSTONE, DU GUESCLIN.

PRECOCITY is often disappointing ; but the truth remains that distinction in manhood is often, if not always, the fulfilment of promise in youth.

History teems with illustrations.

The boy Nelson who fought the bear on the ice-floe was the same Nelson who won the battle of the Nile, and destroyed the French navy at Trafalgar ; and it was the boy Gordon who at nine years of age frequently threw himself into deep water before he had learned to swim, who afterwards wrought prodigies of valour in China, and died at Khartoum.

About the year 1666 a dog went mad in a village of Provence, France. As it rushed down a deserted street persons who had fled to places of security were horrified to see a small boy run to meet it. Heedless of commands and warnings, the child seemed about to throw himself upon the animal's open, foaming jaws. There was a struggle, but it was quickly over, and the ten-year-old hero was unhurt. He had given his hat to the dog ; and, while the creature was tearing

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it, had seized him by the hind-legs and plunged a knife into his stomach. When a crowd of men reached the scene to render assistance the dog lay motionless and dying.

The boy was Claude de Forbin, who as a young man achieved fame as a brave soldier and sailor, and who died a commodore of the French navy. His career was full of acts of audacity and impetuous courage.

At one time the French Government ordered him to attack a certain Venetian war-vessel in the Mediterranean Sea. The vessel retreated to the port of Venice. Forbin, with fifty men, two boats and a canoe, entered the port unperceived, boarded the vessel, and took possession of it before the enemy realised what was happening.

He carried away the officers and crew, set fire to the ship, and, before it was fully understood in Venice what the burning of the ship and the terrible explosion of its powder-magazine meant, he was well on his way to his own frigate, which he reached in safety.

In a terrific storm, which so frightened his ordinarily stout-hearted sailors that they yielded to despair and did nothing but call upon all the saints in the calendar, Forbin shouted : " All your prayers are good, my lads, but Saint Pump ! Saint Pump ! he will save you ! "

The men went to the pumps, and the ship was saved.

When Forbin's vessel was anchored off Algiers, and he was negotiating for peace between Algiers and France, some Christian slaves swam out and begged

him to rescue them. The treaty between France and Algiers forbade the French sending out gunboats to rescue slaves: but Forbin determined to save these unfortunates.

He put four hundred fathoms of rope in a canoe, and told the coxswain to rescue the drowning slaves. If he was discovered by the Algerian gunboats he was to order the men to ship their oars and to pull on the cable, at which signal the canoe would be drawn back to the vessel.

The Algerians chased the canoe, but without success. They demanded the return of the slaves, but Forbin replied that all on board a vessel of the King of France were free men. Then he set sail across the Mediterranean, and carried the refugees to France.

David Ker, in *Boys Who Became Famous*, tells in his own graphic way the story of a young hero who became a hero of all time in quite another field of enterprise and endurance, while fulfilling the conditions Wordsworth lays down as those which make a happy warrior:

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought.

"Well, I used to think no one could do two things well at once; but that boy seems to manage it, and no mistake."

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"So spoke an English traveller who was inspecting one of the great cotton-mills in the west of Scotland, not far from Glasgow. And well might he say so. The lad whom he was watching—a pale, thin, bright-eyed boy, employed in the mill as a 'piecer'—had fixed a small book to the framework of the spinning-jenny, and seemed to snatch a brief sentence from its pages every time he passed it in the course of his work.

"'Ay, he's jist a wonder, yon laddie,' answered the Scotch foreman, to whom the visitor had addressed himself. 'We ca' him "Busy Davie" here, for he's aye read-readin' like ony minister; but he does his wark weel for a' that.'

"'And does he really understand what he reads?' asked the Englishman, looking wonderingly at the young student's book, which was a treatise on medicine and surgery that would have puzzled most lads four or five years older than himself.

"'I's warrant he does *that*,' replied the Scot, with an emphatic nod. 'There's no a quicker chiel than Davie i' the haill mill.'

"And then the visitor passed on to look at another part of the works, and forgot all about 'Busy Davie' for the time being.

"But he was suddenly reminded of him two hours later, when the mill hands 'knocked off' for dinner. Coming back across the yard when his tour of inspection was over, the traveller caught sight of a small figure in a corner by itself, which he thought he recognised.

"A second glance showed him that he was not mistaken. There sat 'Busy Davie,' holding in one hand the big oatmeal 'bannock' that represented his dinner, and in the other a soiled and tattered book without a cover, which he was devouring so eagerly that his food remained almost untouched.

"The Englishman stole softly up behind the absorbed boy, and, glancing over his shoulder at the book, saw that it was one written by himself a few years before, describing the most perilous of all his journeys through the wild regions beyond the Orange River in South Africa.

"Just as the visitor came up, the little student, quite unaware that the author of the book was standing beside him, read half aloud one of the more exciting passages, following the lines with his roughened forefinger:

"'The progress of our party was necessarily very slow, as we could only march in the mornings and evenings, and the wheels of the wagons often sank up to the very axle in the loose sand. In some places the heat was so great that the grass actually crumbled to dust in our fingers. More than once our supply of water ran out altogether, and men and beasts staggered onward over the hot, dusty, never-ending plain, with parched tongues and bloodshot eyes, silent and despairing.'"

"At the thought of these difficulties, which he himself was one day to meet and overcome as few men have ever done before or after him, the boy's thin face hardened into the look of indomitable firmness which

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was its habitual expression in after-life. But it softened into a smile the next moment, as he read as follows :

“ “ In several of the places where we camped our chief food was a species of large frog, called by the natives ‘matometto,’ which was kind enough to assist us in our hunts for it by setting up such a tremendous croaking, that we could easily find it, even in the dark.” ”

“ Here the boy turned over a leaf, and came suddenly upon a drawing of a man lying prostrate on the ground with a lion’s fore-paw planted on his chest, and its teeth fastened in his shoulder, while several negroes, with terrified faces, were seen making off as fast as possible in the background.

“ “ How would you like to travel through a country like *that*, my lad ? ’ asked the explorer. ‘ It would be rough work, wouldn’t it ? ’

“ “ I wad like weel to gang there, for a’ that,’ answered the boy, ‘ for there’s muckle to be done there yet.’ ”

“ “ There is indeed, and it’s just fellows of *your* sort that we need to do it,’ said the traveller, clapping him on the shoulder. ‘ If you ever *do* go to Africa, I’ll be bound it will take more than a lion in your way to stop you.’ ”

“ The whole world now knows how strangely those lightly spoken words were fulfilled twenty-eight years later, when that boy *did* actually come alive out of the jaws of the hungry African lion, which had broken his arm with its teeth, to finish those wonderful explorations that filled the civilised world with the fame of Dr. David Livingstone.”

There is a romantic story of a hero of chivalry given in an early number of *Harper's Young People*, which may be quoted in this connection. It is of Bertrand du Guesclin, who was born in 1314, at the castle of Motte Broen, near Rennes, in Brittany. Bertrand's heroic character showed itself early. As he was not troubled with lessons (he never learned to read or write), he formed a company of boys of his own age, and, acting as their general, practised them in battle and combat. His mother often clasped her forehead in alarm when he came home with bruised face and bleeding head. Even in his seventeenth year he excelled many older knights in strength and dexterity in the use of arms. But he was ridiculed by the ladies because he looked so ugly, and rode such a wretched horse. They jeered at him, saying that he looked more like a donkey-driver than a knight and nobleman, and that he must have borrowed his steed from a miller.

The young hero was indignant, and, as there was another tournament about to come off, he begged a cousin of his to lend him a steed and armour. Both were granted; and with a joyful heart he entered the lists, where, in his strange armour, and with his visor down, no one, not even his own father, recognised him. A well-known valiant knight opposed him. The signal was given, they ran at each other with lightning speed, and with a loud crash their lances broke into splinters in their hands. Bertrand, however, had struck with such force on his adversary's helmet, that the latter was thrown from the saddle to a distance of

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several paces, where he lay insensible on the sand, and had to be carried out of the lists.

The young victor returned to his post with a fresh lance, and waited for fresh opponents. Now his own father ranged himself against him. Bertrand did not wish to fight against him, but was equally unwilling to make himself known. So he resolved to lower his lance in his tilt, and to receive his father's blow on his shield without making a counter-thrust. He did this so adroitly that he kept firm in his saddle, and, without tottering, galloped by, and then declared positively that he would not fight again with that knight. People were surprised, but made no derisive remarks, for the knight's courage had been sufficiently proved in the former combat. His father rode out of the lists, and gave place to other knights. Guesclin laid them in the dust, and was unanimously declared the winner.

Every one was eager to know who the champion was, and his father especially longed for the unravelling of the mystery.

At length the tournament was over, and Bertrand had received his prize. He rode up to his father, raised his visor, and cried: "Do you know me now, father?"

The old man embraced him with tears of joy, and at once provided him with a steed and armour. The fame of the young hero now spread all over France.

Hitherto Bertrand had only won victories in tournaments, but now the more serious field of battle was to behold the first exploits of his sword. Duke Charles of Blois made war on John de Montfort for the

possession of Brittany. Philip VI., King of France, sided with the former; while, on the other hand, the King of England (Edward III.) supported De Montfort. Bertrand had naturally no choice in the matter, for, like a brave Frenchman, he followed his king wherever he led him.

At that time the castle of Fougeroy was in the hands of the English, and Bertrand resolved to take it from them, as it was a place of no mean importance. With this view he disguised himself and sixty companions as wood-cutters, and divided them into four bands, which approached the place from different sides.

Bertrand then fixed on a time when the governor of the castle and a part of the garrison had gone out on a reconnoitring expedition, when he made a party of his men hide themselves in the neighbouring wood during the night. At break of day they loaded themselves with faggots and brushwood, concealed their weapons under their clothes, and came up to the castle from different directions. One thinks of Birnam Wood and the attack upon the castle of Macbeth, as one reads of this ruse.

Bertrand, in a white smock, with a heavy load of wood on his back, was the first to appear before the drawbridge, which was instantly lowered for him. He at once threw down his faggot, drew his sword, and transfixed the warder: then he raised the cry of "Guesclin!"

At this signal the rest hastened forward to come to his assistance and take the bridge. As, however, there

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were two hundred Englishmen in the castle, the conflict was very unequal, and a horrid slaughter ensued. An Englishman clove the skull of one of Bertrand's companions with his battle-axe. Guesclin, in return, cut him down, and caught up the axe, with which he dealt slashing blows on every side. So he fought on, and kept the enemy off the body for a time, until a troop of cavalry of his own side accidentally arrived in the neighbourhood, rescued him from his perilous situation, and helped him to take the place. It was, indeed, high time for relief to arrive; for, in his combat against tenfold odds, he had dropped his battle-axe, and his head was so covered with wounds that the blood was streaming down his face. The conspicuous valour which he here displayed gained him the reputation of being the boldest and most dauntless knight of his time.

THE HEROISM OF ENDURANCE

THE TEST OF SUFFERING

THE Heroism of Endurance has many noble examples, examples that cover every field of human experience. A French surgeon tells the following story of an incident which occurred during the war between France and Germany :

"On the 8th of October the chloroform began to give out at Metz. At the temporary hospital of the redoubt very little was left. As we did not know how long the siege might yet last, it was our urgent duty to be sparing with it. On the morning after the fight at Ladouchamps there was a terrible influx of wounded, and we had our hands full. A chasseur of the guard was brought into the operating-room with his hand badly shattered. It was found necessary to take off the bone to which the little finger was attached. The man came in on foot, still holding fast his gun, which he carried slung over his back.

" ' Well, my friend, we shall have to have a bit of an operation. '

" ' I know it, major ; that's what I'm here for. '

" ' Would you like to be chloroformed ? '

"‘Oh, dear, yes! I’ve suffered so much all night that I don’t think I could stand the operation without it.’

"‘Are you very particular about it?’

"‘Why, is it very scarce now?’

"‘We have scarcely any left.’

"The chasseur reflected a moment in silence; then suddenly:

"‘Well, keep it for those who have lost legs or arms; but be quick.’

"He put his thin blue cravat, still bloody, in his mouth, lay down and held out his hand. The operation over, he was asked:

"‘Did it hurt you much?’

"‘Yes,’ he answered; ‘but what can we do? We poor fellows must help one another.’"

Sir Philip Sidney’s renouncement of the cup of cold water at the battle of Zutphen, in favour of the common soldier, whose need was greater than his own, was a noble instance of vicarious suffering.

At the battle of Camperdown, a gallant little midshipman on board the admiral’s ship went below to be dressed for a wound he had received in the cheek. Finding one of the sailors under the hands of the surgeon, he begged him go on with that poor man’s dressing, saying:

"He has lost a limb, and I have only got a slap in the face," and yet the gash was deep, and the blood was gushing from it in torrents into the poor boy’s mouth while he spoke.

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The Builder gives an illustration of endurance under suffering which is perhaps even more noteworthy. Two workmen were engaged in fixing a lightning-conductor on the summit of the steeple at Ville-sar-Ourthe, in Belgium. To accomplish this task it was necessary that one of the workmen should stand on the shoulders of his companion. While in this position a gust of wind caused him to spill some molten lead on the hand and forearm of his friend. Notwithstanding the sudden intensity of the pain thus inflicted, the victim of this accident had the courage to remain motionless, while the lead burnt its way into his flesh. He knew that the slightest movement might suffice to precipitate his companion from a height of seventy feet into the street below, and he bravely endured the pain rather than imperil the life of his fellow-worker.

"M. A. Karis, slater, at Anthisne," says *The Builder*, "is the hero of this brave deed, and his name is worthy of public record."

Heroism of this kind has often been shown, and the foregoing incident recalls the story of the heroic boy who attended upon Alexander the Great on one occasion when he was sacrificing to the gods. This lad was so severely burnt by a piece of hot coal which fell upon his arm from the censer he carried, that the smell of the scorched flesh affected all who stood by. Yet the boy gave no sign of his suffering, exhibited no symptom of pain, but kept his arm immovable, lest by shaking the censer he should interrupt the sacrifice, or disturb his master.

Endurance of suffering under the surgeon's knife was commonly a proof of heroism in the old days before anæsthetics were employed to deaden pain, or obliterate it; and, were not evidence so well authenticated, it would be difficult to credit many stories of apparent insensibility to pain, or power of mental detachment which enabled men to give their attention to other matters while suffering great physical strain.

H.M. sloop *Pilot* was occupied in an engagement at La Légère. Her maintop-sail yard had been shot away and the crew were employed aloft preparing to send up another, and were in the act of reeving the hawser with that view, when a voice was heard exclaiming: "You are reeving the hawser the wrong way!" This in fact proved to be the case, and the men proceeded to rectify the error. On looking down to see who had detected the mistake it was found to be John Powers, quartermaster's mate, who was at the moment lying on his back on the table under the skylight, undergoing the amputation of his thigh, his leg having just been carried away by a shot.

Other incidents like this are recorded. In the story of "Our Naval Hero" (p. 94) it will be seen that Nelson, with his death-wound on him, noticed that the tiller ropes had been shot away, and ordered them to be replaced. That these records prove courage and heroism of a high degree no one will dispute; but they evidence immense physical stamina as well.

That some men suffer more under given circumstances than others do is doubtless true, variations of tempera-

ment and physical fitness accounting for differences of sensibility and endurance. The power of some men to bear pain is none the less a wonder to those not similarly gifted.

"It has occurred to no obituary writer," says *The World*, "to notice Lord Napier of Magdala's utter indifference to wounds, and the wonderful celerity of his recovery from them. Two of his wounds he had not cared to notice at all in his record of services furnished to Hart's *Army List*. He was severely wounded at Ferozeshah in December, 1845, but had recovered in time to take part in the battle of Sobraon, seven weeks later. Before Mooltan, in the middle of September, 1848, a cannon-shot all but took off his leg, but he was marching and fighting again by the second week in November. On the 12th January following he was severely wounded in the trenches, but he was able to march several hundred miles across the country and fight at Gujrat one month later to a day. He was shot in the leg at the first relief of Lucknow, but nevertheless rode out next day and brought in the rear-guard, after which throughout the blockade he did continuous and arduous service. At the second relief he was severely wounded, but this did not hinder him from taking up the active duty of chief engineer at the Alum Bagh a few days later."

Perhaps the least noble of adventurous happenings commonly regarded as heroic are those in which self-preservation may be said to supply the leading motive ; and yet the fact that in such cases the fight is often

fought out alone, without the inspiration of responsibility for others, the stimulus of comradeship, or the consciousness of the presence of admiring witnesses, may perhaps be allowed to invest the pluck and grit of the "never say die" spirit with an honour that the pursuit of mere selfish interests does not deserve.

Of quite another kind of endurance, not one whit less heroic, Sydney Smith presents an interesting illustration.

"I cannot help thinking," says the famous wit, "that the severe and rigid economy of a man in distress has something in it very sublime, especially if it be endured for any length of time serenely and in silence.

"I remember a very striking instance of it in a young man, since dead; he was the son of a country curate, who had got him a berth on board a man-of-war as midshipman. The poor curate made a great effort for his son; fitted him out well with clothes, and gave him £50 in money. The first week, the poor boy lost his chest, clothes, money, and everything he had in the world. The ship sailed for a foreign station, and his loss was without remedy. He immediately quitted his mess, ceased to associate with the other midshipmen, who were the sons of gentlemen; and for five years, without mentioning it to his parents—who, he knew, could not assist him—or without borrowing a farthing from any human being, without a single murmur or complaint, did that poor lad endure the most abject and degrading poverty, at a period of life when the feelings are most alive to ridicule, and the appetites most prone to indulgence. Now, I confess I am a

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mighty advocate for the sublimity of such long and patient endurance. If you can make the world stare and look on, there you have vanity or compassion to support you ; but to bury all your wretchedness in your own mind, to resolve that you will have no man's pity while you have one effort left to procure his respect, to harbour no mean thought in the midst of abject poverty ; but, at the very time you are surrounded by circumstances of humility and depression, to found a spirit of modest independence upon the consciousness of having always acted well—this is a sublime act which, though it is found in the shade and retirement of life, ought to be held up to the praises of men, and to be looked upon as a noble model for imitation."

President Roosevelt, referring to this kind of courage, says : " Heroism of the highest type is shown in countless lives where it attracts no attention. The man who, while suffering under some physical infirmity, goes on uncomplainingly, year after year, earning a livelihood, not merely for himself but for his children, or for those dependant upon him, who stands between them and want, is a true soldier of civilisation ; he is doing vital work for the nation."

Among the heroes of endurance must also be included those who suffer temptation under specially trying circumstances, and who yet maintain fixity of principle and integrity of character. We have no desire to extol the virtues of a man who is merely true and honest, or who merely does his duty ; but it is obvious that plain truth and simple honesty are often shown under

circumstances which demonstrate character of heroic mould.

"A London merchant," says Sydney Smith, "while staying in the country with a friend, happened to mention that he intended, the following year, to buy a ticket for a lottery. His friend desired he would buy one for him at the same time, which he willingly agreed to do. The conversation dropped, the ticket never arrived, and the whole affair was entirely forgotten, when the country gentleman received information that the ticket purchased for him by his friend had come up a prize of £20,000. Upon his arrival in London he inquired of his friend where he had put the ticket, and why he had not informed him that it was purchased. 'I bought them both the same day,' said the merchant, 'and I flung both tickets into a drawer of my bureau, and I never thought of them afterwards.' 'But how do you distinguish one ticket from the other; and why am I the holder of the fortunate ticket more than you?' was the next inquiry. 'Why,' replied the merchant, 'at the time I put the ticket into the drawer, I put a mark in ink upon the ticket which I resolved should be yours, and upon reopening the drawer I found that the one so marked was the fortunate ticket.'" "Now this action," says Sydney Smith, "appears to me to be perfectly beautiful; it is *le beau ideal* in morals, and gives that calm yet deep emotion of pleasure, which every one so easily receives from the beauty of the exterior world."

HEROISM AS AN EXAMPLE

A NOBLE ACT IS AN INSPIRATION

WHAT the world owes to its leaders, appointed or self-constituted, no one can ever estimate ; but we all know the tremendous power of example, which in a crisis, like an electric current, can flash through the hearts of a thousand waverers and brace them to heroic unity.

And leadership and example often come from unexpected quarters, and not unfrequently the prophecy "A little child shall lead them" is fulfilled in human experience. Boyhood and youth have often supplied the inspiration of example which has wrought more for humanity than boyhood and youth ever dreamed of.

A few years ago it was decided to erect a monument to André Estienne, known as the little drummer of Arcola, in his native town of Cardenet, in commemoration of the victory from which Napoleon always dated his confidence in his own fortune. The circumstances of the achievement were as follows :

Bonaparte, hemmed in with a small army at Verona between two greatly superior forces, sallied out one night, made a forced march, and with fourteen thousand men

fell upon the rear of fifty thousand Austrians. The battle lasted seventy-two hours. On the second day of the fighting the Austrians obtained such a position that they completely and murderously swept the Bridge of Arcola, which the French had gained, and which they must hold if they expected to win the battle. It was an unexpected movement. No officer was near ; but André Estienne, the "little drummer," went to his sergeant, and told him that he should cross the bridge with his drum, and beat it on the other side.

"But you will be killed before you set your foot upon the bridge," said the sergeant. "No man can live there. But see here ; can you swim?"

"That I can," said the drummer.

"Then swim across with your drum."

"The drum isn't water-tight!" exclaimed André, "and would be useless when I got across."

The sergeant was equal to the emergency. He was a capital swimmer. Plunging into the water, he bade André mount upon his back, holding his drum clear of the water. In this way the two crossed the river, André beating his drum lustily all the way over.

Once on the other side, he pounded it in a way to well-nigh wake the dead. The Austrians who were massed near were nearly all raw recruits. Hearing what they took to be the drums of an advancing force of French, and remembering a terrible French onslaught of the day before, they fled. This left the bridge clear, and the French began to pour across. André was joined by other drummers. The Austrian

flight became a rout. The French swept on, with André Estienne still drumming at their head. The army was soon in advance, and very soon the whole Austrian force was retreating, utterly beaten.

The story of *La Tribune* affords another instance of the inspiring influence of a boy's example.

"*La Tribune*," says Paul Hull, "was one of the finest frigates in the English navy. She sailed from Torbay for Halifax, Nova Scotia, under command of Post-Captain Samuel Barker, and after a fast and pleasant run sighted, early one morning, the coast in the vicinity of the harbour to which she was bound.

"It was proposed to lay the ship to until a pilot could be secured, but the sailing-master assured the captain that he had navigated vessels many times in and out of the port, and was perfectly familiar with the channel. On this assurance the command was given to him.

"About noon-time the ship struck on Thrum Cap Shoals, and shortly after this the wind, which had been blowing from the south-east, increased to a . . . The vessel was at once lightened by throwing overboard all the guns, and at nine o'clock that night, at the height of the tide, she was floated off the shoals, but with rudder gone, and seven feet of water in the hold. By heroic exertions the ship was kept afloat for an hour, when she lurched and rolled once or twice like a drunken person, and went down near a line of perpendicular cliffs against which the waves broke. More than two hundred and fifty human beings were left struggling in the sea, some of whom were

immediately drowned; others were dashed against the rocks to leeward, while about one hundred succeeded in prolonging their existence by laying hold of the shrouds and mounting the topmasts, which remained above water after the vessel sank.

"During the long, cold, stormy night that followed many became exhausted and dropped into the sea. About midnight the mainmast, where fifty persons had found safety, gave way and fell over the side; only about a dozen of the crew regained the ship.

"Before morning dawned all but twelve of the crew of two hundred and fifty men that had manned the vessel a few hours before had been swept away.

"In the early light it was discovered that the vessel had been wrecked near the entrance to a fishing-place known as Herring Cove, the inhabitants of which soon congregated on the cliffs to gaze pityingly and helplessly at the scene of the awful tragedy, and to see the few despairing men who yet clung to the wreck.

"The wind continued to blow heavily. Masses of water were torn from the tops of the rushing seas and hurled through the rigging of the wreck with a force that threatened each moment to knock the seamen into the waves that seemed to leap at them only a short distance below.

"As the morning passed, the wind and sea went down a little, and it was proposed by the women that their husbands should try to rescue the survivors, but the fishermen declared that they could do nothing in such a frightful sea—that a boat could not live in it.

"Shortly after this a small dory, with a single rower, was seen to shoot out from the cove and pull in the direction of the wreck. Time and again a huge sea would rush down upon the frail craft as though to dash it back into the cleft in the wall of rock from which it had emerged, then the next moment the boat would be swung high on the mighty roaring crest, with the fearless rower driving it ever on.

"At last he approached so close to one of the reeling masts that two of the seamen dropped into the skiff; then, fearing to burden her further, he made his way back to the cove, and ran his dory up on the beach. It then appeared that the brave rescuer was a boy of thirteen years, named Pierre Leroux, the son of an absent fisherman.

"As soon as his boat was empty again he shoved off on his errand of rescue; but this time he was not permitted to make the perilous voyage alone, for the fishermen, stimulated by his conduct, manned one of their fishing-boats, and put off.

"On coming up with the young hero they took him on board, keeping his boat in tow for the use of such of the seamen as could not be carried in their own dory.

"In this way all were brought safely ashore; yet just before they landed the gale increased with such fury that in less than fifteen minutes after the rescue the two remaining masts fell into the sea, and were quickly dashed into splinters against the crags. Had it not been for the example set by Pierre Leroux not a man would have been saved from the frigate *La Tribune*."

That example is immeasurably superior to mere precept, is well illustrated by a characteristic anecdote of General Gordon, quoted by a writer in *Chums*, as told by an old artillery pensioner.

“‘The first day on which fire was opened at Sebastopol from the twenty-one-gun battery,’ says the old veteran, ‘the sand-bags forming one of the embrasures caught fire from the flash of a too closely mounted gun. A corporal and a sapper of the Engineers were told off to repair the damage. The corporal ordered the sapper to mount the embrasures, and proposed to hand up the fresh bags to him.

“‘They were under heavy fire all the time, and the sapper, with some want of discipline certainly, demurred to this arrangement, and suggested that the corporal should get up, and that he (the sapper) should go on with the handing-up business. There was a bit of a wrangle over it. Gordon, who was passing, inquired into the matter, and, quietly saying to the corporal: “Never order a man to do what you are afraid to do yourself,” got up on the pile of bags himself, and said: “Come up here, both of you!” and then ordered the men who were working the gun to hand the bags up. The storm of bullets swept over Gordon and the two men; but his charmed life seemed to protect the trio. He finished his work, and came down as coolly as he had mounted; but the lesson was never forgotten by those around.’”

Let it ever be remembered by us all!

OUR ARCTIC HERO

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

THE North Pole is still—as it ever has been to most Englishmen—an object of fascinating interest. Indeed, Arctic exploration has been for so long an inspiring factor in the enterprise of the world, that it would be a loss of energising force were some immediate expedition to square the magic circle, and reduce the romance of its possibilities to the level of known and accepted fact.

It will be a dull day for the world when there is nothing left to discover; and unless the years which yield us the mastery of our physical conditions open up to us new worlds to conquer, in an empyrean strewn with splendid opportunities, we may well hope that Nature will reserve some unfathomable secrets to whet the appetites and stimulate the aims of generations which else must become mundane and decadent.

Be this as it may, the story of past efforts to penetrate the realm of the ice-king, and beard the frozen monarch on his throne, is one that Englishmen may recall with peculiar pride, conscious that their early enterprise inspired the adventurous spirit which has

since animated the efforts of almost every nation to wrest the ice-bound secrets from his keeping.

John Franklin was born at Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, on the 13th of April, 1786, the fifth and youngest son and the ninth child of a family of twelve. His father, Willingham Franklin, inheriting reduced family fortunes, applied himself to trade, served an apprenticeship to a grocer and draper at Lincoln, and on the completion of his indentures opened a business in his native town, where he was helped by his mother, a woman of masculine capacity and great resolution of character. The business was a success, and in 1773 he married the daughter of a substantial farmer, by whom he had five sons and seven daughters. One of these daughters, Sarah, became the wife of Mr. Sellwood, and the mother of the two ladies who married the brothers Tennyson.

At ten years of age, young Franklin was sent to school at St. Ives, whence he was shortly afterwards transferred to the Grammar School at Louth, where, in after years, the Tennysons were educated.

It was while at this school that one day, in company with a school-fellow, John Franklin started off on a ten-mile walk to Saltfleet, a watering-place on the coast, to take his first look at the sea. It appears to have been a case of love at first sight, and from that moment he sighed for "a life on the ocean wave." None too robust in his earlier years, Franklin, like Nelson before him, seemed cut out for the quieter pursuits of inland life, but like Nelson he displayed the fearless

spirit which triumphs over physical disabilities, and, in his case, over parental opposition ; and, though his father declared that "he would rather follow him to the grave than to the sea," and, with a view to giving him a taste of the hardships of a sailor's life, sent him for a cruise on a merchantman trading between Hull and Lisbon, the boy was only confirmed in his purpose. The father might forbid the banns, but the boy was already wedded to the sea.

Under these circumstances a berth was secured for him as a first-class volunteer on board the *Polyphemus*, under Captain Lawford, and in the autumn of 1800, in company with his brother, he proceeded to London to be rigged out and launched upon his great career.

These were stormy times, and those who wanted a taste of "the battle and the breeze" or "the sea, the sea, the open sea" were not long compelled to remain "under gingerbread hatches ashore."

Joining his ship in the Yarmouth Roads, he had not been long on board when the *Polyphemus* was ordered to the Baltic, and he wrote home in high anticipation of the duty awaiting the expedition at Elsineur. But, while looking forward to active service, with all the ardour of impatient youth, it is clear from a letter written home at this time that it was not in the direction of war, but of exploration, that his ambition lay.

At this time a vessel was being fitted out to sail, under Captain Flinders, to survey the coast of Australasia, and young John's one regret in proceeding to the Baltic was that this vessel might be equipped and

dispatched before his return. "I am truly sorry," he writes to his father on the eve of his departure, "as we in all probability will be out about four months; but, if we do not return before *Investigator* sails, I will thank you to use your interest for me to go."

On the 12th of March, 1801, the British fleet sailed from Yarmouth under Sir Hyde Parker, and with Nelson second in command; and on board the *Polyphemus* our boy hero bore them company.

As much of the story of Copenhagen as is possible within our limits is already told in the chapter on "Our Naval Hero: Horatio, Lord Nelson;" and it must suffice to say here that the *Polyphemus* was throughout in the thick of the fight, and that young John Franklin had a rich feast for his first taste of naval warfare.

But the boy's predilection for exploration was not to be disappointed. The *Polyphemus* was ordered home, and when the *Investigator* started for the South on the 7th of July, 1801, John Franklin was on board.

Captain Flinders had married an aunt of Franklin's, and it was doubtless this family influence which favoured the fortunes of the young explorer. He was a first-rate sailor, and had already won distinction in the department of naval enterprise which his nephew aspired to adorn. "There could have been no better school or schoolmaster for a youth of John Franklin's bent and aspirations," says Mr. H. D. Traill in the *Life of Sir John Franklin*, from which these particulars are taken, and he goes on to say: "Of the spirit in which Franklin entered on his duties we may judge from an extract

from a letter of Captain Flinders to the elder Franklin, which runs as follows :

“ It is with great pleasure that I tell you of the good conduct of John. He is a very fine youth, and there is every probability of his doing credit to the *Investigator* and himself. Mr. Crossley has begun with him, and in a few months he will be sufficient of an astronomer to be my right-hand man in that way. His attention to his duty has gained him the esteem of the first-lieutenant, who scarcely knows how to talk enough in his praise. He is rated midshipman, and I sincerely hope that an early opportunity, after his time is served, will enable me to show the regard I have for your family and his merit.”

The next few years were full of adventure ; and most English boys will count John Franklin one of the luckiest of his race, in that he so quickly passed from one exciting experience to another, meeting as he did with more adventures in five or six years than commonly fell to the lot of his contemporaries in a whole career, even in those stirring times.

The unseaworthiness of the *Investigator* led to its abandonment at Sydney, whither it was piloted with some difficulty, and Captain Flinders and a number of the officers shipped on board the *Porpoise*, to report to the Admiralty and secure another ship to continue the work of exploration.

Six days out of Sydney, however, new difficulties and dangers assailed them. The *Porpoise*, having two merchant ships in pilotage, struck upon a reef while

making for Torres Strait, and one of its consorts followed suit. The second made off, leaving the two vessels to their fate. Happily, they held together until day-break the following day, when they managed to effect a landing on a high sand-bank a mile from the wrecks, with as much of the stores of the two ships as they could disembark. They were now some two hundred miles from land and nearly eight hundred miles from Sydney. Their position was extremely precarious.

To quote Mr. Traill's account: "Tents were erected with the salvage sails; a blue ensign, with the Union Jack down, was hoisted on a tall spar as a signal of distress; an inventory of stores was taken, and found sufficient to last the ninety-four castaways, if properly husbanded, for a period of three months. A council of officers was then called, and it was decided that one of the six-oared cutters should be dispatched to Sydney under the command of Flinders, to obtain relief.

"Accordingly, on the 27th of August, accompanied by the commander of the lost merchant ship and twelve men, and having stored his small boat with provisions and water for three weeks, that officer set out on his doubtful and hazardous voyage of seven hundred and fifty miles. Week after week passed, and at length, on the 7th of October, when their stores were beginning to run low, and the castaways were within measurable distance of the date at which it had been resolved that, if no help came, they would themselves make a desperate dash for the mainland of Australia, in two boats which they had constructed out of the materials saved from

the wreck, they caught the welcome sight of a sail. It was Flinders returning from Sydney on the *Rolla*, bound for Canton, accompanied by the two Government schooners *Cumberland* and *Francis*. Franklin, with the bulk of the shipwrecked crew, embarked on board the first-named vessel; his captain preferred to return to England at once in the *Cumberland*."

Both met with further adventures on their way home. Captain Flinders was arrested and detained at Mauritius for six and a half years by the French Governor; and Franklin, *en route* for Canton to England, on board the *Earl Camden*, with a squadron of sixteen Indiamen under command of Commodore Nathaniel Dance, became involved in an affair with a squadron of the French navy, which Mr. Traill describes as "one of the most dashing feats of 'bounce' on record," and in which Admiral Linois, with five ships of the line under his command, allowed himself to be chased by a fleet of merchantmen lightly armed, and brave only in men and paint. In this affair Franklin acted as signal-midshipman, and was highly commended for his services.

On the 6th of August, 1804, Franklin arrived in the English Channel; on the 7th he was discharged from the *Earl Camden*; and on the 8th he was appointed to the *Bellerophon*, which, after a period of some weeks' leave, he joined on the 20th of September. The following months were spent in the blockade of the French fleet in the harbour of Brest, and the following year brought about our young hero's participation in the ever-memorable battle of Trafalgar.

In this famous fight the *Bellerophon* played a great part ; and Franklin, who held the post of signal-midshipman, was exposed to great and continued danger. "Out of forty-seven men upon the quarterdeck, of whom Franklin was one, all were either killed or wounded but seven." His great work was before him ; and all men are immortal till their time comes.

In the following December the *Bellerophon* returned to England, refitted at Plymouth, and for eighteen months cruised between Finisterre and Ushant. In 1807, Franklin was transferred to the *Bedford*.

Few young men on attaining their majority can look back upon such an experience. He had taken part in two of the greatest naval battles history records, and between the one and the other he had explored a continent, suffered shipwreck, and spent six weeks on a sand-bank two hundred miles from shore ; and when returning home had taken part in one of the most brilliant exploits in the annals of maritime warfare. Had he seen no further service he would have still had enough experience to store a lifetime with dramatic reminiscences. But Franklin was not born to be idle, and forty years of strenuous life still lay before him. These were all characterised by indomitable pluck under all kinds of difficulties, unwavering hopefulness under conditions of extreme depression, unfailing kindness and generosity in the treatment of others, and unswerving loyalty to a high sense of duty.

From 1807 to 1813 his life was prosaic enough. Nelson had done his work so completely at Trafalgar

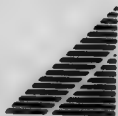
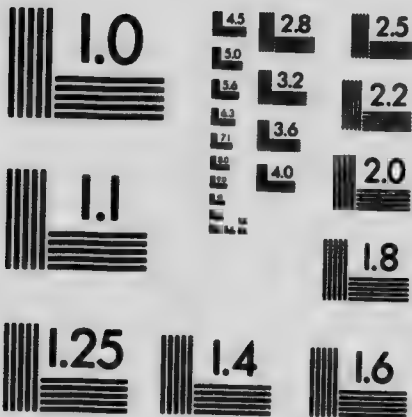
that for a time the watchman succeeded the warrior, and the excitement of active warfare was followed by the monotony of police patrol. Two years were spent in South American waters, and two years in blockading Flushing and keeping guard at the mouth of the Texel. These comparatively tranquil years, however, saw the young midshipman appointed master's mate, and gazetted lieutenant.

In 1813 the American War broke out, and the *Bedford* acted as convoy to more than one fleet of merchant vessels bound for the West Indies, after which she was ordered to New Orleans, and in 1814 our hero found himself once more engaged in active naval warfare. The net result of this war as far as Franklin was concerned was one wound, one medal, and an honourable mention in dispatches.

It was in the year 1818 that Franklin made his acquaintance with the North, an acquaintance which ripened into life-long friendship, only terminating in death. The command of this expedition was given to Captain David Buchan, who hoisted his pennant on the *Dorothea*, Lieutenant Franklin taking command of the companion vessel, the *Trent*. The expedition failed, in consequence of the damage sustained by both ships in conflict with the ice, but, to quote Mr. Traill's *Life*, "as a record of manifold dangers and difficulties, encountered with unflinching courage, and overcome by brilliant seamanship, the story of their voyage must always hold a high place in the history of Arctic adventure."



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In the following year (1819) Franklin started on an expedition overland, to explore the northern coast of North America, travelling over five thousand miles, and suffering great hardships and privations. The story of his return journey across leagues of inhospitable country, as told by Mr. Traill in a chapter entitled, "The fight with Famine," is a marvellous record of chivalry and endurance. During his absence Franklin was promoted to the rank of commander, and on his return was made post-captain, and elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in recognition of his services to geographical science. In summing up the incidents and experiences of this terrible journey, and referring to the honours accorded to our hero in its connection, Mr. Traill says: "His services, it is true, had been considerable, and well deserved the rewards, official and unofficial, which they had won. But the debt of the English nation—nay, of the whole human race—to the heroic explorers was far greater than that of the geographer; and the shores of the Coppermine River, the Barren Lands of Arctic America, and the rude shelter of Fort Enterprise, are sacred and memorable in human history, not as the mere monuments of a scientific conquest, but as the scene of labours and sufferings which have inspired the world with a new conception of the powers of human endurance, a new glory in the unconquerable soul of man."

On the 19th of August, 1823, John Franklin married Eleanor Anne Porden, a lady of literary tastes and poetic aspirations, who, under the *nom de plume* "Green Stockings" had honoured him in her verse. He had

previously bestowed her name upon a group of islands which he had discovered in the Arctic Sea, and he now conferred upon her his own. Their married life, happy enough while it lasted, was of but short duration; and while at Penentanguishene, on Lake Huron, *en route* for his expedition of 1825, he received, on the 22nd of April, the news of his wife's death. Their one child—a girl, born on the 3rd of June, 1824—was placed under the care of her aunt, Mrs. Cracroft; and John Franklin proceeded to Fort Cumberland, which he reached on the 15th of June.

This expedition, like its predecessors, as far as its main purpose was concerned, was doomed to failure; and there came a time when Franklin had to determine whether he would proceed with increasing risks, or return while there was yet time, to certain safety. Writing of his own decision in this regard, Franklin said: "It was with no ordinary pain that I could bring myself even to think of relinquishing the great object of my ambition, and of disappointing the flattering confidence that had been reposed in my exertions. But I had higher duties to perform than the gratification of my own feelings, and a mature consideration forced me to the conclusion that we had reached that point beyond which perseverance would be rashness."

The only incident in this expedition which relieved it from the monotony of ordinary routine was a difficulty which arose with a tribe of Eskimos, some three hundred strong, who attacked the boats of the explorers, with a view to plunder. The conditions were critical in the

highest degree, and any precipitate action on the part of the explorers would undoubtedly have led to bloodshed, if not massacre. There can be little doubt that the wise tact and humane forbearance of the commander under these trying circumstances saved the situation. In his account of the affair Franklin said: "I cannot sufficiently praise the fortitude and obedience of both boats' crews in abstaining from the use of arms." Referring to Franklin's pacific measures, Mr. Traill says: "His methods undoubtedly were very different from those of the modern explorer, who, even if he had hesitated from prudential motives to fire on the Eskimos while surrounded by them, would in all probability have returned the next morning and 'read them a lesson' from a safe distance with Remington rifles." Surely, all right-thinking men will prefer Franklin's heroism in the midst of danger to the "modern explorer's courage" at a safe distance.

On reaching Fort Franklin on the 21st of September they found that the eastward expedition, conducted simultaneously by Dr. Richardson, had been entirely successful, having traversed some nine hundred miles of undiscovered coast-line between the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers, and discovered a large bay which they had named after our hero. In this we have a pleasing instance of the love and affection entertained for Franklin by all those who were associated with him in his great enterprises, and who, no less than the native races with whom he came in contact, were won by his fine spirit and personal charm.

"In bestowing the name of Franklin on this remarkable bay," says Dr. Richardson, "I paid an appropriate compliment to the officer under whose orders, and by whose arrangements, the determination of all that is known of the northern coast of the American Continent has been effected, with the exception of the parts in the vicinity of Icy Cape, discovered by Captain Beechey. It would not be proper, nor is it my intention, to descant on the merits of my superior officer ; but, having served under Captain Franklin for nearly ten years in two successive voyages of discovery, I trust I may be allowed to say that, however high his brother officers may rate his courage and talents, either in the ordinary line of his professional duty, or in the field of discovery, the hold he acquires upon the affections of those under his command, by a continued series of the most conciliatory attentions to their feelings, and a uniform and unremitting regard to their best interests, is not less conspicuous. I feel that the sentiments of my friends and companions, Captain Back and Lieutenant Kendall, are in unison with my own, when I affirm that gratitude and attachment to our late commander will animate our breasts to the latest period of our lives."

Franklin arrived in England on the 26th of September, 1827, and spent some three years in quiet life. The Geographical Society of Paris presented him with a gold medal, and he was made a correspondent of the French Institute. Two years later he was made a D.C.L. of Oxford, and received the honour of knighthood.

On the 5th of November, 1828, Franklin married Miss

Jane Griffin, a lady whose name he had previously given to a promontory on the American coast, as he had the name of his first wife to the islands of the Arctic Sea.

Franklin's next service was on board the *Rainbow*, to which he was appointed on the 23rd of August, 1830, and in which he served for three years in the Mediterranean. During this time, to quote his own words, "I was stationed before Patras for eleven months as senior officer of the allied vessels, while the garrison was held by an insurgent force, which at length I had the happiness of seeing delivered over to the troops of the King of Greece."

In 1836, Franklin was offered the Governorship of Van Diemen's Land, a post he occupied, with honour to himself and advantage to his country, for a period of seven years. For the better class of the colonists he established a scientific society, which developed into the Royal Society of Hobart Town; and he not only founded, but largely endowed, a college, of which at his request Dr. Arnold of Rugby selected the first head master. This gentleman, the Rev. John Philip Gell, some six years later married the only daughter of Sir John Franklin. She died in 1860, leaving several children.

It was in the year 1845 that Sir John Franklin started upon his last voyage, "towards no earthly pole."

To quote Mr. Traill: "The *Erebus* and *Terror* were exceptionally well found according to the appliances of the time. They were excellently officered and manned. They started on their enterprise with every advantage that human skill, bravery, and experience

could superadd to material equipment. No adventure could have seemed less likely than theirs to be fated to so tragic an issue. Nor did any Arctic explorers ever start in a spirit of more buoyant confidence than did these doomed men." They felt sure of their purpose, and had every confidence in one another.

Of Franklin himself interesting incidents and testimonies abound. His nephew, then a schoolboy—who afterwards became Canon Wright—begged his uncle to take him on the expedition, but of course the old sailor knew better, and, as Mr. Traill says, we can almost see the discomfiture in the lad's face and the merry twinkle in the old man's eyes as he replied: "No, my boy; we are not allowed to take any cats with us that can't catch mice."

Franklin's personality won for him the love and loyalty of his new companions as readily and surely as it had commended him to superiors, comrades, and subordinates alike in earlier commands. Crozier, who had charge of the *Terror*, was an old friend, and owed his appointment to that ship—which, by the way, he had commanded in an Antarctic expedition some time before—to Franklin's choice. Commander James Fitz James, who was Franklin's second in command, wrote of him: "I like a man that is in earnest. Sir John Franklin read the church service to-day and a sermon so very beautifully that I defy any man not to feel the force of what he would convey. The first Sunday he read was a day or two before we sailed, when Lady Franklin and his daughter and niece attended. Every

one was struck with his extreme earnestness of manner evidently proceeding from real conviction." "Delightful, active, energetic, and even now persevering," is a further characterisation from the same officer, who in a later letter says: "Sir John is full of life and energy, with good judgment, and a capital memory—one of the best I know." His conversation is delightful and most instructive, and of all men he is the most fitted for the command of an enterprise requiring sound sense and great perseverance. I have learnt much from him, and consider myself most fortunate in being with such a man; and he is full of benevolence and kindness withal."

In addition to the foregoing Mr. Traill quotes from a letter written by Mr. Crouch, one of the younger officers, in a somewhat younger spirit. Mr. Crouch says: "Old Franklin is an exceedingly good old chap—all are quite delighted with him—and very clever. He is quite a *Bishop*. We have church, morning and evening on Sundays; the evening service in the cabin to allow the watch that could not attend in the forenoon. We all go before. Gives sermons out of sermon books, and I think you adds a great deal himself. They say they could sooner hear him than half the parsons in England. He has three (officers, of course, not parsons) every day to dinner with him, and, when the weather permits, the captain and officers of the *Terror*. He ordered stock and wine to be laid in enough for four every day, and for a cabin full twice a week for three years. So you see what a liberal old man he is."

And so the expedition sailed in the month of May, 1845, one hundred and twenty-nine souls in all, full of hope for a successful voyage and of confidence in one another. A record from the log-book of a whaling-ship, which was communicated to the columns of a London newspaper on the 27th of October following, was the last news of the ill-fated party. It is headed, "Prince of Wales, Davis Straits, Melville Bay, July 26, 1845," and runs as follows: "At 8 p.m. received on board ten of the chief officers of the expedition under the command of Captain Sir John Franklin, of the *Terror* and *Erebus*. Both ships' crews are all well, and in remarkable spirits, expecting to finish the operation in good time. They are made fast to a large iceberg with a temporary observatory fixed upon it. Latitude $74^{\circ} 48'$, longitude $66^{\circ} 13' W.$ "

The year 1846 passed away, and, 1847 bringing no news of the absent expedition, anxiety awoke in the breasts of those whose eyes were weary of vainly looking north. The Government dispatched food supplies to the most advanced outposts of the Hudson Bay Company, and offered large rewards for news of the ships. As 1847 gave place to 1848, it became evident that more active measures must be taken in the direction of organised search, and for the next six years great efforts were made to relieve, or to learn the fate of, the ill-fated crews. "From first to last," says Mr. Traill, "the number of search expeditions despatched from this country and America amounted to as many as thirteen, without reckoning overland journeys, and

the Arctic Ocean was entered by no fewer than twenty-four different vessels." During these expeditions—although they failed of their main object—great work was done in the cause of science; and, again to quote Mr. Traill, "it would be an almost pardonable exaggeration to say that they discovered nearly everything except what they sought."

In 1850, Captain Austin, in the *Resolute*, accompanied by Captain Ommanney, in the *Assistance*, were the first to find traces of the expedition, though their discoveries did not carry the inquiry very far. Captain Ommanney discovered that Beechey Island was the place of Franklin's first winter encampment; a ghastly memorial to the cupidity of the victualling contractor being found in vast stacks of preserved meat, evidently abandoned thus early as unfit for food. In 1853-4 Dr. Rae obtained some valuable hearsay information from Eskimo sources, and succeeded in purchasing various articles from the natives, such as silver spoons and forks, many of which were capable of identification from the engraved monograms and armorial bearings which distinguished them. Among these was one precious relic in the form of a round silver plate bearing the name of Sir John Franklin.

These relics naturally excited the eagerness of those who had personal reasons for desiring to know as much as might be known of the loved ones whom they could now never expect to see again in the flesh; and Lady Franklin wrote a long and eloquent letter to Lord Palmerston, urging the Government to further

efforts. To this, however, she received a reply from Sir Charles Ward, First Lord of the Admiralty, who said that "H.M. Government, seeing no prospect of saving life, would not be justified in exposing the lives of officers and men to the risks inseparable from such an enterprise."

Lady Franklin, thrown upon her own resources, determined on a private expedition; and, having purchased the screw steam-yacht the *Fox*, one hundred and seventy tons, for £2,000, placed it under the command of Captain McClintock, who, with a crew of twenty-six officers and men, forthwith dared the noble duty. Midsummer, 1857, the *Fox* set sail.

The first business of the search-party was to carry a marble tablet inscribed to the memory of Franklin, Crozier, and Fitz James, and their companions of the last expedition, and to erect it on Beechey Island; and this in due course they discharge.

On the 17th of February, 1858, after wintering at Port Kennedy, Captain McClintock started out with a sledge-party for Cape Victoria. Early in the following month he reached an Eskimo village, where he obtained more information, and secured more relics in the form of silver spoons and forks, a silver medal, part of a gold chain, several buttons, some knives, bows and arrows made from the wreckage. One Eskimo told him that "a ship having three masts had been crushed by the ice and in the sea to the west of King William Island, but that all the people landed safely."

After a twenty-five days' trip McClintock returned

to the *Fox*, having travelled 420 miles and completed the discovery of the coast-line of Continental America and added 120 miles to the charts.

On the 2nd of April the sledges were again started for work, Captain McClintock and Lieutenant Hobson, second in command, travelling together as far as Cape Victoria. Here they separated, bent upon the exploration of King William Island by different routes, Hobson making for Cape Felix, and McClintock following a more southerly course. Important discoveries were made by both, though the more important ones fell to the lot of the Lieutenant, to whom, it is said, McClintock generously conceded the more likely chance with a view to aiding his promotion. Having reached Cape Herschel about twelve miles, McClintock found a cairn which had been erected by Lieutenant Hobson at a point at which their paths intersected, and which contained the welcome news that the object of the expedition had been accomplished; for he had also covered a written record bearing the signatures of the dead hands of more than one of the missing explorers.

This document tells its own story. It is one of the ordinary printed forms used for such purposes, containing directions printed in six languages instructing the finder to forward it to the Admiralty, London, or to the nearest British Consul. The original entry is as follows:

"28 of May, 1847.—H.M. ships *Erebus* and *Terror* wintered in the ice in lat. 70° 05' N. and long. 23' W., having wintered in 1846-7 at Beechey

in lat. $74^{\circ} 43' 28''$ N., long. $91^{\circ} 39' 15''$ W., after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat. 77° and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island

"Sir John Franklin commanding the expedition.

"All well.

"Party consisting of two officers and six men left the ship on Monday, May 24, 1847.

"GM. GORE, *Lieut.*

"CHAS. F. DESVŒUX, *Mate.*"

It has been pointed out that the above figures 1846-7 are obviously an error; they should be 1845-6.

Interesting as this document is on its own account, it becomes infinitely more so from the marginalia added by Captain Fitz James and Captain Crozier.

The main addition in the handwriting of Captain Fitz James reads as follows:

"1848.—H.M.'s ships *Terror* and *Erebus* were deserted on the 22nd April, 5 leagues N.N.W. of this, having been beset since 12th Sept. 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of 105 souls—under the Command of F. R. M. Crozier—landed here—in Lat. $69^{\circ} 37' 42''$, Long. $98^{\circ} 41'$. This paper was found by Lt. Irving under the Cairn supposed to have been built by Sir James Ross in 1831 four miles to the Northward—where it had been deposited by the late Commander Gore in June, 1847. Sir James Ross' pillar has not however, been found, and the paper has been transferred to this position, which is that in which Sir J. Ross pillar was erected.—Sir John Franklin died on the

11th June, 1847; and the total loss by death Expedition has been to this date 9 officers and

" JAMES FITZ JAMES, *Captain H.M.S. Erebus*

To the above is added the following in the writing of Captain Crozier:

" And start on to-morrow, 26th, for Back's Fish

" F. R. M. CROZIER, *Captain and senior officer*

Besides this priceless document, Lieutenant McClintock found distributed in confusion around the cairn articles of clothing and utility, apparently abandoned as superfluous weight which would only impede progress of men marching for their lives.

Another discovery made by Hobson, and afterwards carefully examined by McClintock, was a boat man on a sledge in the depth of a wide bay sentinel two skeletons, ghastly remnants of the last expedition. McClintock's description of this scene is as follows:

" One was that of a slight young person; the other of a large, strongly made, middle-aged man. The former was found in the bow of the boat, but in a disturbed state to enable Hobson to judge where the sufferer had died there. Large and powerful animals, probably wolves, had destroyed much of the skeleton, which may have been that of an officer. Near it we found the fragment of a pair of white slippers . . . the lines white, with a red margin and spaces red, white, and yellow. They had originally been eleven inches long, lined with calf-skin, with

hair left on, and the edges bound with red silk ribbon. Besides these slippers there were a pair of small, strong shooting half-boots. The other skeleton was in a more perfect state, and was enveloped with clothes and furs; it lay across the boat under the after thwart. Close beside it were found five watches, two double-barrelled guns, one barrel in each loaded and cocked, standing muzzle upwards towards the boat's side.

"It may be imagined with what deep interest these sad relics were scrutinised, and how anxiously every fragment of clothing was turned over in search of pockets and pocket-books, journals, or even names. Five or six small books were found, all of them scriptural or devotional works, except *The Vicar of Wakefield*. One little book, *Christian Melodies*, bore an inscription on the title-page, 'From the donor to G. G.' (Graham Gore). A small Bible contained numerous marginal notes, and whole passages underlined. Besides these books, the covers of a New Testament and Prayer-book were found."

Of the fate of the ships it seems certain, from the plausible statements of the Eskimos, that one sank in deep water and left no salvage; while the other, much broken by the elements, was driven on shore, and furnished them with relics and materials of which they made use. The *Erebus* and *Terror* had been for eighteen months beset by the ice, and had lost a whole summer, during which officers and men hoped for freedom in vain. Their trusted leader had succumbed to physical weakness or the rigours of that terrible

time. The ships were no longer safe, and the stores dwindled low, and presumably there was no alternative but to abandon the ships, and strike across the land in search of safety and succour. What became of these hundred and five men who left their doomed ships to their fate, and then went out to meet their own, the world will never know. The one thing certain is that they all perished—some probably early in the march on King William Land—"falling down and dying as they walked," as an old native woman, who may have witnessed the gaunt procession, pathetically put it; many more perhaps upon the mainland of the Great Fish River, one by one falling out of line to answer "Here!" elsewhere.

Fate was more merciful to the hero of our story. He lived long enough to discover the object of his search, though he was never able to traverse it, and he died early enough to miss the terrible sufferings of his heroic companions and the pain that it would have cost him to witness it. Like Moses on Mount Pisgah, he had a distant view of the promised land he might not enter; and, for the rest, "no man knows his sepulchre unto this day."

As results of these discoveries Sir John Franklin has been recognised as the discoverer of the North-West Passage, the strait separating King William Land from Victorian Land, and has been so described upon the pedestal of the statue raised to his memory at the public cost in Waterloo Place; and Captain Leopold McClintock received the honour of knighthood.

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